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Trails

California Alpine Club

1920

This book is presented by the

CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

535 Pacific Building

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The purpose of this organization is: *To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out into the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid in every way possible the preservation of the woods, streams, game and the natural features of the country.*—Article I, Section 2, Constitution of the California Alpine Club.

The Alpine Club invites anyone interested in hiking to join it on its weekly excursions. For your information the Club furnishes a schedule of trips, or you may phone the Club office, Kearny 1969, between 7 and 9 P. M., or during the day, Douglas 5836, for information.

The Club also maintains a "Club Lodge" on Throckmorton Ridge, Mt. Tamalpais, where members and their guests may spend a delightful week end.

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Trails

Volume 1. Number 1.

DECEMBER

1920

EDITED BY

THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

PUBLISHED BY

THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

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THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB.

BY NORMA HOLROYD PINTHER.

DURING February and March of the year 1913, a San Francisco newspaper published a series of articles on out-door recreation. Upon invitation of the writer of the articles a few people met Sunday mornings for walking trips in the San Francisco bay region. The following month a club was formed under the name of the newspaper in which the articles appeared. Officers were elected, a constitution and by-laws adopted, and arrangements made for printing a schedule of weekly trips.

At the annual meeting in April, 1914, a reorganization was effected. All connections with the newspaper organization were severed, and the present name "The California Alpine Club" selected. A pin, a pennant and a club emblem—an Indian arrowhead bearing the initials "C. A. C."—were adopted. Later in the month the members approved a constitution and by-laws, which provided for quarterly and annual meetings for the transaction of club business.

During the summer of 1915, increased membership made necessary more frequent meetings. The club, having outgrown its form of organization, in September of that year, adopted a new constitution and by-laws. Except for one or two amendments creating committees, the constitution now in effect is the same as that approved in September 1915. It is reprinted in another part of this publication. The constitution defines the object of the club to be:

"To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out in the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid in every way possible, the preservation of the woods, streams, game and natural features of the country."

The constitution requires the Board of Directors to hold a monthly meeting at the call of the President, and transact all routine business of the club.

The Board of Directors consists of the President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer and five Directors elected annually. In transacting the club's business, the board is assisted by the following committees appointed by the President: Reception and Membership; Walks and Trails; Accomodations, Entertainment, Publication, Finance and Annual Outings. The by-laws assign specific duties to each committee. The progress of the club is in a large measure due to the faithful manner in which the committees have discharged their functions and supported the Board of Directors.

Without any membership drive, the club has grown from the few banded together in 1913, to 252 at present. The attendance on weekly trips ranges from fifty to one hundred. It is the duty of the Reception and Membership Committee to welcome visitors, to extend to them the hospitality of the club, and to ascertain whether applicants for membership have the one necessary qualification—a good moral character. The dues of the club are two dollars per annum and, since April 1920, an initiation fee of two dollars.

While the activities of the Walks and Trails Committee are varied, the semi-annual preparation of new schedules is its main duty. This involves, among other things, the investigation

of new trips and the appointment of leaders.

Under this committee's direction extensive trail construction and repair is accomplished. Days are set aside for this purpose. Instead of tramping across the hills, the men spend the day wielding axes, picks and shovels, while the ladies aid the cause by satisfying "the inner man." The Alpine trail, the zig-zags up the lower portion of the so-called Fire trail, the trail avoiding the steep hillside on the Dipsea trail down to Steep Ravine, the foot bridges along the Pipe Line trail are all evidences of the work of the club in Marin County.

Other matters than the preparation of the local walk schedules and trail construction receive the attention of the Walks and Trails Committee. The Camp Craft show, which has become an annual event, is staged by this committee. It is held on the slopes of Mt. Tamalpais. The public is invited to observe out-door cooking of all kinds, to study camp facilities and urged to aid in fire prevention, forest conservation and the maintenance of a sanitary water supply.

In February 1916, occurred the club's first winter sports trip to Truckee. Three such trips have been conducted. Another is scheduled for February 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd of 1921. Few other trips offer such a variety of out-door recreation—skiing, skating, tobogganning, sleighing, and last but not least enjoyable, the exciting snow battles.

In April 1916, the Walks and Trails Committee initiated plans for the placing of club registers on prominent mountain peaks in the state. These registers consist of books which are placed in iron or aluminum boxes usually cemented or bolted to rocks. The books are renewed whenever necessary. The old ones, sometimes battered and torn, when brought home make an interesting addition to the club records. Registers have been placed as follows:

	Elevation Feet	Register Placed
Mt. Diablo East Pk	3,563	Jun. 11, 1916
Mt. Whitney	14,502	July 15, 1916
Loma Prieta	3,790	Jun. 10, 1917
Lassen Peak	10,437	June 21, 1917
Mt. St. Helena	4,343	July 1, 1917
Mt. Shasta	14,380	Sept. 2, 1917
Mt. Tamalpais, West Peak	2,604	Jan. 13, 1918
Pico Blanco	3,660	Sept. 9, 1918
Pine Mountain, Big Basin	2,214	Sept. 4, 1918
Mt. Keddie	6,600	Sept. 9, 1919
Mt. Wilson	5800	Jun. 20, 1920
Kearsarge Pass	11,823	July 16, 1920

By arranging for hotel and transportation facilities, the efforts of the Accomodations Committee have added greatly to the comfort and convenience of the members, and have perhaps made the more extended trips possible. Up to February 1920, a section of the stationery store of one of the members at 2506 Mission street served as headquarters for the club. Here were kept the club books, records, photographs and other information. The Accomodations Committee having been asked to select a downtown office, secured the present headquarters, 535 Pacific Building, which were opened in February.

To the Entertainment Committee is assigned the duty of arranging camp fire programs, plan the two big annual social events—the Midsummer Reunion and the New Year's Jinks—and furnish diversions on the weekly outings. In January, 1916, with the approval of the Board of Directors the Forum Auxiliary was organized. Under the auspices of the Forum, lectures on wood craft and kindred subjects were frequent events. The activities of the Forum have since been taken over by the Entertainment Committee. At times, as an after lunch diversion, talks give way to a game of baseball, while games of volley ball are enjoyed by the ladies.

The Mid-summer Reunion, held an-

nually since 1915, is a popular event. In fact, it has attracted so many people that in 1920 more spacious grounds had to be provided. From 1915 to 1919, the reunion was held in Wildcat Canyon near Berkeley, and in 1920 at Grand Canyon Park, Richmond. Friends and relatives of club members are invited to the reunions, the day being given over to games, races, dancing, vaudeville performances and a camp fire entertainment. More than five hundred attended this function last June and through it the club has gained many friends. The other social event is the New Year's Jinks. In 1914 and 1915 this annual affair was held in residences of members, the following year at Foresters Hall in San Francisco and since then at the stadium and club-house at Kentfield. More than three hundred attended on January 1, 1920. The afternoon is devoted to a banquet and short talks, followed by a vaudeville program and dancing lasting well into the evening.

The Publication Committee, as its name signifies, devotes its time to club publicity. It edits the local walk schedules prepared by the Walks and Trails Committee, and also a Bulletin Board which is posted at the lunching spot on the weekly walks. It and an Editorial Committee have had charge of publishing this issue of "Trails." The matter of publishing a club annual or year book was first considered in 1916. On account of the war and high costs, the publication was held in abeyance until the present time. It is hoped that through the annual publication of "Trails." the club may keep its members fully informed of club activities, and perhaps aid in a material way to spread information about the great out-of-doors.

The auditing of the Treasurer's accounts is the principal function of the Finance Committee.

During the summer of 1919 the club made its first excursion into the High Sierra. It was a bold undertaking, but a very successful one. Thirty-seven members of the club spent two weeks in the Kern River Canyon and adjacent territory. All but five signed their names in the club register on the summit of Mt. Whitney. The enthusiasm of those who participated in the first outing caused the Board of Directors to submit an amendment to the by-laws creating an Annual Outings Committee. The club members approved the amendment and a committee was appointed. The Annual Outings Committee had complete charge of the two weeks outing in the Kings River Canyon during the past summer. It engaged the pack train, employed the chef and his assistants, and purchased and shipped all supplies and equipment. By conducting these outings the club makes it possible for many to travel into the "big country" with much greater comfort and convenience than on individual excursions. The outings are run at cost. The total expense of the first outing per person was about fifty-five dollars, and the second sixty-eight and a half dollars.

As in the case of other institutions and organizations, the war-time activities of the club form a separate chapter in its history. Some of its most energetic workers were among those whom the war temporarily took away. Their absence was keenly felt. With the attention of the remaining members directed toward war work, progress during the war was not as marked as in other years. That those with the colors might know that the Alpiners at home were thinking of them, and that the club might keep in touch with its members at the front, the Sweetbox Committee was appointed in 1917. In January 1918, a booklet containing the names of members in the service was compiled by the committee. Approximately

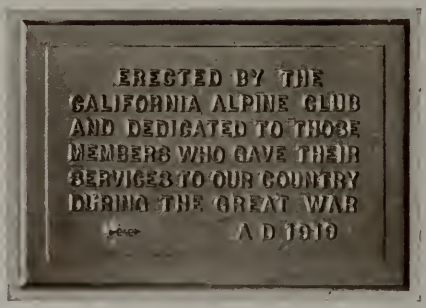
five hundred boxes of sweets and nick-knacks were sent out, together with booklets of club snapshots, while socks and sweaters were knitted and forwarded. Fortunately, every member represented by the seventy-four stars on the Club's Service Flag returned. On November 28, 1919, the work of the Sweetbox Committee ended with a reception given in honor of the service members.

Though the Service Flag was retired on New Year's day 1920, the part played by club members in the World War will never be forgotten. Near West Peak of Mt. Tamalpais, stands a rock monument, built by the Club and on November 9, 1919, dedicated—

"To those members who gave their services to our country during the Great War."

From the flagpole, surmounting the monument waves Old Glory and the C. A. C. pennant.

The California Alpine Club is endeavoring to achieve its purposes in its own individual manner. It believes in out-door recreation, the preservation of forests, streams, game and the natural features of the country. It recognizes its limitations and rejoices therefore as its purposes are accomplished, be it through its own efforts, or those of kindred organizations. May the club be ever progressive, unafraid of new ideas and composed of members with an ever-growing enthusiasm for the great out-of-doors.



INSCRIPITION PLATE ON WEST PEAK MONUMENT

SOME OF OUR BOYS WHO WERE "IN THE SERVICE."

OUR SERVICE ROLL.

BY H. A. HERTENSTEIN.

A JOURNALIST has characterized the Great War as "A Young Man's War." The war record of the California Alpine Club supports his characterization. Out of a total membership of two hundred and six, which includes men and women, seventy-four, or thirty-six per cent were in uniform. More than seventy-five per cent of the men were in the different branches of the service.

It may well be that it was the active out-door life, developing physical fitness and mental alertness, that brought the twenty-five "Overseas Alpiners" safely through the greatest conflict the world has ever known. That some of these men should be decorated was inevitable and the club can be proud indeed of its members honored with the Croix de Guerre—Wilfred Douglas Bull and Sol Silverman.

The Service Roll, taken from the records of the Sweet Box Committee, whose work is mentioned on a preceding page, follows:

ARMY

*Allen, Francis C.; Corp., Coast Art. Corps.
Bennison, Harry; Lieut., R. C. Ambulance Corps.
*Bentley, Scott; Pvt., Inf., Siberia A. E. F.
*Blake, Arthur H.; Sgt., Eng.
*Bohnert, A. M.; Capt., Eng.
*Bull, Wilfred Douglas; 1st Lieut., Ambulance Corps.
Burlingame, F. W.; Lieut., Dental Corps.
*Cailteux, F. J.; Corp., Inf., President's Guard.
Cazasus, Alice; Telephone Operator, Signal Corps.
*Close, Wm.; Sgt., Inf.
Cook, Oscar R.; Pvt. 1st c., Med. Corps.
*Deal, Samuel; Pvt., Inf.
Del Mello; Manuel, Pvt.
*Gramm, Victor, Sgt., Q. M. C.
Granville, H.; Sgt., Q. M. C.
Greenrose, H.; Q. M. C.
Halliday, Wm. P.; Sgt., Guard & Fire Co.
Hansen, H. W.; Pvt., Ordinance Dep't.
Heiss, Harold; Sgt., Med. Corps.
Harrison, Thos. W.
*Henry, Howard; Corp., Coast Art. Corps.
Hooper, Joseph; Sgt., Q. M. C.
Hurst, Harvey; Sgt., Q. M. C.
*Johnson, Wm. O.; Sgt. 1st c., Eng.
Jollie, Geo.; Sgt., Q. M. C.
Kitchak, John; Sgt., Recrulting Service.
Kitchak, Nick; Sgt., Recruiting Service.
*Kolos, Frank; Sgt., Med. Corps.
*Leggett, John W.; Major, Dental Corps.
Mackay, Wm., Pvt., Signal Corps.
*O'Brien, Chas. A.; Inf. (Later with A. R C. in Siberia)
*Palmer, T. W.; Eng., G. H. Q., A. E. F.
Pierre, E. C.; 2nd Lieut., Q. M. C.
*Postel, W. J.;Corp., Signal Corps.
Reed, Otto; Pvt., Med. Corps.
Reed, Henry; Pvt., Q. M. C.
*Silverman, Sol.; Med. Corps.
Spohn, J. H., Jr.; Lieut., Inf.
Smith, Harold Leslie; Pvt., Inf.
*Staniels, Wm. H.; Sgt., A. S. S. C.
*Tripp, Don. E.; Capt., Eng.
*West, Henry P.; Pvt., Inf.
Williams, Jas. C.; Pvt., Signal Corps.
*Woodside, Norman; Sgt., Inf., Band.
*Zwierlein, Emil; Pvt. 1st c., Inf.
Zwierlein, Caspar; Corp. Inf.

NAVY

Beck, Leon; Gunner's mate, 3d c. Mine Sweeping Div.
Canelo, Laurence; El. 3d c., Radio Op'tor.
Castel, Leon;El. 3rd c., Radio Operator.
Clayton, Ray;
*Elissamburu, H. M.; Yoeman 1st c.
Fenton, E. W.; Ensign.
*Franklin, J. H.; Chief Commissary Stwd.
Grimm, E. M.;
Griffith, Porter M.; Seaman, Sub Chaser 276
*Gunnison, Samuel; El. Radio Operator.
Haun, Victor E.; Carp. Mate 1st. c.
Mauerhan, Arthur C.; Storekeeper.
Noonan, J. Francis.
Werner, R. L.
Borkman, Caroline; Yeomanette.
Murphy, Lillian A.; Yoemanette.

MARINE CORPS

Jones, Archibald; Corp.
Murphy, M. F.; Sgt.
Murphy, T. E.; Sgt.
Pinther, Alfred; Corp.
Saylor, Myrtle R.; Corp., Marinette.
Weldon, Florence; Sgt., Marinette.

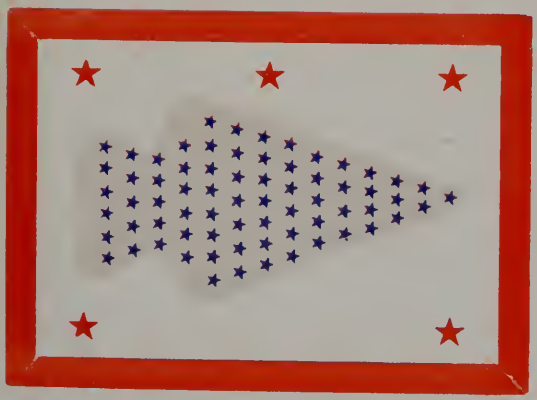
RED TRIANGLE

Hutchinson, A. H.

MERCHANT MARINE

Halliday, Chris. W.
Lambert, John A.
Lininger, Louis.
Sigrist, Jules A.
Swortfiguer, George.

*Indicates Overseas Service.



MIDDLE FORK OF KINGS RIVER AND TEHIPITE DOME.

CALIFORNIA AS A FIELD FOR THE MOUNTAINEER.

BY M. F. MURPHY.

CIVILIZATION has marched steadily onward, subduing the wilderness and lessening the opportunity for first ascents. Here and there a few unconquered mountains challenge the climber, but most of these are situate in isolated regions and it is not so much the difficulty of ascent which prevails against the adventurous mountaineer, as the great distance to be traversed in reaching the field of action. Hence the mountaineer of today actually is content with a rigorous climb over a known route, or perchance, in search of adventure, follows a new line of approach to the top. To the mountaineer who has accomplished a first ascent to the apex of a snow-blanketed mountain, much praise is due and we of the later years envy the man who pioneered the way.

The Pacific Coast region embraces a multitude of snow-capped peaks. California, Oregon and Washington provide an unlimited field for the mountaineer and he is indeed fortunate who annually spends several blissful weeks in the mountains of these states. California presents a wide variety of mountain scenery. The Coast Range, mostly low and rolling, extends from the Oregon state line to Tehachapi Pass, a distance of more than five hundred miles. Several peaks reach an elevation of 9,000 feet, but the average is approximately 5,000 feet. No glaciers or extensive fields of snow are found during the summer months and no first class climbs exist in the entire length of the chain. Peaceful, fertile valleys and timbered ridges are very numerous and the north coast section contains many rivers threading through virgin forests of redwood, fir and pine.

In the northern part of the state, between, but apart from both the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada, stands Mt. Shasta, California's beautiful volcanic pile. Its summit, snow-capped during the greater part of the year rises to an elevation of 14,380 feet above the sea level. The ascent of Shasta, though a tedious climb, is singularly safe. The top may be reached from almost any side by those in fair physical condition. Others should not attempt the climb. Many glaciers radiate from the summit, however, owing to the porous structure of the mountain, one finds few meadows, streams or lakelets along the way to the top. Great springs near the base of Shasta, give rise to the Sacramento, McCloud and Shasta rivers.

Southern California, with its San Bernardino Range, presents a few peaks which reach an elevation of 11,000 feet, but in this range of mountains there is little to lure the hardy mountaineer who seeks the rugged grandeur of the regions above timber line. But the forest aisles of the San Bernardino Range are pleasant abiding-places, and many joyous days may be spent roaming on the ridges or delving into the deep canyons.

To the great Sierra Nevada Range then, the mountaineer must wend his way. There, guarding a considerable extent of the eastern border of the state, stretching from the source of the Tuolumne River south to the headwaters of the South Fork of the Kern, he finds the true High Sierra, with extensive snow fields, splintered crags, jagged pinnacles, high passes, frozen tarns and small but living glaciers.

BANNER PEAK THOUSAND ISLAND LAKE

No highway crosses the crest between these two points, a distance of approximately two hundred miles, because of the exceedingly rugged character of this section. Trails for foot travelers and pack animals lead up to and over high passes—Mammoth, Mono, Piute, Bishop, Taboose, Sawmill, Kearsarge, Whitney, Army and Cottonwood. Few of the passes are below 11,000 feet in elevation. From the main crest, many rough spurs radiate toward the west, and south forming the walls of the canyons of the San Joaquin, Kings and Kern.

Because of California's balmy climate, the heavy winter snows melt rapidly during the summer months, enabling the mountaineer to attain great heights, without the aid of the ice ax or rope. Mountaineering under such conditions is indeed a pleasure for with each step upward toward his goal, the climber may rest and gather in details which would surely be missed were he ascending a mountain under more strenuous conditions. However, he who seeks high places will find scattered throughout the Southern Sierra, many rocky snow-bound crags to test his skill and endurance.

The entire range of the Sierra Nevada may be divided into three sections, Northern, Central and Southern. The Northern extends from a point approximately thirty miles north of Mt. Lassen to Lake Tahoe, and comprises a region of heavy timber, beautiful lakes and rushing rivers. The Central section reaches from Lake Tahoe on the north to the sources of the Tuolumne River on the south, and takes in the world famous Yosemite and the canyon of the Tuolumne, with its Hetch Hetchy. The Southern section of the Sierra extends from the sources of the Tuolumne southward beyond Mt. Whitney. It is this section which the mountaineer loves, and in which he finds canyons, divides and peaks that lure him on to new achievements.

Standing at the northern limits of the Southern section is the Ritter Group, Lyell, Banner and the Minarets—with Ritter as the center. Mt. Ritter has an elevation of 13,100 feet and affords a splendid climb with some glacier and snow work, culminat-

ing in a steep rocky scramble to the sharp summit. Red and White Mountain, at the source of Fish Creek, is 12,840 feet high and rises out of the wild and isolated region in the vicinity of Lake of the Lone Indian. This mountain is an excellent test for the novice.

Traveling southward, the Mt. Abbott Group of the Mono Divide confronts the climber. Mt. Abbott, Mt. Dade, Mt. Gabb and Bear Creek Spine all soar well over 13,500 feet above sea level, while the lesser summits of Mt. Mills and Mt. Hilgard complete the closely clustered group with their elevation of 13,352 feet and 13,351 feet respectively. Much snow is usually encountered in this section, and several small glaciers cling to the northern slopes of the higher peaks. Mono Pass at a height of 12,000 feet, lies a short distance to the north of the Mt. Abbott Group.

Following the crest of the range, the mountaineer approaches the desolate Humphreys Basin, with Mt. Humphreys guarding a region of bleak snow-fields and granite wastes. This mountain, towering to an elevation of 13,972 feet, with its exceedingly steep rocky slopes, icy crevices and dangerous chimneys, is worthy of any mountaineer's effort. Few have climbed to its summit—probably not more than a score, while many have failed in the attempt. Much splendid rock work is presented by this mountain, and use of the usual stout rope in making the ascent, is advisable.

The Evolution Group is within a day's travel of Mt. Humphreys and no more beautiful scenery could be desired than that lying to the south of Glacier Divide. Great amphitheatres abound, while high drifts of snow, small glaciers, timberline meadows and crystal tarns, combine to please the eye and urge one ever onward. The cyclomen perfumes the clear air about the shores of Evolution and other lakes, scattered about in this region. Mt. Huxley, Mt. Fisk, Mt. Darwin and Mt. Haekel gather together their summits, of over 13,000 feet in each case, making a typical High Sierra panorama of grey granite peaks, so pleasing to the eye of the mountain lover.

THE RITTER GROUP.

Crossing Muir Pass at an elevation of 12,059 feet, the awe-inspiring Palisade Group is encountered. Beautiful Le Conte Canyon extends due south, while to the east the North Palisade is an alluring goal for the mountain climber seeking thrills, for much ca e must be exercised in its ascent. Agassiz Needle, 13,882 feet, is of the same character. Fortunate indeed is the mountaineer who arrives at the summit of either peak. He will be rewarded with a view of the Palisade Glacier, choking the great amphitheatre at the eastern base. In the region of the Palisade Group, one finds himself in the headwaters of the forks of the Kings River. A more glorious array of summits cannot be found in the mountains of California than that located in this wild and rugged region. Split Mountain and the Middle Palisade, both over 14,000 feet, stand at the very crest of the range. They are the fountain-heads of mighty rivers, the guardians of a region of silent peaks, rugged canyons, glassy lakes and emerald lawns.

One may spend weeks wandering about from Cardinal Mountain to Junction Peak—the Kearsarge Group. In this region are lovely lakes, cataracts and canyons. Cardinal Mountain, Mt. Pinchot, Black Mountain and University Peak are all over 13,000 feet in elevation. No one of them is a difficult climb when approached from the proper angle. The view of the Kings-Kern Divide and of the jagged Kearsarge Pinnacles from Kearsarge Pass, 11,823 feet, is considered by many mountaineers as inspiring a panorama of mountain scenery as could be desired.

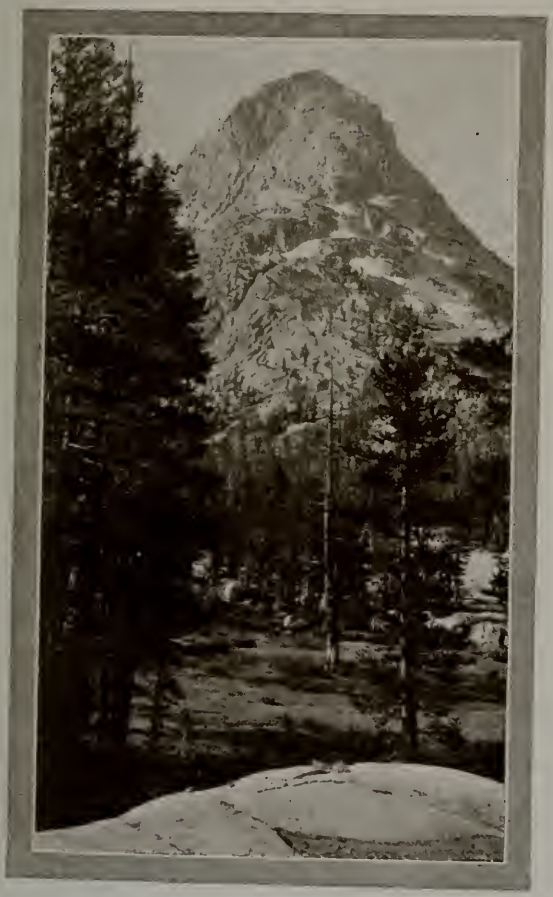
LE CONTE CANYON.

The Kings-Kern Divide group of peaks may be scaled while passing from the southern headwaters of the South Fork of the Kings River, to the Kern River Canyon. The knapsacker may make a choice of two routes, one over Junction Pass and Shepard Pass following the John Muir Trail, the other over Harrison Pass. At present the Harrison Pass route is closed to pack trains. Following the John Muir Trail up through Center Basin,

one may climb Mt. Bradley 13,280 feet, Center Peak 12,767 feet, Deerhorn Mountain 13,440 feet, Mt. Keith 13,800 feet, Mt. Stanford 13,983 feet or Junction Peak 13,903 feet. Deerhorn and Mt. Stanford are also near the Harrison Pass route as is Mt. Brewer 13,577 feet. Considerable snow in this region remains unmelted from season to season.

In the Great Western Divide Group, a wild and picturesque section of the Sierra is unfolded. At the northern end is Mt. Brewer, flanked by North Guard and South Guard. South along the Great Western Divide, rise Thunder Mountain, Table Mountain, the Milestone Bow, the Kaweah Peaks, Triple Peak, Sawtooth Peak, Mt. Needham and Florence Peak, all joining hands in forming the western wall of the drainage area of the Kern River. The summits of the northern peaks of the Great Western Divide are nearly all over 13,500 feet, of the southern peaks over 12,000 feet above sea level.

The true High Sierra reach a grand climax in the Whitney Group, the highest piles of granite and rocky debris in this country. Mt. Tyndall, Mt. Williamson, Mt. Bernard, Mt. Russell, Mt. Whitney, Mt. Muir and Mt. Langley all reach an elevation of more



THE HERMIT.

than 14,000 feet, and form the eastern wall of the upper Kern River Canyon region. Mt. Tyndall and Mt. Williamson are probably the best climbs for the mountaineer, while Mt. Whitney, the highest peak in the entire range, is an exceedingly simple ascent. Many lower cliffs scattered about in the Whitney Group are worthy of an adventurer's efforts and the entire region is a delightful place in which to wander and explore.

The Southern Sierra embrace a vast amount of territory, with scenic attractions unsurpassed. Severe weather conditions seldom exist during the lengthy summer and the occasional violent alpine thunderstorms are of short duration. The atmosphere is exceptionally clear, due perhaps to the snowy height of the various peaks and to the massing of lofty ridges, blessed from time to time with refreshing showers.

The "alpen-glow" in the Evolution country of the San Joaquin River headwaters is a glorious sight. Delicate shades of lavender, yellow, blue and green blend together as the sun slowly drops beyond the horizon, casting as it disappears, lingering beams of soft light on the silvery-grey summits of Mt. Huxley, Mt. Darwin and The Hermit. A wonderful phenomenon, the "aurora borealis" of the mountains.

How hospitable are the Sierra! They are the friendliest of the mountains. Through open coniferous forests, from distinctive belt to belt, the mountaineer may wander hand in hand with the Great Creator. He may continue upward to the heights to camp in the shelter of hardy white bark pines, where the cheerful fire of resinous gnarled logs drives off the chill of the higher levels, but ever the rivers will sing to him the joyous song of freedom as they dash merrily downward from the snowfields which give them birth.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

A COLORFUL WORD PICTURE.

BY VAL SALMON.

THE register placing party of the California Alpine Club had finished its work on Kearsarge Pass and late during the afternoon of July sixteenth affixed their names to the newly installed register. The rays of the sun began to pierce a mountainous thunder cloud, while preparations were made for our return to Vidette Meadow.

A last glance toward Pothole Lake, and we, with folded cameras, were hurrying and sliding down the broken granite trail. Another peal of thunder sounded, its echo and re-echoes ever diminishing until they were lost —a farewell salute of the passing storm. The clouds had lifted and we could see the Kearsarge Pinnacles, whose saw-toothed peaks proclaim their identity, and whose fan-shaped bases are veiled in a chain of lakes.

We soon arrived at Bullfrog Lake. Language can but feebly describe the beauty of this lake at approaching sunset. Like a wonderful turquoise, it is set among the snow-spotted peaks, scintillating with opalescent blue and alizarin crimson. Across the canyon, filled with a purple haze, stand East Vidette, West Vidette and Deerhorn Mountain, with their cerise-tipped peaks against a sky of mauve.

As we tarried, the shadows lengthened, the winds ceased, the stunted trees became motionless. Fain would we have remained in this restful solitud, but our camp was in the meadow more than a thousand feet below. Thither we had to hurry before darkness engulfed the unfamiliar zigzag trail, but we shall ever remember the kaleidoscopic beauty of a sunset viewed from the mountain heights.

A MOUNTAIN SUNSET.

EAST VIDETTE.

THE 1920 SIERRA OUTING.

BY MATT DRAGHICEVICH.

THE Sequoia National Park, Giant Forest, Kings River Canyon, Bubbs Creek, Vidette Meadow, Kearsarge Pass, Glenn Pass, Rae Lake and Paradise Valley were among the chief points visited by the California Alpine Club during its outing of 1920.

The party consisted of forty-three. Leaving San Francisco Saturday evening July 10th, we arrived at Exeter early Sunday morning. A half hour's ride on an electric car brought us to Lemon Cove, where we boarded touring cars for a thirty-eight mile ride to Giant Forest. A mile or so out of Lemon Cove is Terminus Beach, a resort on the banks of the Kaweah River, where we stopped for an eleven o'clock breakfast. Upon resuming the journey we passed Three Rivers, the Kaweah postoffice, and soon thereafter began to ascend the foothills. The lemon and orange groves of the valley give way to buckeye and oak, which in turn yield to pine and sequoia gigantea, also known as the Big Trees. The ride was beautiful and interesting. After passing Cedar Creek checking station, the road follows for quite a distance along the very top of a ridge, with a deep canyon at the right, another at the left. It then drops down through a forest of pine to the Marble Fork of the Kaweah River, 5159 feet, and thence climbs up to Giant Forest, 6400 feet.

At Giant Forest the packers met us and transported our belongings to Circle Meadow, a mile and a quarter from the Giant Forest postoffice. On acount of unavoidable delay in moving the commissary, our first camp meal was eaten by candle, acetyline and flash light. The following morning was spent roaming about the forest viewing the Big Trees and climbing Moro Rock, a solid piece of granite, 1800 feet high projecting above and forming the north wall of the Kaweah River. The government has built a stairway, one hundred-sixty-two steps, up the rock so its top may be reached with perfect safety. From its top a magnificent view was obtained of the Great Western Divide.

After lunch at Circle Meadow we departed for Cahoon Meadow, about six miles distant, where we camped for the night. The trail passes the General Sherman tree, the largest of all the Big Trees. Its height is 279.9 feet, its diameter 36.5 feet. From the General Sherman we followed the road to its terminus at the Marble Fork of the Kaweah. The river was quickly forded and the trail picked up on the opposite bank.

The third night's camp was at Summit Meadow fourteen and seven-tenths miles from Cahoon Meadow. The trail leads due north over J. O. Pass, 9410 feet. across Rowell Meadow and then over Marvin Pass, down toward Horse Corral Meadow. A trail not marked on the map obviates the necessity of going to Horse Corral Meadow. We followed this new cut-off trail, which brought us to an observation point directly above and nearly a thousand feet higher than Summit Meadow, and even higher than Lookout Peak. From this observation point we quickly dropped down to Summit Meadow. Some followed the trail, others went cross country. Immediately upon arriving at Summit Meadow some started for the top of Lookout Peak. They came back with such vivid descriptions

LOOKING ACROSS KINGS RIVER CANYON.

of the view up the Kings River Canyon that nearly all concluded to climb the peak the following morning. No one was disappointed.

From Summit Meadow to Cedar Grove, in the Kings River Canyon, a distance of about five miles, there is a descent of nearly 3500 feet. After registering at the ranger station, we followed the trail on the south side of the river up the canyon with its towering walls, so that we might get a close look at the Roaring River Falls. About two miles beyond the Roaring River we crossed to the north side of the Kings. Kings River was reached at three o'clock. After a short stop, to give all a chance to send a postal home, we continued to Mosquito Camp a mile and a half beyond Kings River Canyon Camp, for the night. It appeared as if all the mosquitoes in the entire canyon had assembled there to spend the evening with us. Judging from their hunger, they must have traveled a long way. At our campfire entertainment we had as guests, visitors from Kings River Canyon Camp. How the little S. A organ rolled forth its music! The following daybreak, we were treated to a thunder storm. Lightning flashed, thunder reverberated, while the hail and rain caused a scurry for shelter. Everyone was up long before breakfast was ready.

Climbing out of the canyon, the Bubbs Creek trail was followed to Vidette Meadow. The day's hike, though but fourteen miles, took us up from an elevation of 5,000 to 9,500 feet. This trail can hardly be equalled for variety: steep zigzags, rocky and rough, easy grades, forests, wild flowers, ferns, streams tumbling over the canyon walls, cascades, meadows and rocky bluffs. All combine to make a journey along Bubbs

Creek a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Almost immediately after crossing the South Fork of the Kings River, we found ourselves at the foot of a series of zigzags which finally end only after a climb of over 1500 feet. From the upper portions of the zigzags, we obtained our best view of the Kings River Canyon. From here we could see the walls of the canyon not only down beyond Cedar Grove, but also upward toward Paradise Valley. Bucks Peak to the northwest, Glacier Monument on the northeast of the junction of the Kings River and Bubbs Creek, the the Grand Sentinel opposite the Kings River Canyon Camp, and the impressive Sphinx along the south wall were all visible. Following the Bubbs Creek trail upward, we secured good views of North Guard, Mt. Brewer, West Spur, West and East Vidette.

We stopped for lunch at Charlotte Creek. During the afternoon (July 15th) occasional showers freshened the wild flowers and ferns, settled the dust along the trail and made it ideal for hiking.

Four nights were spent at Vidette Meadow. From here a large number went to Kearsarge Pass. Leaving Vidette Meadow, the trail rises abruptly over a ridge to Bullfrog Lake. It then goes around the lake and on

KINGS RIVER BELOW MIST FALLS.

FIN DOME, MT. RIXFORD AND MT. GOULD.

up to the Pass which has an elevation of 11,823 feet. The view from the Pass to the south and west is wonderful. The Kearsarge Pinnacles, the beautiful Kearsarge Lakes, Bullfrog Lake, the nearby University Peak and the peaks to the west, form a panorama that one could admire for hours. To the east the descent is very steep. Just over the Pass, in Inyo County, lies the little Pothole Lake, hemmed in on all sides. Owens Valley dotted with villages spreads out below. To the north, along the ridge, rises Mt. Gould, 13,001 feet, from whose summit I obtained a magnificent, unobstructed view in every direction.

Arrangements were made for a two-day knapsack trip over Glenn Pass to Rae Lake. Seventeen started Saturday morning. One of the packers agreed to transport the sleeping bags and eatables as near to Glenn Pass as safety for animals would permit. Fortunately, there was little snow on the southern slope, and not until we got well within sight of the Pass did boulders impede the progress of the pack train, causing it to turn back. Glenn Pass, 12,049 feet, was reached before noon. During the morning brief stops were made at Bullfrog Lake, at Charlotte Lake, and at the nameless but beautiful lakes along the trail from Charlotte to Glenn Pass. One cannot appreciate Rae Lake from the Pass. After a short rest, we started down on the north side across a large snow field, and arrived at Rae Lake early in the afternoon. The lake has a charm all its own. Surrounded to the east, south and west by peaks rising more than 2000 feet above the surface of its placid waters, guarded by Fin Dome and dwarfed pines that have endured the storms of cen-

DEERHORN MOUNTAIN FROM VIRETTE LAKE

turies, the lake, its setting and atmosphere defy all description.

Six of the knapsack party continued down Woods Creek to Paradise Valley, there to meet the main party two days later; the others returned to Vidette Meadow. While some members of the outing party went to Kearsarge Pass or Rae Lake, a few concluded to go to Center Basin, to the Vidette Lakes or to East Lake. The last named lake was a popular goal for the fishermen.

On Monday morning, July 19th, we left Vidette Meadow and started for Paradise Valley. We followed the Bubbs Creek trail down to the Kings River, then took the trail to the right leading past Mist Falls to Paradise Valley. This trail is steep and in some places dangerous for pack animals. There are many ups and downs, and frequently the trail makes its way around large boulders. We spent two nights in Paradise Valley. It is a beautiful spot and all regretted that they could not spend several days there.

On Wednesday morning the homeward journey began. An early start was made, for the reason that Summit Meadow, our appointed camping spot, was twenty-one miles away. Then, too, we were all familiar with the trail, and knew of the rough going at the start, of the hot tramp through the main canyon, and of the wickedly long climb to Summit Meadow. On the way into the canyon it was thought that Summit Meadow was inappropriately named, because some other meadows nearby are at a higher elevation. After climbing out of the canyon from Cedar Grove to Summit Meadow, however, all agreed the "Summit" is an appropriate name. But there is still one doubt remaining —"how far is it from Cedar Grove

A STORM OVER KEARSARGE PASS.

UNIVERSITY PEAK FROM BULLFROG LAKE.

to Summit Meadow?"

Thursday we traveled only to Pattee Meadow arriving there early in the afternoon. Here the climax of camp fire entertainments was staged, the chief features being the trial of a brother Bluebeard, and the decollete attire of a packer.

The following day we returned to Giant Forest to make our second acquaintance with the Big Trees of which John Muir says:

"No description can give any adequate idea of their singular majesty, much less of their beauty. Excepting the sugar pine, most of their neighbors with pointed tops seem to be forever shouting 'Excelesior,' while the big tree, though soaring above them all, seems satisfied, its rounded head poised lightly as a cloud, giving no impression of trying to go higher. Only in youth does it show like other conifers a heavenward yearning, keenly aspiring with a long quick-growing top. Indeed the whole tree for the first century or two, or until 100 to 150 feet high, is arrowhead in form, and, compared with the solemn rigidity of age, is as sensitive to the wind as a squirrel tail. The lower branches are gradually dropped as it grows older and the upper ones thinned out till comparatively few are left. These, however, are developed to great size, divide again and again and terminate in bossy rounded masses of leafy branchlets, while the head becomes dome shaped.

"Then poised in fullness of strength and beauty, stern and solemn in mien, it glows with eager, enthusiastic life, quivering to the tip of every leaf and branch and far-reaching root, calm as a granite dome, the first to feel the touch of the rosy beams of the morning, the last to bid the sun good-night."

It was at Giant Forest that the last of the Bluebeards succumbing to the custom of the day, appeared at dinner smoothly shaven.

At the request of the transportation company, and to enable it to handle its traffic better, fifteen of the party left Giant Forest Saturday

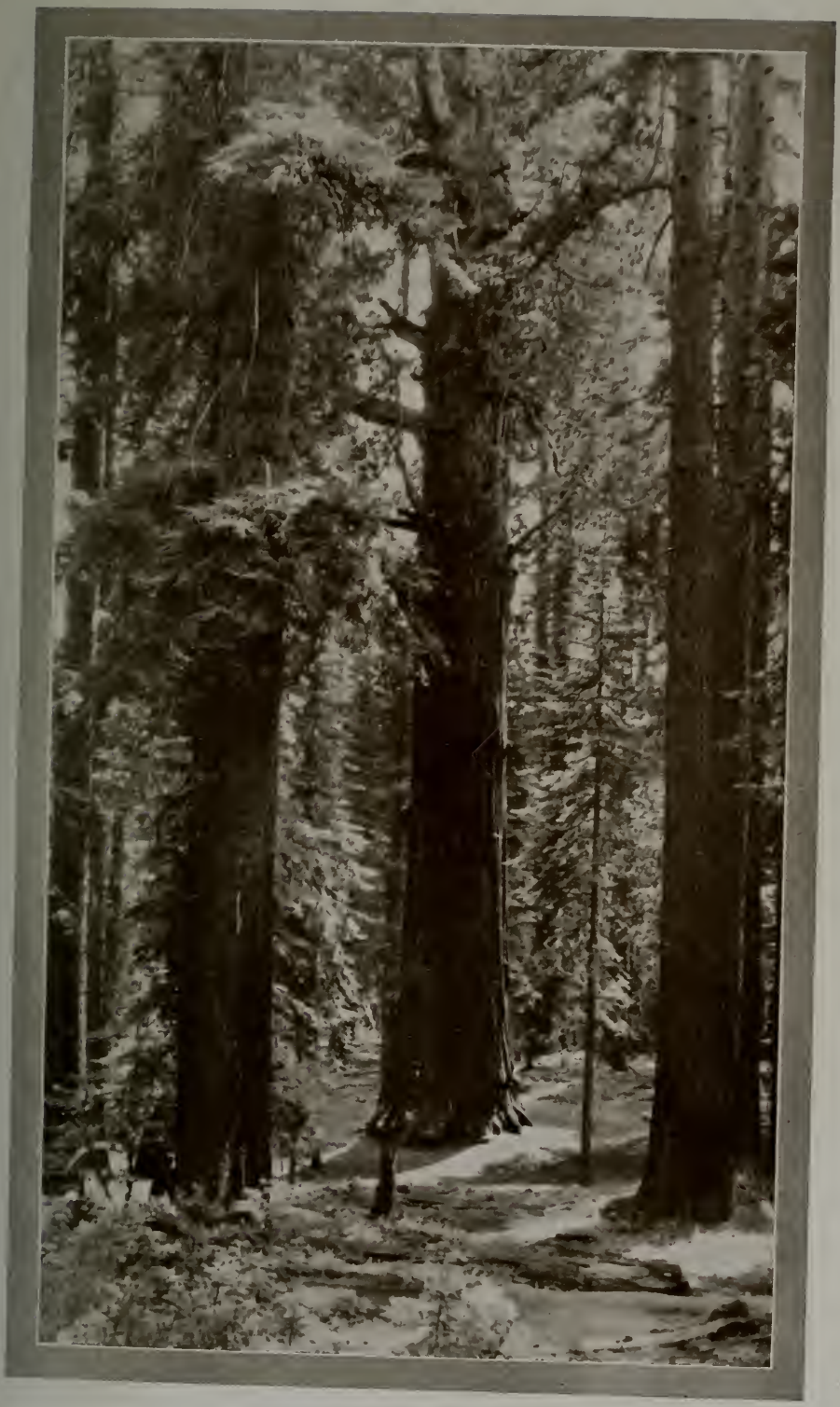
morning for Terminus Beach, near Lemon Cove,—the remainder departed in the afternoon. While the Big Trees were absent and the mountain peaks far from Terminus Beach, the swimming, boating and dining eclipsed the regrets of the early departure from Giant Forest. The proprietor of Terminus Beach proved a genial host and there were no idle moments during the day while we awaited the arrival of the afternoon party and our departure for Lemon Cove. Sunday morning, July 25th, we arrived home, a bit sunburnt and perhaps a trifle underweight, but fully assured that the trip was a success.

TO A REDWOOD TREE.

A HUNDRED thousand years from now
When my ashes have blown away,
And you are tall and straight and strong,
And young as you are today;

With your feathery branches high o'erhead
Giving joy to all that come,
Will you bend a bough in graceful salute
To one who has loved you and gone?

H. WILD



GENERAL SHERMAN TREE. GIANT FOREST.

KEARSARGE PINNACLES AND KEARSARGE LAKES.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

BY HELEN WILD.

I HAD been asked to write an article on the "California Alps" and had modestly declined, behind the rampart of blushes that an amateur thinks becoming when asked to appear in publication. But the idea tugged and persisted—"California Alps". At first I thought it a sneaking desire to break into print that tantalized me, and began tentatively trying out phrases. But as I groped for words to clothe the memories of wondrous days and nights, the explanation came: It was the name that troubled—"California Alps". I had heard it used time and again, always with a lurking resentment that now rose up in rebellion. Do the Sierra need a borrowed name, the reflection of conventional fame to express them?

Not to those who have stood among their jagged summits above giant pines, and watched the blue shadows creeping through canyons where snowy waters leap and toss and tumble, or purl their way through meadows of green peace. Sierra—does the name stir up pungent memories as it whispers itself softly? Pictures of glad free days on the trail all green and brown,—irresponsible kid days when the biggest care was to satisfy an appetite that knew no bounds and the aroma of frying bacon was a divine incense.

If you know them, you are blessed with steadfast friends. If you do not yet know them, then thank God that no matter what your age or experience, He has in store for you one of the most glorious wonders of His earth.

Go to them!

In Winter, mantled with sparkling snow, the dark pines droop their heavy laden branches over scintillating blue ice, and the moon casts black shadows from above their brooding summits. The crystalline air calls to skating and skiing, and the tang of frost tingles every corpuscle to living ecstacy.

In Spring when the snow melting under the warm kiss of the sun, warms the earth to life, and makes of the upland meadows bewildering flower gardens. Their symmetry of design and riot of color laughingly challenges the gardener to unattainable emulation. All the life of the forest stirs awake, the leaves are still young, and the frost still lies on the grassy carpet making a fire welcome of mornings.

Summer—warmly garbed in color, gaily flings out her irresistible invitation. Her alluring trails she offers, by shaded dashing rivers, over granite smashed and tumbled by winter's violence, over deserts sweet with sand lilies, high placed between her sharpest peaks. Joy of long star lit evenings around campfires, of brilliant sunrise and sunset, of hard tramping and of cold bracing swims at noonday.

In Autumn when at the first shock of heavy frost, the golden rod leaps into flame, and near the waters the maples and beeches spread red and golden carpet as they fold themselves to sleep—the evergreens standing guard and sighing softly at they brace themselves for the cold tonic of the winter's grip.

Have you rested your feet on the green lawn of a high meadow and watched the irridescent cascade of bubbles of a leaping speckled trout? In the stirring awakening of the early morning, have you seen the brown eyes of a gentle doe gaze inquiringly. Or in the hush of early evening,

have you heard the quail—"Si-er-ra, Si-er-ra, Si-er-ra", they call.

Oh do not call them California Alps,—try the magic of the name, "Sierra". As you say it softly close out the weary concrete-bound city vision, and see their far hazy-blue vistas standing in the silence that only high places know waiting to envelop you in healing, revivifying peace.

FROM THE KERN TO THE KINGS.

BY AL. PINTHER.

PLANS for the next annual trip to the Sierra by the pilgrims who devote their summer vacation time to exploring the high country are usually begun the day of their return from one of these journeys. With maps at hand they trace next year's itinerary, they consider arrangements for transportation and plan food supplies, including many things which seem necessary but which on the actual trip never emerge from the recesses of dunnage bags.

Our case was somewhat different from that of the usual pilgrims, in that four of us Alpiners—Beckie and Vic and Norma and myself—professed confidence in the old saying that "two can live as cheaply as one." We had concluded that the ceremony which made Vic and myself members of the married men's baseball team should be followed by a three weeks' trip, taking the quartet up to the top of Mt. Whitney and across the Kings-Kern Divide into the Kings River Canyon.

Supplies preceded us to Camp Nelson, where we arrived during the evening of July 8th. Beautifully situate among the mountains and heavy timber, at an elevation of 4,670 feet, with good accommodations, excellent meals and hospitable hosts, Camp Nelson tempted us to linger, but time forbade delay. Provisions were lashed upon the back of a little one-eyed mule that hardly appeared capable of covering the first mile, but later proved to be a veteran of the trail.

Our plan, supposed to be known to none, was to join the California Alpine Club at Vidette Meadow, and return home with our fellow club members. The route selected was up the Kern River Canyon to Camp Lewis, thence up Volcano Creek to Whitney Meadow, across the Siberian Outpost to Crabtree Meadow (a side trip up to the top of Mt. Whitney). over Shepard Pass, Junction Pass and down Center Basin to Vidette Meadow.

The first three days' travel from Camp Nelson, to Lloyd Meadow, to upper end of Trout Meadow and to Camp Lewis were uneventful, but thoroughly enjoyed. They afforded us an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with our beast of burden and familiarizing ourselves thoroughly with our commissary supplies and camp equipment. The work of

unpacking and cooking began to proceed rapidly and smoothly. At Camp Lewis, located near the junction of Coyote Creek and the Kern River, elevation 6,500 feet, we found a little store and half a dozen tents scattered among the trees.

There was no bridge across the Kern at Camp Lewis. The river was high and for a time it seemed our itinerary needed revision. The kindness of a few strangers, who took us across on their animals, "saved the day" and enabled us to keep to our schedule. Once across the Kern, we followed the new trail up Volcano Creek. We now felt that we were really approaching the high country, as snowy mountain tops and bare stretches of granite loomed far above us. Volcano Creek, in its lower reaches, drops several thousand feet within a very short distance. The rock formation here is mostly of lava and every turn of the trail reveals new scenic wonders.

After emerging from the canyon we passed through Long Meadow, then over several sandy stretches, finally reaching the Tunnel Ranger Station in time for lunch. During the afternoon we followed Volcano Creek. The limit of golden trout was easily caught, the fish literally swarming in the pools. Late in the afternoon we arrived at Whitney Meadow. Here one feels he has finally reached his goal—timberline. The immensity of the peaks, the great expanse of blue sky, and the queer feeling of solitude experienced at the higher elevations all strike home. Amidst such surroundings, with spirits subdued by a fifteen-mile uphill tramp, we established our camp more quietly than usual.

Upon arising the next morning we found our water bucket covered with a thin sheet of ice, and we gladly welcomed the warm rays of the sun. Leaving Whitney Meadow, the climb was continued until we reached the summit of Siberian Pass, 11,000 feet. The trail traverses the desolate area of Siberian Outpost, then descends some 1,500 feet to Rock Creek, a beautiful mountain stream, well wooded, with here and there grassy meadows bordering its banks. We crossed this stream at the base of Mt. Guyot, climbed the opposite ridge, and at a bend of the trail a few miles beyond, had our first view of the Mt. Whitney Range. Descending rapidly, we arrived at Crabtree Meadow, where we made camp. This meadow, at an elevation of 10,300 feet, extends for several miles along Whitney Creek. The feed was plentiful and the fishing (golden trout) excellent.

Early the next day we climbed Mt. Whitney. Crabtree Meadow was soon left behind, as were the stunted foxtail pines, and we faced only the great piles of granite, with here and there patches of snow and an occasional lake of icy water. We entered a great bowl of rock, surrounded by jagged peaks and spires. Toward the further end we selected what seemed the most accessible of the numerous chimneys and started up toward the summit of Mt. Whitney. The weather was clear, but as we climbed higher and higher, a biting gale, cracking our lips and faces, was encountered. Fortunately, we had snow glasses to protect our eyes. Floundering across a large patch of snow, we finally arrived at the top, 14,501 feet above sea-level. Here stands the stone cabin constructed by the Smithsonian Institute as a shelter for its staff interested in the study of atmospheric conditions. The view is undescribable. To the north lies the great Kings-Kern Divide, Tyndall and Williamson; to the west, the saw-tooth ridge of the Kaweahs, and to the east a sheer drop to Owens Valley. The wind, chilling us through and through, forced us to crouch among the boulders for protection. After a light luncheon, we placed our names on the California Alpine Club register, and started back. With eyes burning

and smarting, we gratefully welcomed the green of Crabtree Meadow.

During the night the sky clouded, and toward morning hail commenced to fall, accompanied by distant rolls of thunder. The long-wished-for dawn at last arrived, and our animal having had a day's rest, we were able to start off briskly toward the north. During the day heavy showers fell from time to time, varied by light falls of snow and hail. The sky, with its setting of heavy, black clouds, magnified the immensity of the peaks. Among this jumbled mass of granite we felt insignificant. Crossing Sandy Plateau, 11,500 feet, we reached Tyndall Creek at noon. A driving wind, pelting us with hail, forced us to construct a lean-to between two wizened junipers. Here we built a fire with the little wood we could find, cheered by a steaming pot of tea and hard crackers, cheese, sausage, chocolate and nuts, we were again on our way. Timber left behind, we followed up Tyndall Creek to the east, the Kaweah Peaks to our rear, the Whitney range to the south and the peaks of the Kings-Kern Divide to the north. Climbing for several miles, with snow falling steadily, we found ourselves on the crest of Shepard Pass, elevation about 12,500 feet.

Here the ridge has the appearance of having been cut off with a knife. While marveling at the wild splendor of the gorge before us, we wondered how we were to descend. About 1,500 feet below we spied a small lake and on its shores the carcasses of several animals that had failed to make the Pass. The trail, a faint scratch winding about between blocks of granite, zigzagged downward. Along this we urged the disheartened mule. He had proven his surefootedness time and again, but here he became frightened and balked con-

DOWN FROM SHEPARD PASS

tinually. The trail led through large patches of snow, so that we made slow progress. Several times the animal fell on the sharp granite and treacherous snow slopes. At the very edge of timber the trail forked, one branch continuing down toward Owens Valley, the other climbing upward to Junction Pass. Here we camped on a little gravel flat and for once the mule was forced to go without feed. It was a wild spot with the overhanging granite walls, the black clouds overhead and Owens Valley thousands of feet below us. It being bitter cold, we retired earlier than usual. During the night several showers of hail and rain fell.

Anxious to be on our way in the morning, we soon cooked breakfast and packed up. The trail, climbing sharply, was, however, in much better condition than coming down from Shepard Pass. We were now on a portion of the John Muir Trail, where considerable work had been done, making traveling easier, although we encountered a great deal of snow. Winding through wild gorges and over seemingly impassable rock slides and ridges, we reached the summit at nine o'clock. Here, at an elevation of 13,000 feet, one gazes awe-stricken at the endless succession of peaks to the north. The mountains in the vicinity of Yosemite are discernible, while to the south rise the great peaks of Tyndall and Williamson, and many others, but little lower in elevation. The animal, being in great need of feed, caused us to hurry downward, although it was several hours before we reached timber. At a little meadow we released the mule. After the miles of bare granite and snow, and the whistling wind with its rain and hail, we felt that again we were approaching civilization. Emptying the packs to their very bottom, we dug out the little-used razors, soap and towels, filled every vessel with water, and soon enjoyed the luxury of a much-needed bath and change of clothing. A hasty meal, and we walked the few miles to Vidette Meadow, where we received a royal welcome from our fellow members on their summer trip to the Kings.

THE OLD MILL. MILL VALLEY.

LOCAL WALKS AND TRAILS.

BY A. H. HUTCHINSON.

YOSEMITE, Tahoe, the High Sierra. Each word recalls to the one who knows them vivid pictures of wonderful scenery and pleasant journeys. But a visit to either is a matter for long planning and anticipation, and is, therefore far from frequent. Our local walks, however, are a matter requiring little preparation, small expense and a free day at a week end only for the pleasure.

Others may think of the California Alpine Club as the planner of wondeful journeys far afield, if they will. As for me, I shall always remember is as having introduced me to beautiful scenes nearer home, which I could visit without having to strike the boss for a vacation, or put a mortgage on the farm to pay expenses.

Before I went with the Alpine Club I did not know that there were trails within a half day's journey of the City by the Golden Gate where one can travel all of a long, drowsy, sunny afternoon without meeting a human being, or seeing any other sign of encroaching civilization than the occasional line of telephone wires; or trails where deer look out at you unafraid, and the wild creatures pass to-and-fro, silent as ghosts, as a rule. but well-knowing they have nothing to fear from one who carries a camera instead of a gun.

I knew of Mill Valley, and Tamalpais, but the latter only as a groundwork for a crooked railroad whose engines make a prodigious fuss over going at a slow speed, when it is much pleasanter to walk. Today I know the same small town as the starting point for a dozen wonderful destinations.

I have snapped my camera at the old mill, who hasn't—once—but now it is only a landmark on my way to the stairs up the hillside, or to the fire trails, whereby one may climb to the same destination—to the trails of Tamalpais.

How deceptive are the steps and fire trails, both! They look easy, but how they do seem to stretch and stretch above you when you first essay the ascent, used only to walks on city streets, or to street car travel.

THE LONE TREE.

One perspires and breathes hard, and stops, more and more frequently to rest, until at last, one arrives with trembling limbs at the top, and wonders, (if it is a first trip) whether there is anything really worth that

climb further on. After that, anything along the pipe line is easy going.

It seems only a step along the pipe line before one comes to the slope that lets you down to Rattlesnake Camp, and the Council Rock, about which so often the Club has gathered for lunch on their longer trips, or for supper when the trip begins of a Saturday night.

What pictures I recall of long summer evenings, when after the satisfying meal, cooked, gypsy-fashion over a camp-fire, with its tang of wood-smoke, we gathered for an impromptu entertaiment, and laughed and applauded the clever performers until the fire died down, and one by one, the crowd sought out favorite sleeping apartments, with the wonderfully blue, star-scattered sky for a roof, and fragmentary partitions made up of living tree trunks.

How pleasant to lie, snuggled up in one's blankets, on the warm bosom of mother-earth, and listen to the shouted conversation between scattered wakeful Alpiners, until one concludes that the poetess knew what she was talking about when she wrote: **"The sounding aisles of the dim woods."**

And then, of a sudden, it is morning, and while one hesitates to emerge from comfortable blankets, there comes slowly stealing upon you, the aroma of coffee being prepared by an early riser, along with the insiduous perfume from frying or broiling bacon.

Soon all are busy about the rock and the little cooking fires, while vagrant and mischievous currents of air carry the smoke toward you, wherever you locate, and you make remarks, but find it not unenjoyable, till the tricky breeze gets annoyed at your good nature and quits, and

ON THE PIPE LINE TRAIL.

you eat what you have prepared, and go on your way.

Then, perhaps, it is along the trail through the woods and up to the old stage road, and over the breezy hills to where you can see the creamy surf at Willow, and hasten down to don a bathing suit and enjoy a bath and flirt with a case of prospective sunburn by lying sleepily on the warm sand afterwards.

But one does not linger too long on the sand, for one is always hungry on these trips, and there is drift-wood—none too plentiful—to gather for the cooking fire, and water to be brought from a distant spring for the coffee, and an abundance of food to prepare, fi one is to be satisfied, and then one has to remember that it is ten miles to the end of the trolley line, and to start betimes.

Perhaps the return is by way of the old Dipsea Trail. Take my word for it that it is better to go back that way than to take it for the outgoing trip. Steep? Gee!

This will take you back past the Lone Tree. Last time I was there was during the war-time, and a group of city boys from Fort Baker had gotten thus far and stopped for a game of craps. They did not get any further. Think of missing the pleasures of a day at Willow for a game of dice. Can you beat it?

IN CATARACT GULCH.

Or, perhaps, you come to Mill Valley of a Sunday morning, and a shorter trip appeals to you. Then you turn over the hills from the pipe line, down toward Muir Woods, avoided by regular hikers, and go over the rolling hills to Big Lagoon. One can have an awfully good time on the shore there, and I've gotten just as sunburned there as I could get at Willow, but I prefer the latter, if time permits.

RATTLESNAKE CAMP AND COUNCIL ROCK.

There is Cataract Gulch, which I hunted for a long time when trying the trails for myself, but which most seasoned Alpiners know like the front room of their own house. Usually one can find the little yellow wooden arrows put up by previous Alpiners members of the Conservation Club, as guides to interesting points about old Tamalpais; only, dern it, the way is so clear to the average Alpiner that he forgets to place the little arrows at some important place where trails cross, and one day, when I started late, I spent several hours hunting for Potrero Meadow, and my fellow club members, till I finally came out on a high hill-top, where I could look into the surrounding valleys, in one of which, I saw a group I knew for Alpiners. The rest was just sliding down hill into that bowl of a valley, toward pleasant companionship, dinner and a later-on ball game.

Somehow baseball always seems to be associated with Potrero Meadow. Ask any Alpiner, and he will give you the latest score of the game between the married and single

Then there are dozens of other turns one may take after climbing the steps or fire trails, all of them worth trying, and usually worth repeating, and all pleasant.

Or perhaps you are tired of Mill Valley, and go off up another line to Fairfax. The grades are easier that way, and the country perhaps wilder. Roads are fewer, and trails more numerous, with the scenery quite worthy of the camera and the artist, in that you can more easily get choice bits that do not have to include all outdoors, as do most of the scenes about the other side of Tamalpais.

Perhaps you climb the gentle slopes to lunch beside Azalea Springs, then on to Little Carson Falls, where there is water part of the time, if not too late in the summer. Lily Lake, further on, with views toward Dutchman's Rock and the head of the valley that reminds one of the pictures familiar to all of portions of Yosemite.

Or Camp Mason is your goal, and you go out beyond the great Alpine Dam, which we have watched rise from the stream-bed till it held back its new lake and covered a score of trails, so that now one looks for formerly well-known trails to find them running down into the clear waters of a wonderful lake, and a long journey along the much indented shore is necessary if one would find a trail leading to familiar haunts.

Just before I went away to conduct

CALIFORNIA POINT.

ON THE WAY TO THE PIPE LINE.

a red triangle hut I journeyed to Alpine Dam, and Camp Mason, and having to report before night at camp, I took an early departure, along with a member who belonged to the Marines and had to be in camp earlier than myself, and we hiked into Fairfax in good time. Just recently I went out that way with the Club and started back early, over the same trail, but the great lake interposed, and I walked miles before I found a familiar trail in the right direction, and arrived in Fairfax long, long after dark. But it was fun, and I did not care—much. Would you?

Another time one stops off at Ross, and journeys to Lagunitas—an older artificial lake, but a beautiful one. Or one stops at Sausalito and takes the boat across to Tiburon, and walks to California Point.

But always there are trails—not roads. Trails, for the hiker—the one who wants to really see the beauties of the scenery—not rush through, too intent upon a road and passing vehicles to really see anything, as is the automobilist, and too intent upon possible breaks in machinery, or running out of "gas" to enjoy what one does see from a machine.

I pity the man dependent upon an auto for his journeying. He has to wait in the line at the ferry, if he goes across the bay, and does not know what hour he will get home. A broken piece in his inanimate and unsympathetic machine will hold him for hours at a rapacious garage or

LAGUNITAS LAKE.

repair-shop, and he has the dinged thing constantly on his mind if he leaves it for a closer view of some natural beauty.

Me for the trails—the lonely, single-file trails that spread like a spider-web over the beautiful wild land so near us, and yet, to the uninitiated, so unknown and undreamed-of.

Me for a day away from the sights and sounds of civilization, or if longer time is at my disposal, for a trip further afield, with knapsack and blankets, and filled with climbs over breezy, sun-warmed hill-sides or through unmarred and little visited forests, where one fancies the city with its worries and cares further away than it is, and breathes air untainted with smoke or oil, and fresh from the laboratory of the greatest of all chemists. Hurrah for the near-by trails, open to anybody with a day and a dollar to spend.

ALPINE DAM.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE NIGHT!"

BY IRENE E. HEYER.

THE nights of the High Sierra are great. I knew that. But I didn't know just "How beautiful is the Night" until I went to the Sierra with the California Alpine Club last summer.

Then I discovered that, though the days are wonderful, each day being perfect, the nights are more so. I wish that I could write about those Sierra nights; tell of the clearness and closeness of the skies, of the myriad of stars translucent and limpid. I'd like to tell of the stillness and the mystery and be able to rave indefinitely about the nights at Vidette Meadow. But after all, those are pictures that words cannot describe.

Speaking of High Sierra nights brings back to me one spent at Rae Lake. It was cold. Grouped about the campfire were seven who had come without blankets across Glenn Pass, while the rest of the party including myself placed our beds nearby. I thought I had made myself quite comfortable, but along midnight I awoke and discovered that there was not much softness in the rocks. In a vague sleepy way I was wondering of the why and wherefore of things, when across the fire floated:

"How beautiful is the Night."
"The dewy freshness fills the silent air."

Hurray! there were others as duly impressed as I. I sniffed the dewy freshness appreciatively and decided I couldn't be any longer annoyed by sleep and I wasn't . I joined the campfire ranks. "How beautiful is the Night," echoed in my mind as I looked at the lake reflecting the luminous travelers of the heavens above.

Yes, I repeat the Sierra nights are great. To know them one must go there. To fully enjoy them one should tramp with kindred spirits as I did when I went thither with the California Alpine Club on its annual jaunt. Then, though coming to camp tired and sleepy, and perchance dreaming,

RAE LAKE.

around the campfire; nevertheless when retiring to the precious bed of pine needles, one will say, "How beautiful is the Night." Verily that is the life.

KERN RIVER CANYON AND BIG KERN LAKE.

KERN RIVER CANYON AND MT. WHITNEY OUTING OF 1919.

BY W. C. FANKHAUSER.

THE 19th of July arrived and all preliminaries were over. The commissary supplies had been shipped and a message received the day before informing the committee that they had arrived at their destination. The novices were advised of the essentials and the "don'ts" emphasized. Time soon would tell whether the Outing Committee of the California Alpine Club had wisely planned the first club trip to the Sierra Nevada.

The party, consisting of thirty-seven, travelled via the Southern Pacific to Porterville and from there to the forks of the Tule River by automobile. It was 3 o'clock, when the driver stopped his machine, gave a sigh of relief, and announced—"We are here." The dunnage bags were weighed, a few reduced to the allowed weight limit, knapsacks repacked and all put in readiness for the start.

Our first night's destination was Camp Nelson. Some one told us that we had 8 or 9 miles to go and 2,100 feet to climb. The feet may have been right, but the miles were unusually long for some that afternoon. The merciless rays of the sun beat upon the lower and steepest part of the trail; the dust was ankle-deep, every arroyo was dry and the trail half way up the mountainside, instead of down along the river, where we would have located it on the afternoon of July 20th. But it is not the heat and dust of the first day's trip that will linger longest, but the experience of losing Myron at Fresno and recovering him at Porterville, the care with which the guardian of the law of Porterville advised our driver not to exceed the speed limit. the timidity with which Tim opened his dunnage bag after our machine had passed over it, the thunder storm, the dinner at Nelson's, the making of our beds in the dark and the first evening under the stars.

After breakfast at Nelson's Monday, July 21st, our mountain trip really began. From now on we had to rely on our own commissary. Our objective, as all knew was the top of Mt. Whitney. The itinerary called for a 12-day nomadic camp life—gypsies without fortune-telling propensities. Maps showed, and friends told us that the trail led through forests to mountain passes and divides, through meadows and flower gardens, across and along rivers, past lakes and on to uplands where trees are unknown and splintered peaks are set up as land-marks.*

But neither miles nor elevation of camp sites tell the story. The former, a human device to measure distance on the level, become meaningless on mountain zig-zags, while the latter are silent as to ups and downs between camp sites. Thus, Lloyd Meadow is only 860 feet higher than Camp Nelson, but to get there, one must climb up to an elevation of 7,000 feet and down the other side.

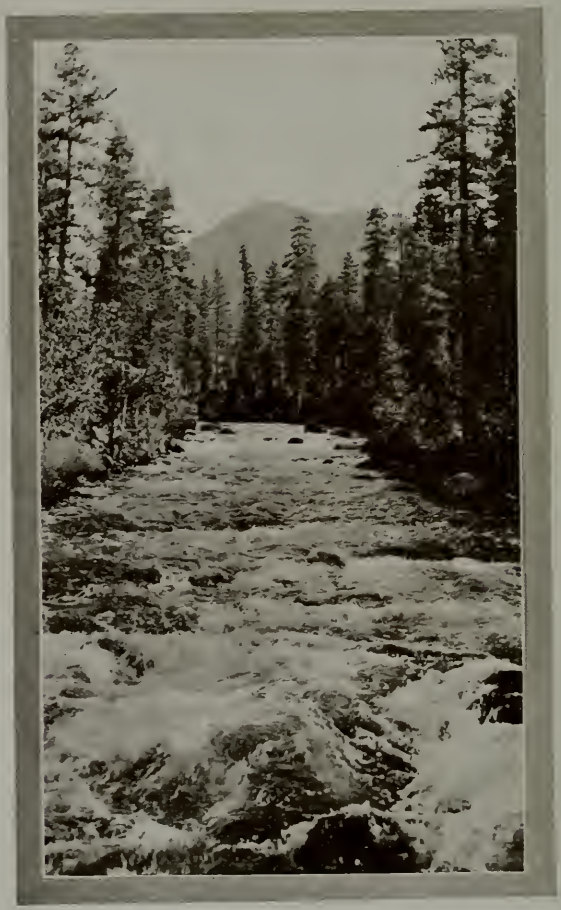
In going from Nelson's to Lloyd Meadow, the trail crossing the Tule-Kern Divide, passes through forests of yellow pine, sugar pine and fir and two groves of Sequoia Gigantea. While going through this woodland, another thunder storm greeted us and made us feel that we were in a land where the elements were different from the San Francisco bay region. We camped near the Soda Spring along Freeman Creek. Just as Harry was ready to make a record trip up the grade on the white "wide" horse assigned to the chef, in quest of our

* See table of distance traveled and elevations reached at end of article.

pack train, it appeared in the distance Except for cooking dinner for some forty people, the troubles of the day were past. Clyde and Tim appeared at the pyschological moment and rescued half of the noodles, which later were served at dinner, breakfast and lunch.

The following noon found us lunching along the Little Kern. It was an agreeable surprise to find the water at the ford only knee-deep and a delightful swimming pool near by. The decree had been issued that the night's camp would be at Willow Meadow, some six miles nearer the Kern. When we finally arrived there we found a camp site along a little brook in a grove of mammoth pines. Here Louie, in his endeavor to gather needles for his bed, disturbed the slumbers of a rattler, which gave Mike a chance to demonstrate that he was really a marine.

An hour's walk Wednesday morning brought us to the Kern River—a 2-days companion. We stopped for lunch at Little Lake, passed Kern Lake, Camp Lewis, Tower Rock, Coyote Creek, Volcano Creek and the Soda Spring, during the afternoon on our way to Lower Funston Meadow.



KERN RIVER.

TIMBERLINE ON MT. GUYOT.

Our camp was again amongst the pines, but in addition, on the west bank of the Kern itself. Adjoining our camp on the south was a beautiful verdant meadow, to the east and west massive walls some 2,000 feet high, forming the Kern River Canyon, while northward, the trail led up the canyon across Rattlesnake Creek, the Big Arroyo and the Kern itself, to Junction Meadow, where the Kern-Kaweah and Kern rivers meet.

On Thursday, we made an intimate acquaintance with the northward trail, taking us into the heart of the ever narrowing canyon. Proceeding up the canyon, waterfalls along the western wall of the canyon were noticed. In its upper reaches, the Kern rushes precipitously onward, boiling and foaming as if to outdo the Big Arroyo or Kern-Kaweah as they plunge over precipice after precipice down into the river, where the fishermen for two days had been successfully luring rainbow trout.

Friday morning we bid a reluctant adieu to the Kern. The trail out of the canyon is steep. Now and again the veterans took occasion to look at the scenery; traced with the aid of glasses the course of the Kern-Kaweah on the opposite side of the canyon up toward its source; observed the Great Western Divide with its Milestone Bow, or surveyed the canyon toward Ericsson's crags and Tyndall's spires. The scenery was so enticing that some did not arrive at the Crabtree Meadow camp until after sunset, while two deserted the party entirely and spent the night with neighbors a mile or two distant. After passing through the gate at the tourist pasture at Crabtree Meadow, we followed Whitney Creek about one and a half miles to a virgin camp site located 100 feet above the creek bed. A spring near at hand supplied the camp with water, while fox-tail pines furnished us with abundant fuel for the camp fire.

Here we were at our Whitney base camp, with the top of Whitney some 3,500 feet higher and out of sight. At four o'clock Saturday morning, the appointed day for the ascent, every star in the heavens was out to bid us "Good Morning." Our course led along the creek. Soon we were

above the timber line, going through pale green meadows and slowly but steadily moving toward the realms of rockland. The ascent of Whitney presents no insuperable or difficult obstacles. The climb up through the chimney is a trifle steep, but not dangerous. Emerging from it the way is clear, a rocky zigzag trail, portions plainly visible and other portions obliterated by winter snow slides, leads one ever upward, over and around boulders. To the eastward the cerulean sky seemed on the forenoon of July 26th, to rest on Whitney itself. It was a wonderful sight to see the blue of the heavens in contrast with the lonely patch of snow near the top. The air was so clean, so pure, so wholesome, that it fairly impelled one forward.

A brief stop at the snow, an upward climb of a few feet and suddenly there appeared as if created by magic—the Smithsonian Institute cabin. It was soon reached. It required no barrister to tell us that we had reached the top of Mt. Whitney,—the climax of our journey. A breeze was blowing, but it was not a breeze coming through the pines for they were thousands of feet below, but a breeze sweeping the high places. To the east, thousands of feet below, was the Owens Valley, with its towns, roads and trails plainly visible, and beyond it the Inyo Mountains. To the north and west, one could see Williamson, Tyndall and the Kings-Kern Divide, Mt. Ericsson, Table Mountain, Milestone, the many-colored Kaweahs, and beyond them Sawtooth and Needham.

During the day thirty-two affixed their names to the newly-installed club register. It was past five o'clock before all the Whitney climbers returned to the base camp. That evening it was decided to depart from the scheduled itinerary and return via Jordan Hot Springs and Kern Flat.

Sunday we had lunch at Rock Creek an ideal camp site. During the afternoon we rambled across the Siberian Outpost, a desolate but nevertheless an attractive region, and down to Whitney Meadow. It is not at all surprising that cattlemen make this one of their mountain headquarters. Sitting in front of the cabin

SUMMIT OF MT. WHITNEY.

C.A.C. ON MT. WHITNEY.

during the afternoon, one can see the shadows lengthen, creep out over the meadow, up the wooded mountain side, until finally "the last shaft of sunset fire is reflected rose-hued from the summit" to the east, north and south. Crickets and frogs entertain with their evening song, while from the distance comes the sound of the bells.

We were now traveling through the region known as the home of the Golden Trout. The fishermen had caught some fine specimens in Whitney Creek, up at Crabtree Meadow, but to catch them in the home waters,—Golden Trout Creek —was looked forward to with great delight. No one was disappointed. All got the limit on Monday, by the time the party reached the Tunnel Ranger Station for lunch. The night camp was at the lower end of Ramshaw Meadow.

Tuesday morning the grass was coated with frost. Between the hours of five and six o'clock Matt's thermometer registered thirty degrees Fahrenheit. Half-inch ice was on the stream. Before daybreak, Davis was up and scouting for wood,, while Bill, the chef, made a hasty survey of the commissary to learn what damage the dehydrated vegetables suffered from the frost. In his excitement, he stepped on the ice,—a crash, a few expletives and the occupants of the Y. W. Camp were wide awake.

Jordan Hot Springs was the objective of Tuesday's walk. The trail went through some beautiful forests, past beds of yellow daisies and lupins, across Red Rock Meadow, to Indian Head and then to the Springs. Joyously we went up and down hill, always having in mind the hot bath at the end of the day's journey. The late arrivals found a line up, as at a San Francisco movie theater. Gradually the news spread that there were only two bath-tubs on the premises. Rather than stand in line for hours, some with blighted hopes, went to look for a swimming hole down the creek.

Wednesday the trail followed in general Nine Mile Creek to our old friend, the Kern, but our return visit was of short duration. A few

miles and we were at Kern Flat for lunch. A last look, then up the west wall of the canyon, to Trout Meadow for the night. Thursday night was spent at Lloyd Meadow, where everyone enjoyed the camp fire de luxe, and Friday night at Nelson's.

It was play-time at Nelsons; all were familiar with the remaining nine miles of the trip and though the trail might be hot, it was all down hill. Except for packing up, the Outing Committee's work was nearly ended. Its plans never failed. Every member of the party was ready for the seven o'clock dinner, which proved the equal of the one enjoyed on July 20th. But what a change twelve days of nomadic life had wrought! Then, we were looking forward to the twelve day trip with some doubts, some misgivings, some apprehension, ignorant of the trail and even our own strength. Now, back at Nelson's, we felt like conquerors—mountaineers, if you please,—returned from a mighty endeavor with vivid memories of trails across mountains and upland meadows, of forests and flowers, of creeks and rivers crystal clear, of cloudless skies and starry nights, of crags and peaks reaching toward the blue heavens and beckoning us ever onward.

❋ Matt's pedometer recorded the distances between camps as follows:

	NIGHT CAMPS	Distance to camp in miles	ELEVATION
July 20	Camp Nelson	9.4	4,670
" 21	Lloyd Meadows	13.4	5,530
" 22	Willow Meadow	13	5,500
" 23	Lower Funston Meadow	15	6,600
" 24	Junction Meadow	17.6	8,000
" 25	Crabtree Meadow	15	10,500
" 26	From Crabtree to Summit of Mt. Whitney and back to Crabtree	13.6	10,500
" 27	Whitney Meadow	17,4	9,500
" 28	Ramshaw Meadow—lower end	10.3	8,700
" 29	Jordan Hot Springs	11	6,700
" 30	Trout Meadow—lower end	12.6	6,121
" 31	Lloyd Meadow	10.2	5.530
Aug. 1	Camp Nelson	13.2	4,670
" 2	To Pack Station	9.3	2,500

FORDING THE LITTLE KERN.

THE JOYS OF HIKING.

BY A. H. HUTCHINSON.

I LOVE to go a-hiking,
for
A hiker has such fun;
His trips are just a round
of joy
From rise to set of sun.
I'll say they are!

It's fun to climb a mountain trail
Some distant point to gain,
And when you're miles from any-
where
To have it start to rain.
Gee! I'm sure soaked!

Then, when you stop for luncheon
And nice, hot coffee plan,
Some guy, just as it starts to boil,
Upsets your coffee can!
Dern it! Big, clumsy,——

The pie you've brought is ruined ①
When someone squarely plants
A boot-clad hoof upon it---
(Or else is full of ants.)
*I lugged that pie fifteen
miles, too!*

Or else your partner carries
The grub, when I've a hunch,
He'll miss the trail you followed,
And *you* will miss the lunch.
*Big stiff! Why didn't he
stay with the bunch?*

Wherevever you may locate, too,
For lunch or for a rest,
You'll find that spot pre-empted by
A yellow-jackets' nest. ②
Try a mud poultice.

While, if you seek the sea-shore
To bathe and have some fun
You'll end up with a par-boiled skin
From lying in the sun.
Talk about lobsters!

So, when you don your clothing
And slowly homeward toil,
You'll find your joints all creaking
As though they needed oil.
Ouch! That hurts!

That homeward trail---how lengthy!
You try a short-cut, when
It takes you most steen hours
To find the trail again.
Dog-gone short-cuts, anyway!

And when you wander down, at last,
In weariness and pain,
You'll find the time has flown, until
You've missed the latest train!
*I could swear, but what's
the use?*

A long-remembered trip 'twill be;
And this you'll find no joke;
If, when you're safe at home, you find
You've caught some poison-oak.
----! ----!! ----!!!
Never again!

Oh, yes, I'm fond of hiking. Sure!
A hiker has such fun.
His trips are full of incident
From dawn to set of sun.
*And afterward, too;
Believe me!*

① Experienced hikers never carry pies.--***Editor.*** Maybe not, but the above ***could*** happen.--***Author.***
② Yellow-jacket population of Tamalpais not worth mentioning.--***Editor.*** You'd think them worthy of mention if you got stung. Besides; I didn't mention Tamalpais.--***Author.***

DAYS IN THE ALPS.

BY ROBERT M. LEGGETT.

THIS is not an exhaustive description of every "Alp," but a chronicle of a flying trip my wife and I made in Switzerland, via Geneva, Interlaken, Lucerne, the St. Gotthard route to Lago Maggiore and Italy and back to Geneva by the Simplon Route.

Our first stop was at Lausanne, on the slope above Lake Geneva, commanding a view over the blue expanse of the lake, with the cliffs and peaks surrounding, and the white-walled houses of the chain of towns across the lake in sharp relief against the dark green of the background. A steamer trip on the lake was a delightful experience, perhaps the most interesting feature of which was the ancient "Chateau de Chillon," immortalized by Byron. It stands at the head of the lake, near the mouth of the Rhone, backed up by the wooded slopes of the Alps and looking out toward the snow-covered "Dent du Midi," and the tiny isle with the "three tall trees" upon which Byron's prisoner gazed from his narrow window.

From Lausanne our route took us first around the lake to Montreaux, and thence, by electric train across the divide, winding about and giving us a score of "last looks" over the placid waters, silvered in the morning sun. A stretch of high country, with scattered chalets perched on the steep slopes of the meadows gave glimpses of not far distant snow-fields. The way led along a brawling mountain stream, the upper reaches of the Saane and on to the shores of Thunner See, hemmed in by lofty peaks. Late in the afternoon, at every station we picked up crowds of "Alpiners," in khaki and hob-nailed boots, armed with alpenstock and knapsack and almost all with a garland of flowers, the dainty alpen-

GROSSHORN and BREITHORN from MURREN, SWITZERLAND.

rose being the favorite, although an occasional edelweiss marked a hardy adventure into the higher altitudes. The resemblance to the five forty-five from Mill Valley on a Sunday afternoon brought to mind the trite saying that "human nature is the same the world over;" a day in the open is conducive to the same exuberance of spirits in the Alps as on Mt. Tamalpais.

Evening brought to Interlaken two representatives of the California Alpine Club, gazing anxiously at the storm clouds that hid the Jungfrau, and wondering if the elements would be so unkind as to deny us a view of the high Alps. Next morning we were on our way, still in the rain, to Murren. The first stage was by train to Lauterbrunnen, where the waterfall leaps clear away from the edge of an overhanging cliff and dashes on the talus slope hundreds of feet below. The second, up the slope near the fall by a funicular railroad, on whose rails a fly would have hard work to stick; and on to Murren, on the brink of the cliff above Lauterbrunnen, and just across a narrow gorge from the massive bulk of the Jungfrau.

Only after our arrival did the clouds break and reveal, bit by bit, the clustering peaks and glaciers. Straight across the gorge rose the pointed, snow-clad peaks—Eiger, Monch and Jungfrau, while clustered around the head of the little canyon were a group of stately peaks, the broad snow-field covering the Ebnefluh, the regular massive outline of the Breithorn (Broad Peak) and an almost continuous series of glaciers. As we sat at dinner the moon arose to replace the scarcely vanished sun, and shed its rays over a scene of majestic summits, dazzling snow-fields and the inky depth of the gorge below. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

TSCHINGELHORN and GESPALTENHORN from MURREN, SWITZERLAND.

One of the outstanding features of the Alps was here well illustrated—the short distance between the comparative lowlands and the highest peaks. From Interlaken, at 1760 feet elevation, it is but eight miles measured flat on the map to the Jungfrau summit, at 16,323 feet. So in a very few miles, one may pass

through the pine forests of the lower country, through the long slopes of the wonderfully smooth and green Alpine meadows and reach the eternal snows.

We were loath to depart from such a Wonderland, but our time was limited. The space alloted me, permits me to mention merely a few outstanding feaures. The trip alongside the Lake of Brienz and the River Aare, with one waterfall after another plunging over the cliffs; up through the Brunig Pass and down to Lucerne, past a gem of a mountain lake near a station with the consumptive sounding name of Lungern; the Lake of Lucerne, guarded by imposing peaks, the engineering wonders of the St. Gotthard tunnel and the approaches through small tunnels, long tunnels, straight tunnels, curved tunnels, spiral tunnels, and bridges in almost as great variety, until one grows surprised to find the train on the ground—not under it or suspended dizzily above; then down through picturesque vineyards and pastoral scenes to Lago Maggiore—a body of water straight from Fairyland, set among mighty peaks and studded with enchanted islands. But far abler pens than mine have attempted to describe Lago Maggiore, and failed to convey half the truth.

Our visit there was enlivened—it happened to be on July fourth— by a display of fireworks in the form of the most terrific thunderstorm I have ever witnessed, which cleared just long enough to tempt us out in a rowboat, and then forced us to make post-haste for one of the islands, where the tempest held us marooned for half the afternoon.

The question that the California Alpiners would probably ask first is, "How do the Alps compare with our Sierra?" Alike they certainly are in their awe-inspiring beauty and grandeur. Though in detail, there is considerable difference. The Alps are of a different formation, that weathers into sharper, more distinct peaks, unlike for example the long, high ridges of the Whitney group of peaks. There is no broad expanse of unbroken forest such as one encounters in going into the High Sierra from the west side, the change in altitude is more sudden and the topography more broken. But to me the greatest contrast is the work of Man, for high in the Alpine meadows, scarcely below the eternal snows, the herdsmen have built their picturesque chalets. In our Sierra, wildness triumphant, in the Alps, wildness conquered by Man.

TODAY.

FORESHADOWED woe has fretted me.
Vain pain! I'll lose it all today
Among the fields anigh the sea,
And whispering winds at play.
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
And humming of the bees.
A fairer day there could not be!
Why then trouble borrow?
We'll fill with joy the sweet today---
Tears may come tomorrow.

NANNA C. LININGER

REMINISCENCES OF TRUCKEE TRIP.

BY BESSIE S. WHITE

THOUGH a few years have passed, I still have vivid recollections of the first California Alpine Club Winter Sports Trip to Truckee, California. There was much excitement amongst the out-door sport-loving membership when it became known that such a trip was in contemplation. All who could possibly arrange to do so, signed up almost as soon as the call went out from the committee in charge of arrangements. That was before the Alpiners boasted an Accommodations Committee. To those who had charge of arrangements (Alice Cazasus, now Mrs. Porter Griffith, H. Irvine Sprague and Arthur Bohnert) belongs much credit for the success of the trip, and a success it was throughout.

The jolly party that boarded the ferry on Saturday, February 19, 1916, at six in the evening, consisted of twenty-eight. Many club members had gathered both at the Ferry Building, San Francisco, and at the Oakland Mole to give us a hearty send-off. Not until late that night did the merriment on the train cease, but in due season, the last noisy one had retired and morning found us at Truckee in the midst of a valley of white.

DOG-TEAM AT TRUCKEE.

"So this is snow!" sang out a lusty voice after its owner had been treated to an icy face-rub. The indolent ones who fain would sleep, had to arise in self-defense, for the early-birds, armed

with snow-balls, were determined to arouse everybody.

After breakfast in a little restaurant across the street from our parked cars, we inspected the town of Truckee, the business of inspection being considerably interrupted by snow-battles, face-washings and tumbles.

Truckee, which has become famous for its winter sports, is situate on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada on the Southern Pacific Railroad, about twenty-five miles west of the boundary line between California and Nevada, and fifteen miles northwest of Lake Tahoe. The town lies in a small valley drained by the Truckee River, flanked on either side by high hills with a few trees here and there which have escaped the lumbermen's ax. It is an ideal place for tobogan-ning and skiing, while ample skating may at times be had at the historic Donner Lake, some three miles west. Truckee is a winter, rather than a summer resort. When the snow falls thick, and the lake freezes over, the town takes on a different aspect, and is ready to entertain the thousands of Californians who go there to enjoy the snow sports.

The first day we did not wander far afield, but contented ourselves with toboganning down those breath-taking slides and sleigh-riding, for many of us had never before seen snow at such close range.

On Monday, twenty of us started on skiis to visit Donner Lake. Only twelve succeeded in making the round trip. The others could not sufficiently accustom themselves to the awkward skiis to even get started, although they would think nothing of hiking twenty miles over Tamalpais unhampered by either skiis or snow.

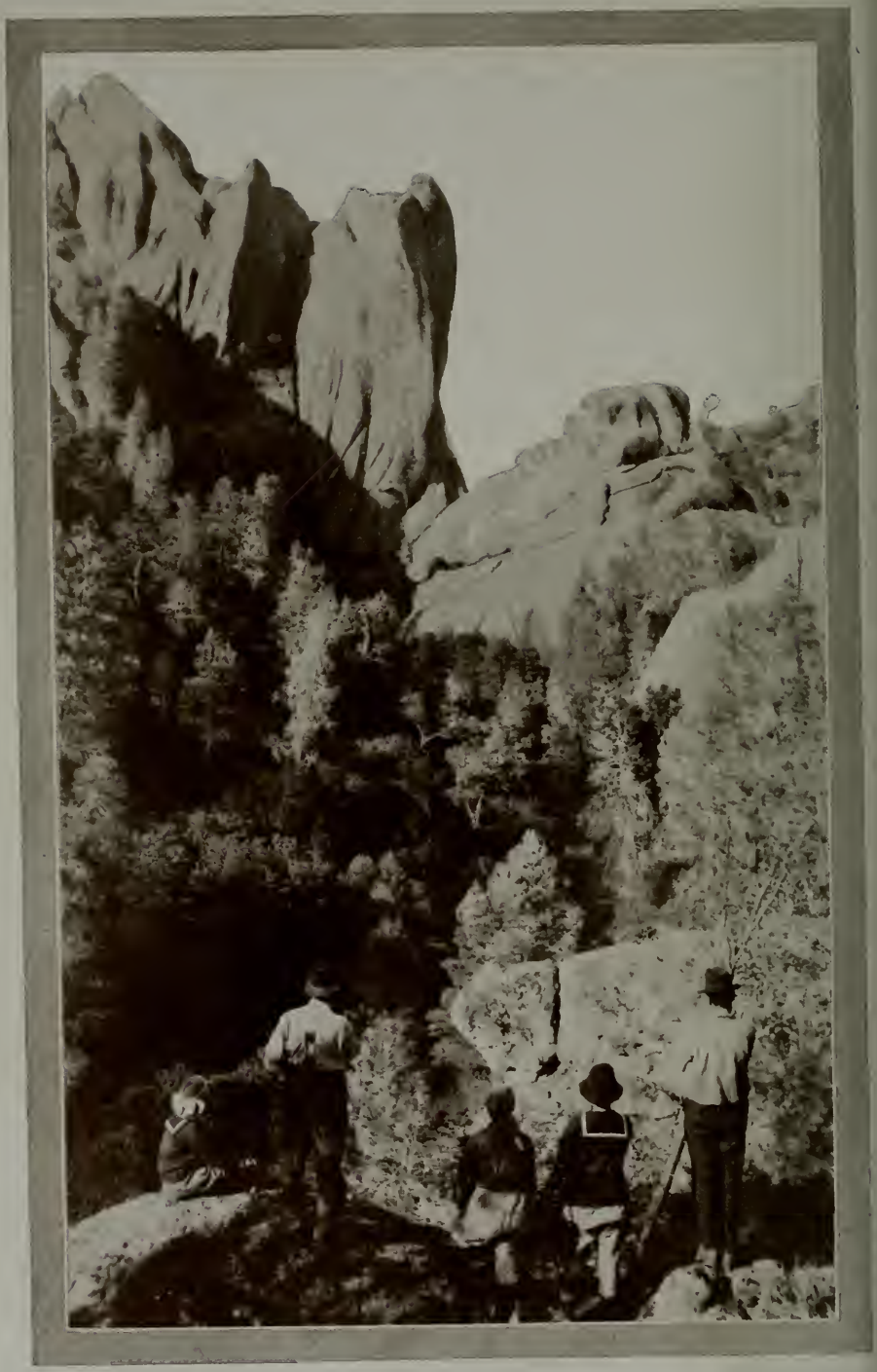
TRUCKEE RIVER.

After nearly three hours of struggling, all of the twelve finally reached Donner Lake, and found it frozen over and covered with snow. A large flat rock proved an ideal place to build a fire and make coffee. After lunch we practiced skiing down small hills. As we became more proficient we also became more courageous and before the afternoon had waned, we

were taking the high hills, though seldom did we reach bottom without a tumble.

Tuesday morning we set forth on skiis again, but under the leadership of a Swiss instructor, and during the day did some real stunts. Our one regret was that we had no movie camera along to record them. We were told how to scale the steep hill sides without taking off the skiis and enjoyed many a thrill coming down the slopes, dodging trees and gliding over snow-covered rocks. All day the sun shone so brightly that it was necessary for us to wear dark glasses to prevent snow blindness, while snow-burn was avoided by blackening our faces with charcoal. Late in the afternoon we returned to Truckee and in the evening attended en masse a town dance. At midnight we regretfully bade goodbye to Truckee, where we had spent such a delightful vacation, and started for San Francisco, arriving there safely the following morning.

C. A. C AT TRUCKEE.



PINNACLES OF SAN BENITO COUNTY.

THE SAN BENITO PINNACLES.

BY NANNA C. LININGER.

I ONCE deeply offended a Coloradan by telling him that the world-famed Garden of the Gods was somewhat similar, but on a smaller scale and not as beautiful as The Pinnacles of San Benito County, California. I have since learned that David Starr Jordan has voiced the same opinion in print and, therefore, feel it safe to repeat the offense.

Some may think that a nature lover who has been privileged to worship and revel 'midst the beauties of The Pinnacles could readily describe this marvelous region. But not so, for one feels the total inadequacy of mere words to paint a picture sufficiently vivid that one who has not seen the towering rocks might even begin to imagine their grandeur.

In "Voyages and Discoveries," written by Captain George Vancouver in 1798, there is a glowing account of his visit during 1794 to The Pinnacles. While his description is couched in the stilted style of that day, his enthusiasm and amazement are very evident. In more recent times The Pinnacles were made famous by the noted outlaw Vasquez and his band, who made it their stronghold in 1870. Certainly as a hiding place this region can scarcely be excelled.

It was through the untiring effort of Schuyler C. Hain and his brother, A. T. Hain of Tres Pinos, to preserve for all time The Pinnacles that David Starr Jordan became interested. He in turn made a successful appeal to President Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot of the United States Forest Service to withdraw from entry and set apart as The Pinnacles National Monument two thousand and eighty acres.

To quote a writer:

> "The Pinnacles is a wonderful combination such as only Nature is capable of creating, for the massive and magnificent are combined with the beautiful and picturesque. A silent place save for the restless wind which plays ceaselessly and caressingly about the towering ciffs, and sighs and moans through the passageways and subterranean vaults. Defiant of Time or the elements, repose these gigantic formations of volcanic rock, hard and smooth as glass, a bewildering monument to Nature's genius."

There are two ways of entering The Pinnacles National Monument—one through Salinas Valley and Soledad, the other by way of Hollister and Tres Pinos. The California Alpine Club has made two pilgrimages of three days each to The Pinnacles. On both trips they were fortunate enough to have Schuyler C. Hain (lovingly known as the "Father of The Pinnacles") as guide. On the last trip the writer was a member of the party. We went by automobile from San Francisco, through San Jose, San Juan, Hollister and Tres Pinos, a beautiful trip of one hundred and forty miles, arriving in Palisade Canyon, where we established our camp. The meadow is dotted with pine, oak and cottonwood, and a winding little stream furnished us with water.

Our impatience to get a glimpse of the wonders led us to prepare hastily our supper, after which we immediately set out for a walk. We followed the trail for perhaps three miles. A sudden turn in the path and quite unexpectedly, through a

gate-like entrance, our first view of The Pinnacles was secured. Colossal boulders towered several hundred feet in the air. In the twilight many appeared majestic and others weird and grotesque. The next day we discovered that the rocks are of a rich red-brown hue, with fairy pictures painted on their surfaces by the clinging lichens and mosses. Oak, pine, small bushes and several varieties of ferns miraculously find a means of livelihood among the rocks.

Fast approaching night drove us back to camp. That evening our camp-fire was cut short, so that we might get an early start the following morning. It is useless to try to describe the trip. Suffice to say we hiked and climbed and went up and down ladders and jumped crevices all day, and enjoyed every moment of it. Never shall I forget sitting on one of the highest pinnacles with "Father Hain" and half a dozen others, while he recited an original poem, including the following:

"Thou great, majestic rocks;
Thy weird, fantastic forms
Have stood for countless years,
And breasted winter storms
That beat in vain.
Thy massive canyon walls
The echoes multiply;
And from thy caverns cool
The rocks shut out the sky,
Where night birds reign.

Thou grand, stupendous whole
Art gift from God to man.
Thy beauties teach to Him
And glimpse a mighty span
Of years. We find
Here Nature's wondrous book
With page on page unfold,
Where, graven on the stone
Is thy creation told
To studious mind.

Thou art a temple grand,
With mossy cushioned pews
And wooded aisles that lead
To vast entrancing views
To while each hour.
Baptismal fonts are found
In cavern's dark retreats,
And incense wafted here
Is exhaled from the sweets
Of herb and flower."

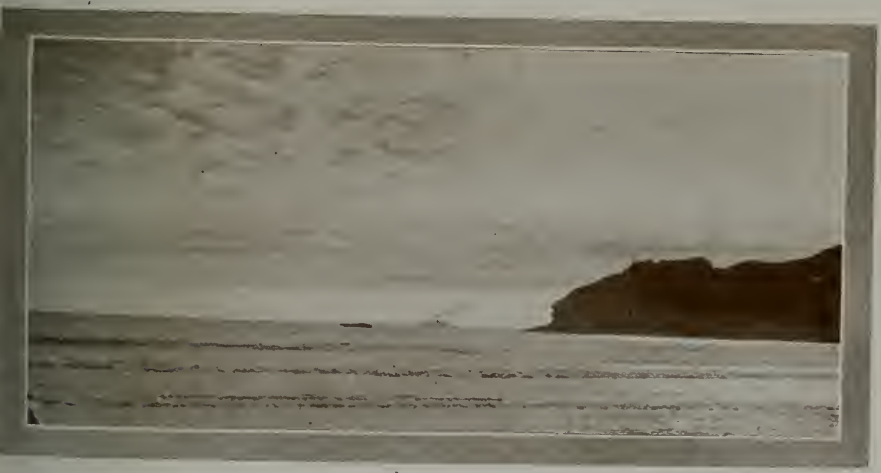
On our last day we had to be ready to leave by two o'clock, so we were up at daybreak in order to get an early start on our trip through Bear Gulch Gorge or the Little Pinnacles. Although a trip of but six miles, it was far more strenuous than that of the previous day, and I should not care to take it without a guide who knew the place well. There was no trail, so it was simply a matter of climbing up and clambering down, picking our way over, under and around the rocks, jumping chasms, balancing along narrow ledges, where it seemed hazardous to draw a deep breath; scaling almost perpendicular walls, and once even crawling like the lowly snake some hundred feet or more through narrow passageways to reach a series of caves. These subterranean caverns are formed by huge boulders, weighing thousands of tons, which have fallen across the gorge. Many of them are quite lofty and lighted only by rifts in the rocks. One is in total darkness save for a single shaft of sunlight that plays upon a perfectly rounded basin half-filled with ice cold water; in another there is an apparently bottomless pool.

If you have not visited The Pinnacles, go! It is well worth your while, a lovely trip, easily in reach of the average person's strength and pocketbook, and can be nicely done in three days or even less.

MISTY BREAKERS.

The sea's cold breath and the warmth of the sun
  Have met in a ling'ring kiss,
And from the union a fog has sprung,
  Which the wind blows that way and this,
    That way and this.
Billowing, rolling, dashing, they come
  Breakers of mist—
Curling, leaping, flashing they run,
  Pinkish, sunkist.
With mock'ry of fury, they dash their spray,
  Thru canyons their billows they pour,
Caressing the hills so softly in play.
  A phantom ocean they soar,
And fall, soar and fall,
Obeying the wind's commanding call,
  As they tumble and play,
  Tumble and play,
  Dashing high their spray.

—H. WILD



OFF BIG LAGOON.

UNIVERSITY PEAK FROM KEARSARGE LAKES.

KNAPSACKING OVER HARRISON PASS.

BY FRANK J. MURRAY.

We have been requested to publish in this issue of "Trails" a summary of knapsack trip necessities. Frank J. Murray, who has covered the Sierra Nevada mountains from Lake Tahoe to Mt. Whitney, has given us permission to print his diary of a two-weeks trip taken during the past summer. It shows that it is possible to have a variety of eatables and still not be overburdened.—(Editorial Committee.)

Number on trip—R. J. Chapman and Frank J. Murray.

Time—July 8th to July 22d, 1920.

Route—From Giant Forest to Black Rock Pass, Big Arroyo, Kern River Canyon, Harrison Pass, returning via East Lake, Bubbs Creek, Kings River Canyon, Marvin Pass and J. O. Pass to Giant Forest.

Topographic Quadrangles Used—Kaweah, Mt. Whitney, Olancha and Tehipite.

Weight of Articles Carried by Each—(a) Sleeping bag and pack straps, 8 1-4 pounds; (b) extra clothing and toilet articles, 3 pounds: One sweater, two pair cotton socks, one pair woolen socks two bandana handkerchiefs, one towel, toothbrush and comb. Divided between us was a safety razor, a cake of toilet soap, a pocket mirror, a tube of vaseline and a tube of fly dope. (c) Eatables, 27 pounds were equally divided between us and consisted of:

Bacon	5 lbs.
Rice	3 lbs.
Flapjack flour	3 lbs.
Hardtack	3 lbs.
Chocolate	2 lbs.
Shelled Nuts	2 lbs.
Raisins	1½ lbs.
Prunes	1 lb.
Dried Apples	1 lb.
Dried Peaches	1 lb.
Dehydrated Mixed Vegetables	½ lb.
Dehydrated Onions	½ lb.
Dehydrated Loganberries	½ lb.
Sugar and Saxin	½ lb.
10 Squares of Gong Soup 1 doz. Bouillon Cubes	1 lb.
3 Lemons, 2 pks. Jello, Lemon Drops	1 lb.
Cinnamon, Salt and Pepper, Tea, George Washington Coffee	½ lb.
Total	27 lbs.

(d) Cooking Utensils ..... 3½ lbs
Each carried one-half—
One fry-pan, Three tin cups, Two cups Two forks, Two spoons.

(e) Each carried miscellaneous items, such as knife and scabbard, a fishing outfit and a camera and films,—all weighing ..... 4½ lbs

Clothing Worn—Light underwear, heavy flannel over-shirt, khaki trousers, light soft hats, cotton socks with woolen socks over them. Chapman wore medium weight hobnailed shoes with canvas leggings, while mine were somewhat heavier with ten-inch tops making leggings unnecessary. Matches, maps, pocket knives, compass and watches were carried in our pockets.

THURSDAY, JULY EIGHTH

We left Oakland at nine in the morning in Chapman's automobile. The sky was overcast and the weather rather cool until we reached Altamont Pass. There sunshine was encountered which continued all day down through the San Joaquin valley. At twelve a stop was made at Modesto for lunch. At four in the afternoon we arrived at Fresno where we replenished our gasoline supply. Passed through Visalia at five-thirty and through Lemon Cove at six-fifty. About eight miles beyond Lemon Cove we discovered a fine camping place on the banks of the Kaweah River and stopped for the night.

FRIDAY, JULY NINTH

After spending a very warm night, we arose at five and enjoyed a plunge in the river. At seven we left camp and half an hour later passed through Three Rivers. Here are two stores, a hotel and a packer's station where animals may be secured for mountain trips. After following the river for about ten miles, the road makes a turn to the right and begins to climb the mountains. We arrived at the checking station at nine and at our auto destination, Giant Forest, at twelve. After lunch at the hotel we located a good camp, parked the automobile and rambled around among the Big Trees. They are remarkable for their size and are far more numerous than I anticipated. There were many visitors in the Forest and how to accommodate all was a serious problem. As Sequoia National Park, with its Giant Forest, becomes better known, more camps must be established.

SATURDAY, JULY TENTH

Arose at seven and after breakfast,

gave our packs the final once-over and at seven-forty slung them on our backs and were off.

The trail at the outset is rather steep for a short distance, then goes across a sort of plateau that is covered with one of the most wonderful forests of Big Trees that I ever saw. It then resumes a steady up grade circling Panther Peak and finally at an elevation of 9,000 feet, crosses the crest and descends the Seven Mile Hill. Near the summit, with a fine view of the Kaweah Canyon and the Great Western Divide before us, we stopped for lunch. Our lunch was always carried on the outside of the packs so as to be easily accessible, and consisted of hardtack, nuts, raisins and chocolate. Once a few prunes were added, After lunch we took the lower trail which is not on the topographical map, down the Seven Mile Hill to the crossing of Buck Creek and made camp at four-thirty.

Our supper consisted of soup, hardtack, trout, rice, raisins, stewed prunes and tea. The pine needles were plentiful so some wonderful beds covered with a few fir boughs were made. The weather during the day was fine, though a trifle warm coming down Seven Mile Hill. The altitude of our camp was about 5,500 feet.

SUNDAY, JULY ELEVENTH

After a good night's sleep we arose at six and enjoyed a breakfast of stewed prunes, trout, bacon, rice, raisins and coffee. Left camp at seven-forty, and after traveling a few miles came to the Kaweah River. Stopped for a while, enjoyed the scenery and took a few pictures. We then resumed our journey toward Redwood Meadow, which was reached in time for lunch. During the afternoon we continued on up the trail through a forested country, to a little flat on Cliff Creek just above its junction with Deer Creek. Pitched camp at four and had supper of soup, flapjacks, stewed peaches and tea. The day's trip was all up grade, the weather fine and the altitude of our camp 7,500 feet.

MONDAY, JULY TWELFTH

We got up about six, had breakfast of stewed peaches, bacon, rice and coffee, and left camp at seven-thirty, headed for Black Rock Pass. Took it rather easy today, loitering along, enjoying the scenery and taking pictures. On leaving camp the trail goes through meadows a mile or two and then up through rocks to the Pass, which is only a slight depression in the backbone of the Great Western Divide at an altitude of 11,400 feet and then continues down into a large beautiful cirque, full of snow and small lakes. The view from Black Rock Pass looking across the Big Arroyo in the direction of the Kaweah Peaks will be long remembered.

After spending an hour, from two-thirty to three-thirty, on the Pass, we made our way down through the snow and rocks to a lake at the edge of the timberline, and established camp at five-thirty. Soup, bacon, hardtack and tea were served for supper. Our camp at an elevation of 10,300 feet was very cold, the snow fields were near by, the ground was hard and no pine needles or boughs available for beds. The weather throughout the day was beautiful.

TUESDAY, JULY THIRTEENTH

We were up early and enjoyed a breakfast of stewed peaches, bacon, pan bread and coffee. We intended to go to Nine Lake Basin at the head of the Big Arroyo and across to Junction Meadow in the Kern River Canyon. A storm in the vicinity of Junction Meadow caused us to change our plans. After getting down to the Big Arroyo, where we stopped for lunch, we followed the stream down to Soda Creek, thence up along Soda Creek, over the divide

and down the Rattlesnake Creek trail to the Kern River. We might have gone from the Big Arroyo up to Funston Meadow, but I had been there and desired to follow an unfamiliar route. We arrived in the Kern River Canyon at six o'clock and made camp in a beautiful group of pine trees near the bank of the river at an elevation of about 7,000 feet. Supper consisted of bacon, hardtack, nuts, chocolate and tea. There was an abundance of dry pine needles here and we used them in making our beds. During the afternoon there occured a few light showers.

WEDNESDAY, JULY FOURTEENTH

We had decided to remain in camp all day, so we did not get up until eight-thirty.

Chapman went down to the river with his rod before breakfast and landed several trout, one of which was about eighteen inches long. After breakfast we strolled around the canyon in the vicinity of the camp. During the afternoon both of us went fishing, Chapman landed another big fish, while I succeeded in getting a few small ones. For supper we had fish, rice, pan bread, apple sauce and coffee. Though many large clouds passed over the canyon, the day was ideal.

THURSDAY, JULY FIFTEENTH

Arose at five-thirty and had for breakfast apple sauce, pan bread, fish and coffee. Went leisurely up the canyon enjoying the different views and the coloring of the canyon walls. Stopped for lunch near the hot spring, which we visited, and then went on to Junction Meadow, arriving at two o'clock. On account of an impending storm up toward Harrison Pass, we concluded to pitch camp. It was raining so we built a wick-i-up as protection against the storm were it to continue for several days. A location against a fallen tree that was about thirty inches in diameter for the back and only wall of the structure was selected. We then cut a couple of stakes for the front supports and some short poles for the rafters. On top of these we laid some slabs of tamarack from a tree that had been shattered by lightning and thatched it over with two layers of juniper bark stripped from a fallen tree near by. Across the roof we put poles and rocks so the wind would not blow it off. We also put tamarack boughs against the ends, leaving only the front open. Underneath the large pine trees, we were able to get some reasonably dry needles for a bed. The completed structure was eight feet long, five feet wide, three-and-a-half feet high in front and two-and-a-half feet high in the back. Chapman had his usual luck fishing. Our supper consisted of soup, bacon, fish, rice, raisins, pan bread, stewed prunes and tea. The altitude of our camp was about 8,000 feet. At about seven-thirty, the storm clouds disappeared and we moved our bed out in the open and enjoyed a beautiful starlight night.

FRIDAY, JULY SIXTEENTH

We were up at six and had a breakfast of stewed prunes, bacon, pan bread, rice, raisins and coffee. We left camp at seven-thirty for Harrison Pass. The trail is all up grade through a rocky country. Shortly after leaving camp it disappeared except for ducks set up as landmarks. By noon we had reached about the 10,000 foot level. While we experienced a shower or two, a real thunderstorm was booming in the Harrison Pass direction. Another storm was several miles below us in the Kern River Canyon. At the time, we happened to be in the sunshine, but were wondering what would happen if the two storms joined. Reached timberline, an altitude of 11,250 feet, at three o'clock and as Harrison Pass was still about four miles away, decided to camp. By

five o'clock the sun was shining brightly with just a few big clouds drifting around, the kind the photographers like. I tried a few shots at them with my kodak, but photography is like fishing with me, I do not always have luck. Our location was wonderful for a camp, the country just below us was studded with little silvery lakes that sparkled in the sunshine and across from us were the peaks of the Great Western Divide, Thunder, Table and Milestone with their snowy, rugged slopes. Nature certainly makes a lavish display of her wonders here.

We had supper of soup, bacon, pan bread, stewed peaches, jello and tea.

SATURDAY, JULY SEVENTEENTH

We arose at five-thirty and had a breakfast of stewed peaches, bacon, pan bread, jello and coffee. Left camp at six-forty and climbed up to South American Lake and got over into Harrison Pass at nine. Altitude 12,100 feet. At the first look from the pass over on to the other side, we wondered how we were going to get down, for all we could see was a steep ragged precipice with a cirque full of rocks and snow. We finally located a chimney in about the center of the Pass and climbed down to a snow tongue on which we made our way to the cirque below. After we got partly down, we discovered that we should have followed along the crest of the Pass toward Mt. Stanford and then dropped down a snow tongue which extended to the top. We, however, had no desire to go back and try the newly discovered way. After reaching the bottom, it is all snow and big rocks making traveling with animals about impossible. However, in a season when there is enough snow to cover all these rocks, a person might get animals through, but if anyone should ask my advice, I would say, "Take Goats."

There is a lot of grand scenery going down from the Pass; the first big thing is Mt. Brewer straight ahead and across the East Creek Canyon, then there is the Kings-Kern Divide and Reflection Lake which is beautifully situate and well-named, and below it is East Lake which is about as pretty a lake as a person will find anywhere. The trail going down from the Pass is quite steep. We stopped and had lunch at a spot above East Lake where we also had a view of Reflection Lake. During the afternoon we followed East Creek down to Bubbs Creek and camped for the night at the junction of Bubbs Creek and Charlotte Creek. Chapman caught some more fish and we had a supper consisting of soup, bacon, fish, rice, pan bread, apple sauce and tea. The weather for the day was fine. Altitude of camp was about 7,500 feet.

SUNDAY, JULY EIGHTEENTH

We got up at six-thirty and cooked a breakfast of apple sauce, bacon, rice, raisins, pan bread and coffee. At eight we were on the trail following Bubbs Creek down to the South Fork of the Kings River. Pitched camp for the night near the river a short distance below Kings River Canyon Camp, formerly Kanawyers. Bubbs Creek Canyon is wild and rugged, numerous peaks and domes are on either side of the canyon. Arrived at our camp at two o'clock and spent the afternoon enjoying the Kings River Canyon scenery. Supper was had of soup, bacon, onions, rice, raisins, stewed loganberries, hardtack and tea. The altitude of our camp was about 5,000 feet. During the day it was hot and the night warm.

MONDAY, JULY NINETEENTH

Had breakfast of apple sauce, bacon, fish, rice, raisins, hardtack and coffee. At ten-fifteen we left camp and hiked down the canyon to Cedar Grove, where we stopped for lunch

then proceeded on to Summit Meadow via the cattle drive and made camp at five-fifteen. Supper consisted of soup, bacon, onions, hardtack, apple sauce and tea. Fir boughs were used for beds. The country travel through today was pretty, especially the trees at Cedar Grove, and also the wooded areas bordering the cattle drive. The weather was fine and the altitude of camp was about 8,000 feet.

TUESDAY, JULY TWENTIETH

We arose at four forty-five and had breakfast of stewed loganberries, bacon, rice, raisins, and tea. Left camp at five thirty-five and went through Marvin Pass at about seven and through the J. O. Pass at ten-thirty. For lunch we stopped at Silliman Creek and arrived at Giant Forest at two thirty-five in the afternoon. During the day's travel, we went through several beautiful meadows surrounded by low forested ridges, fir and tamarack predominating. Though the trail goes up and down, none of the grades are either very long or steep. The region is a mecca for cattlemen and in nearly every meadow we noticed cattle. After reaching our camp in the Giant Forest, we took it easy for the rest of the day. The weather was fine.

WEDNESDAY, JULY TWENTY-FIRST

Our knapsack trip being over, we arose late and visited Moro Rock. Here we spent an hour enjoying the view. Upon returning to camp, we had lunch and shortly after started for home in the automobile. The night was spent along the Kaweah River below Three Rivers.

THURSDAY, JULY TWENTY-SECOND

We left at about eight and after an all day's auto ride arrived in Oakland at six forty-five.

ITINERARY FOR 1921 OUTING.

The canyons of the Middle Fork of the Kings River and South Fork of the San Joaquin River will be visited during next summer's outing, according to the announcement of the Annual Outings Committee. The start will be made from Dinkey distant two days travel from Tehipite Valley in the Middle Fork of the Kings. The route will be up along the Middle Fork of the Kings past Simpson Meadow to Palisade Creek, down Palisade Creek to Grouse Meadow, then up Le Conte Canyon to Little Pete Meadow and over Muir Pass and down Evolution Creek and the South Fork of the San Joaquin to Blaney Meadow, thence to Shaver Lake, the end of the trip.

Club members and anybody interested will at a later date be advised of the exact time for the Outing, the estimated cost and furnished more detailed information about the itinerary.

COMMENTS EDITORIAL.

With the publication of this issue of "Trails," the California Alpine Club ventures forth into a new field of activity. The need for continuing the publication is paramount. It offers a practical means by which the mountaineering experiences of the club and its members can be put in permanent and useful shape, and made available to all. It further is a means of keeping the club members informed of important changes in the organization.

Many members spend their summer vacations in the mountains. Each year one hears of trips to Mt. Shasta, to Lake Tahoe, to the Feather River region, to the Santa Cruz mountains, to the High Sierra, or perchance, of a journey to the mountains of another state or foreign land. "Trails" enables one to tell others of these trips. Fellow members are interested in the itinerary, the time of the year a trip was taken, weather conditions, means of transportation, nature of the outfit, character of the country traversed and the incidents that long linger in memory. Poetic descriptions are not as necessary as an accurate statement of facts. One who seeks information is interested in the elevation of mountain passes, trails followed and their condition, camp sites where feed may be obtained for animals and streams where fishing is good, rather than in the beauties of a sunrise from a mountain top.

But "Trails" should tell of trips near home as well as of distant journeys. The trails of Marin county, the Contra Costa hills, Mt. Diablo, the Peninsula country, Mt. St. Helena and the Craters frequently visited, all deserve mention and recognition.

There is printed in this issue the club's constitution and by-laws, a list of its officers and committees, a financial statement and the membership roll. "Trails" has made it possible to furnish this information to members in a convenient form. As changes are made, they can be recorded and the publication become of historic, as well as of narrative importance to members.

The editorial "we" calls your attention to the very beautiful engravings illustrating "Trails." They are worthy of exceptional commendation, in that the engravers—Salter Brothers, San Francisco—have given them special attention in the making. Good commercial engraving is not uncommon, when first-class photographs are provided and all conditions are right, but the Salters have given each photograph careful handling, and turned out a series of invariably good engravings, where the photographs were not all up to a high standard, owing to many of them having been hastily taken, on random trips, with no idea of their being used for their present purpose. Even the best amateur photographers have their off photographs, due to accident or hurry, but we defy you to detect, from the resulting engravings, the photographs which were not fully up to the standard their makers would have preferred. The engravings are not merely pictures, but painstaking works of art, which we, who have visited the scenes depicted sincerely appreciate.

Probably no one connected with the appearance of "Trails" is worthy of more praise than our advertising manager, Mr. Leon

Beck. Taking hold, as he did, of a job with which he was entirely unfamiliar, after most of our "prospects" had side-stepped it or developed "cold feet," Mr. Beck has proven emphatically the right man in the right place. We can say this the more freely since he is absolutely unaware that he is to be mentioned at all. His request was that we bespeak your favor on behalf of the advertisers for it is largely due to them that we have been able to finance a very costly undertaking. Early in the game, Mr. Beck showed that he possessed the persuasiveness that makes a good advertising man, along with gifts of diplomacy that keep advertisers good-natured when they can not all have preferred position, or when they want freak ads that spoil the effectiveness of other advertisers. He early learned to play the trump card of all advertising managers, and, where the advertiser failed to get all he desired, the blame was cheerfully placed on the printer. (He should worry—the printer.) So that aside from the customary kick made by all advertisers on principle, everybody is satisfied.

Probably no publication ever had a more interested staff than "Trails." Practically "it is all in the family" of the California Alpine Club. The Publication and Editorial Committees worked in close harmony with the printers, both members of the Club; another member of the club is a partner of the engraving firm that made the cuts. The publication has had painstaking—almost affectionate—effort directed toward its success all along the line and represents the best of all who have had a hand in its preparation.

A lot has been learned from this publication, ere ever it makes its bow to the discerning reader. The editorial staff has learned to wield a ruthless eliminator, without regard for the frenzied shrieks of the producers of articles, sadly too long for our columns, or otherwise unavailable. The writers have learned that, as clothes shrink in the laundry, so do the best prepared articles under editorial handling, no matter how friendly the editor. Everybody concerned has learned that publishing even an annual is no light job. The editorial force draws a long breath, now that the result is before you, and will take a few days off to recover its strength and vitality. There are many things about the book which we would change had we the opportunity, as the result of illuminating experience. To those who succeed us we wish well and shall rejoice with them in their success of publishing a second number of "Trails" superior to this.

When the janitress comes a-cleaning of the editorial sanctum, after a strenuous session of the committee, and begins sweeping up the various flowers of rhetoric, ruthlessly pruned from otherwise promising articles, along with redundant language and grammatical errors of various kinds, she will find one expression that occurred in well-nigh every article submitted, and which finally got on the editorial nerves and was promptly expunged, deleted and obliterated.

"It was a scene never to be forgotten!" How we came to look for those words, so that we might banish them to the innocuous desuetude where they belong. We observe that the words have slipped through in a few instances. On our honor, we meant to eliminate them in toto, or in any other way that would prove most effective.

We members of the California Alpine Club treasure the many sincere friendships which have been formed during the past years. Hospitality is extended to fellow followers of the trail, be they members or not and the true principles of democracy are practiced. A hypocritical attitude has no place in the great outdoors and the man who is in tune with the freedom of open places decries the petty artificialities so manifest where large numbers congregate.

The California Alpine Club is not only interested in maintaining our nineteen national parks and creating new ones, but also in making them accessible to all people. There is now within the boundaries of our national parks some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. The parks have been created to protect this scenery, to preserve it and to prevent its being commercialized. More and more they are becoming the real recreation grounds of the Nation. Few have had the audacity to suggest the elimination of national parks or the cutting down of their boundaries, but again and again it has happened that some have sought special privileges within their confines. At this writing, the controversy wages about the Smith Bill (House Bill 12,466) and the amendment of the Federal Water Power Act.

The Smith Bill, which has passed the United States Senate and is now pending in the House of Representatives, has to do with the granting of special privileges in Yellowstone National Park. Idaho and Montana irrigationists desire to construct reservoirs in the park or dam lakes and rivers, raising water levels and inundating regions which are now the habitat of wild life and comprise some of the important scenic features of the park.

The Federal Water Power Act, as it now reads, grants water power interests the right to file claims within national parks and monuments as well as within other Federal reserves. The Interstate Commerce Committee of the United States Senate has recently reported favorably Senator Jones' bill withdrawing the water power resources in national parks from the jurisdiction of and the development by the Federal Water Power Commission.

The information at hand leads us to conclude that the Smith bill should be defeated and Yellowstone National Park protected. The Federal Water Power Act should be amended so that Congress rather than the Federal Water Power Commission shall have control over the granting of water power privileges in national parks.

"Save the Redwoods." To that end there was organized at San Francisco, in July 1919, the "Save the Redwoods League."

Its plans involve: "**(1) The securing of a belt of the finest redwood timber bordering the northern highway, in the hope that this area may become a state park. (2) The obtaining of a considerable body of the most typical primitive redwood forest known, for the purpose of a National Redwood Park.**"

The redwoods though once the property of Uncle Sam, now belong to lumber companies and private individuals. To save them from the ax and saw, is a case of purchase. The amount involved is so large that the smallest contribution can not be overlooked. At a cost of $60,000 some 800 acres have already been saved along the highway. Humboldt County gave $30,000 toward the amount, Stephen T. Mather, director of National Parks, $15,000 and William Kent, $15,000. This is just the beginning. To carry through the plans of the League will necessitate local, county and state taxation, federal appropriations, public subscriptions and donations. Somewhere along the line there will be an opportunity for all to help "Save the Redwoods." Let's not miss it.

The Roosevelt National Park is not yet an accomplished fact. This park as now projected will include the Sequoia National Park, the Canyons of the Kern, of the South Fork and Middle Fork of the Kings River and their high mountain tributaries, as well as the crest of the Sierra from a point north of Mt. Humphreys to a point South of Mt. Whitney.

On February 18, 1920 the President of the club, sent the following telegram to Honorable N. J. Sinnott, Chairman of the Public Lands Committee of the House of Representatives and to Honorable J. A. Elston, a member of the House and author of the Roosevelt Park Bill. "**California Alpine Club urges extension of boundaries of Grant and Sequoia National Parks to take in Kings and Kern River Canyons and headwaters, provided cattle grazing is permitted until pasturage is required for stock of park visitors.**"

The inclusion of this region in a National Park has been before Congress several years and it is hoped that favorable action may be taken before the adjournment on March fourth.

The operation of camps and hotels in our national parks should receive more attention from public authorities. If it becomes necessary to grant exclusive concessions, then the concessionaires should be required to establish a schedule of rates that will permit not only the well-to-do, but also people of moderate means to visit and enjoy the freedom of the national parks. It appears to us that the rates now charged by those who hold concessions in some national parks are prohibitive of the fullest use of the parks by the public in general. Exclusive concessions can only be justified on the ground that more reasonable rates can be offered under a consolidated plan of operation than under competitive conditions. It can hardly be said that the parks are being managed in and for the interests of the people generally, when those holding exclusive concessions place in effect, though it be with the approval of public authorities, a scale of charges

that people of moderate means cannot pay and those of more favorable circumstances refuse to pay. The question is not merely one of retaining the scenic wonders in national parks, but of making them accessible to all.

BY THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

W. C. Fankhauser
A. C. Mauerhan
M. F. Murphy
A. H. Hutchinson
Helen Wild
Bessie S. White

When this Editorial Committee selected one of its members as Editor in chief, it was with the express understanding that whosoever accepted the responsibilities of the role would be permitted to reject any submitted material that did not seem to prove of value. In these few brief words we are over-riding our Editor, and contrary to his will and desire we are confiding to fellowmembers the fact that the results attained have been chiefly due to his admirable leadership, his perserveraing energy and experience in arriving at prompt decisions. Our Editor has given us all of his spare time during the past month; the little that the rest of us have contributed has been due solely to the zeal and enthusiasm inspired by him. The committee desires hereby to go on record, Mr. W. C. Fankhauser only dissenting, to express our gratefullness to him, and our congratulations at the birth of this new out-of-door periodical which has been largely the result of his efforts.

EXCERPTS FROM REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE NATIONAL PARK SERVICE FOR FISCAL YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1920, and the TRAVEL SEASON, 1920.

"PENDING NATIONAL PARK LEGISLATION"

The following bills regarding the national parks are now pending in Congress:

S. 1391. "A bill to add certain lands to Sequoia National Park and to change the name of said park to Roosevelt National Park," was introduced on June 5, 1919 by Senator Phelan. This measure which was referred to in my 1919 annual report, is the same as S. 2021 of the Sixty-fifth Congress. This bill was reported out by the Public Lands Committee on February 25, 1920.

H. R. 5006, identical with S. 1391, was introduced on June 5, 1919, by Mr. Elston. Hearings were held on this bill on February 24, 25 and 26, 1920, before the Committee on the Public Lands, and it was reported out on March 25, 1920.

H. R. 1412, "A bill to add certain lands to Yellowstone National Park," was introduced on May 21, 1919, by Mr. Mondell. This measure is identical with H. R. 13350 of the Sixty-fifth Congress, referred to in my last annual report. It proposes to add the Teton Mountains and other scenic territory to the Yellowstone.

S. 3895, "A bill authorizing the granting of certain irrigation easements in the Yellowstone National Park, and for other purposes," was introduced on February 10, 1920, by Senator Nugent, and was passed by the Senate April 6, 1920.

H. R. 12466, identical with S. 3895, was introduced by Mr. Smith of Idaho on February 11, 1920. It was reported to the House on March 25, 1920. The bill came up on the unanimous consent calendar on April 5 and again on April 19, but was objected to on both occasions. On April 20, 1920, House Resolution 527 was introduced, calling for the immediate consideration of H. R. 12466 upon the adoption of the resolution, the bill to be passed after one hour of debate. A hearing on this resolution was held by the Rules Committee on May 25. No action was taken on the resolution, and the bill is still on the calendar.

S. 3379, "A bill to establish the Utah National Park in the State of Utah," introduced by Senator Smoot on November 3, 1919, proposes to give the Bryce Canyon region a national-park status.

S. 2797, "A bill to add certain lands to Crater Lake National Park," which was introduced by Senator McNary, of Oregon, on August 15, 1919, was passed by the Senate on April 5, 1920. This bill, which is identical with S. 4283 of the Sixty-fifth Congress, was referred to in my 1919 annual report.

S. 666, "A bill creating the National Park of the Cliff Cities," introduced by Senator Jones, of New Mexico, on May 23, 1919, proposes to make the Bandelier National Monument and adjacent territory a national Park. This was referred to in my last report

S. 2374, "A bill to establish the Pajarito National Park," introduced by Senator Jones, of New Mexico, was proposed as an alternative to S. 666.

H. R. 11773, "A bill making reservation and withdrawing from settlement, occupancy, or sale, and dedicating and setting apart as a national monument a certain tract of land in the county of Riverside, State of California," proposes to preserve the Palm Canyon region.

Other pending measures provide for the creation of the Mammoth

Cave National Park, Ky.; Mount Katahdin National Park, Me.; Mount Baker, Yakima, and Grand Coulee National Parks in the state of Washington, the Mississippi Valley National Park, Iowa and Wisconsin; and Killdeer National Park N. Dak.

PRESIDENTIAL PROCLAMATIONS

By proclamation the President on November 25, 1919, enlarged the Gran Quivira National Monument, N. Mex., increasing the area from 160 to 560 acres.

By presidential proclamation of December 12, 1919 the Scotts Bluff National Monument in the State of Nebraska was established.

By presidential proclamation of December 19,1919, the Yucca House National Monument in the State of Colorado was established.

Monument projects are also pending which include the towers and castles of the Hovenweep district near the Colorado-Utah boundary line and the Palm Canyon of California, which contains an unusual species of palm. As stated before, H. R. 11773, to make a monument of this latter area, is now pending in Congress.

EXECUTIVE ORDERS

Executive orders affecting national parks and national monuments were issued as follows:

June 30, 1920, a withdrawal of lands in South Dakota pending examination to determine whether they should be made a national monument to protect, in the public interest, the rich mesozoic deposits of cycads and other characteristic examples of paleo botany numerously found there.

July 14, 1920, a withdrawal of lands in South Dakota to protect the water supply of Wind Cave National Park and the national bison range therein.

July 26, 1920, a withdrawal of lands in Arizona pending determinations as to advisability of including such lands within the Tumacacori National Monument.

REQUIREMENTS OF THE NATIONAL PARK SYSTEM

"Having in mind the accomplishments of the past few years since the National Park Service was established, and anticipating some of the problems that are facing us for solution, I consider the most important requirements of the service now to be the following:

1.—The enlargement of the Washington office force so as to meet the increased demands placed upon it by the great use made of its parks, with adequate salaries for the officials.

2.—The establishment of a definite permanent personnel nucleus in every national park of major importance.

3.—The establishment of a touring division in the service to meet the tremendous demand for information regarding the national parks and monuments, and to co-operate with railroads, touring associations, automobile associations, highway associations, and others in the development of the travel industry within the United States.

4.—The enlargement of existing hotel, camp, and transportation facilities in the various parks satisfactorily to meet the tremendous demands of travel caused by the popularity of these great scenic areas.

5.—The amendment of the Federal water-power act so as to exclude the national parks and monuments from within the scope of its provisions.

6.—The adoption by Congress of a definite comprehensive program for road construction within the national parks and monuments.

7.—Co-operation with State and private organizations for the protection and saving of important still-remaining stands of timber along the scenic highways leading to our national parks.

8.—An adequate appropriation for the protection of all and the development of the most important of our national monuments.

9.—Securing from Congress initial appropriations for the development and protection of Mount McKinley and Hawaii National Parks.

10.—The passage of legislation effecting the enlargement of the Yellowstone National Park by the addition of areas to the south covering the Teton Mountains, the headwaters of the Yellowstone River and territory lying north of the Buffalo Fork of the Snake River.

11.—The passage of legislation effecting the enlargement of the Sequoia National Park to include the spectacular high Sierra region adjoining to east and north, and the dedication of this enlarged area as the Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park in memory of former President Theodore Roosevelt.

12.—The passage of legislation effecting the enlargement of Crater Lake National Park northward to permit of proper development and administration.

13.—The passage of legislation to add the Mount Evans region west of Denver, Colo., to the Rocky Mountain National Park.

14.—Securing the grant of exclusive jurisdiction from the several States affected over the Rocky Mountain, Mesa Verde, Grand Canyon, and Lafayette National Parks.

15.—The establishment of adequate game preserves in areas adjacent to many of our national parks for the better protection of our wild life during the trying winter seasons, primarily the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Sequoia, Mount Rainier, Grand Canyon, and Zion National Parks."

MEMBERSHIP IN ASSOCIATED MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS OF NORTH AMERICA.

The California Alpine Club has been admitted to membership in "Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America" LeRoy Jeffers, secretary, 476 Fifth Ave., New York, reports in the 1920 Bulletin, that the Bureau consists of thirty-nine clubs and societies united by a common interest in the creation, development and protection of National Parks and Forest Reserves. The members of the Bureau are:

American Alpine Club, Philadelphia and New York.
American Civic Association, Washington.
American Forestry Association, Washington.
American Game Protective Association, New York.
American Museum of Natural History, New York.
American Scenic & Historic Preservation Society, New York.
Adirondack Camp & Trail Club, Lake Placid Club, New York.
Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston and New York.
Boone and Crocket Club, New York.
British Columbia Mountaineering Club, Vancouver.
California Alpine Club, San Francisco.
Cascadians, Yakima, Washington.
Colorado Mountain Club, Denver.
Dominion Parks Branch, Dept. of the Interior, Ottawa.
Field and Forest Club, Boston.
Forest Service, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington.
Fresh Air Club, New York.
Geographic Society of Chicago.
Geographical Society of Philadelphia.

Green Mountain Club, Inc., Rutland, Vermont.
Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club, Honolulu.
Klahhane Club, Port Angeles, Washington.
Mazamas, Portland, Oregon.
Mountaineers, Seattle and Tacoma.
National Association of Audubon Societies, New York.
National Park Service, U. S. Dept. Interior, Washington.
National Parks Association, Washington.
New York Zoological Society, New York.
Palisades Interstate Park Commission, New York.
Prairie Club, Chicago.
Rocky Mountain Climbers Club, Boulder, Colorado.
Sagebrush and Pine Club, Yakima, Washington.
Save the Redwoods League, Berkeley, Cal.
Sierra Club, San Francisco and Los Angeles.
Trails Club of Oregon, Portland.
Tramp and Trail Club, New York.
Travel Club of America, New York.
Utah Mountain Club, Salt Lake City.
Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, New York.

VARIOUS C. A. C. INFORMATION.

OFFICERS

President - - - - A. C. Mauerhan
Vice-President - - W. C. Fankhauser
Recording Secretary - Norma H. Pinther
Corresponding Secretary - M. F. Murphy
Treasurer - - - Myron Grotyohn

DIRECTORS

H. A. Hertenstein — Jules A. Sigrist
Henry Lidley — Wm. P. Halliday
Victor E. Haun

STANDING COMMITTEES

Reception and Membership Committee
Al. Pinther, Chairman
Alma Schirmer — Mrs. Clara Marra
W. T. Plevin — Wm. P. Halliday

Finance Committee
Charles Cavanagh, Chairman
Henry Funck — Leon Castel

Publication Committee
Leon Beck, Chairman
Mrs. Edna Macaulay — H. A. Hertenstein
F. E. Briggs — Wm. MacKay

Walks and Trails Committee
Henry W. Lidley, Chairman
F. J. Murray — Wm. H. Staniels
C. A. Cavanagh — Victor E. Haun

Entertainment Committee
J. C. Williams, Chairman
J. H. Franklin — Chris W. Halliday
George Randolph — LeRoy Wilkie

Accommodations Committee
Wm. P. Halliday, Chairman
Richard Lowy — Jack Lambert
Mrs. Alice Henry — Henry W. Lidley

Annual Outings Committee
H. A. Hertenstein, Chairman
Jas. C. Williams — Wm. P. Halliday
M. F. Murphy — F. J. Murray

RESOURCES, RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

For Fiscal Year Ending March 31, 1920

Balance on hand, April 1, 1919		$236.98
Bank of California	$156.08	
Reserve for club pins	10.00	
War Savings Stamps	20.90	
Liberty bond 4th Issue	50.00	
Receipts		
From Membership dues	$552.00	
Interest on Liberty Bond	3.43	
One 4-3/4 pct. U. S. Victory Note	50.00	
Total Receipts		605.43
Balance plus Receipts		$842.41
Disbursements		
One 4-3/4 pct. U. S. Victory Note	$ 50.00	
Deficit on St. Helena trip	3.00	
Expenses of Walks and Trails Committee	12.40	
Club Register $ 5.10		
Camp Craft Show and Monument 7.30		
Emergency kit supplies	1.00	
One letter box for former headquarters	2.71	
Dues refunded on rejected application	2.00	
Expenses of Entertainment Committee	98.13	
Coffee 3.88		
Baseballs 17.00		
Deficit, New Year's Jinks 28.72		
Deficit, Midsummer Reunion 23.53		
Rent advanced for use of Grand Canyon Park 25.00		
Membership fee, 1920, in Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America	15.00	
Sierra trip album and pictures	26.00	
Two telegrams to Washington re Roosevelt National Park	2.60	
Flowers, Jillson funeral	1.00	

Office Expenses.....	46.50	
Rent Recreation Club rooms for year 1919	10.00	
Rent New Club headquarters	30.00	
Card file and scrap book	6.50	
Local Walk Schedules Nos. 13 and 14.....		85.75
Stationery and miscellaneous printing		55.47
Postage stamps		37.15
Flags for monument.....		10.25
Total Disbursements.....		$448.96
Balance on Hand March 31, 1920.....		393.45
Bank of California	248.55	
Reserve for club plns.....	24.00	
War Saving Stamps	20.90	
Liberty bond 4th issue....	50.00	
U. S. 4-3/4 pct. Victory Note	50.00	
Total....		$393.45

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

CONSTITUTION
of
THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB
Effective December 31, 1920

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. Name.

This Club shall be known as "THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB."

Section 2. Object.

Its objects are: To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out in the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid in every way possible, the preservation of the woods, streams, game and natural features of the country.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. Qualification for Membership.

The applicant must be of good moral character.

Section 2.. Proposal of Candidates.

Any person, duly qualified, desiring to become a member of this Club, shall be proposed and balloted for in a manner to be prescribed in the By-Laws.

ARTICLE III.

Section 1. Officers.

The officers of the Club shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer and Five Directors elected by the members of the Club and the whole to constitute a Board of Directors.

Section 2. Form of Election.

Any member, duly qualified, and desiring to become an Officer or Director of this Club, shall be nominated and balloted for in a manner to be prescribed in the By-Laws.

Section 3. Duties of President.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Club and of the Board of Directors, and shall determine the order of the business in each. He shall strictly enforce the provisions of the Constitution, By-Laws and the Standing Rules and Order, and shall see that all Officers and Committees perform their respective duties. He shall have power to call special meetings and appoint committees. He shall inspect and announce the results of all ballotings and other votings by the Club.

Section 4. Duties of Vice-President.

The Vice-President, in the absence of the President shall exercise the same power and authority as the President.

Section 5. Duties of Recording Secretary.

The Recording Secretary shall keep correct minutes of all the proceedings of the Club and Board of Directors; shall record its By-Laws and Rules in a book to be kept solely for such purpose; shall preserve a register of the names of the members, and keep a correct account thereof; shall advise applicants of acceptance to membership in the Club, and shall collect and pay over to the Treasurer all moneys due the Club; shall be responsible for the safekeeping of all the books and papers belonging to the Club, excepting those of the Treasurer; he shall certify all accounts and records under the direction of the Board of Directors, and shall countersign all orders on the Treasurer; he shall make reports of his accounts at such times as may be required by the Board of Directors; he shall also perform such other duties as may be assigned to him by the said Board of Directors.

Section 6. Duties of Corresponding Secretary.

The Corresponding Secretary shall have charge of all the general correspondence of the Club, send out all notices, give notice to the members or officers; as the case may be, of special and regular meetings of the Club or of the Board.

Section 7. Duties of Treasurer.

The Treasurer shall keep a book in which he shall record all receipts and disbursements, and shall report the same annually or at such periods as the Board of Directors may require; he shall pay no moneys without an order countersigned by the Secretary and President. At the expiration of his term of office, he shall deliver all books, papers, moneys, vouchers, and other property belonging to the Club, in his possession, into the hands of his successor. All moneys of the Club shall be used for defraying the current expenses of the Club, and for such other purposes as may be determined from time to time by approval of the Board of Directors.

Section 8. Duties of Directors.

The Board of Directors shall hold a monthly meeting at the call of the President, and shall have full power to transact all routine business of the Club, accept all applicants for membership, and audit and pass for payment all current expenses, but shall in no way obligate the Club financially for a greater amount than the funds on hand by the Treasurer. A full report of all said transactions shall be rendered at each quarterly meeting of the Club. For the transaction of business at such meetings a quorum shall consist of five Directors.

ARTICLE IV.

Section 1. Meeting of the Club

The quarterly business meeting of the Club shall be held on the walk of the first Sunday of the months of April, July, October and January. In the event of inclement weather, the meeting shall be postponed to the following Sunday. Twenty members shall constitute a quorium at any meeting.

ARTICLE V.

Section 1. How to Amend the Constitution.

All amendments to the Constitution shall be forwarded to the Recording Secretary in writing two weeks prior to the annual meeting and be voted upon at the annual election, a two-thirds majority of those present being required to pass said amendments.

BY-LAWS
of
THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB
Effective December 31, 1920

SECTION 1.

Candidates For Membership

Each person applying for membership in this Club shall fill out an application card presented and signed by any member in good standing. Applications for membership must be accompanied by an initiation fee of two dollars ($2.00).

SECTION 2.

Election of Members.

Each applicant must be passed by the Board of Directors and the acceptance ratified by the members at the quarterly meeting of the Club. Five dissenting votes shall be considered as rejection of the application. Annual dues are payable on acceptance by the Board, but must be paid within thirty days (otherwise election shall be void).

SECTION 3.

Resignation of Members.

All resignations must be made in writing addressed to the President or Recording Secretary, after all dues, assessments or moneys owing to the Club have been paid.

SECTION 4.

Yearly Dues.

The dues of newly elected and active members of the Club shall be Two Dollars ($2.00) per annum, payable April 1st. The Recording Secretary shall notify all members two weeks prior to the annual meeting that their dues are payable, and all members whose dues are in arrears on July 1st, shall cease to be members. New members received during January 1st and March 31st of any year, shall, upon payment of regular dues, receive a membership card entitling them to all privileges up to, and including, the year beginning with the following April 1st.

SECTION 5.

Honorary Members.

The Club shall elect as honorary members such persons only as shall have rendered distinguished or important services to the Club, and such persons shall be entitled to all the privileges of the Club, excepting the right to vote and hold office. Candidates for honorary membership shall be proposed and voted upon by the members at any of the quarterly meetings.

SECTION 6.

Nomination and Election of Officers.

A Nominating Committee consisting of three members shall be appointed by the President for the purpose of selecting suitable candidates for office. The names of these candidates shall be read before the members at a special meeting to be held one month prior to the annual election, at which time any member wishing to propose additional candidates may do so. The nominations will then be considered closed. Election shall be held at the annual meeting of the Club, on the first Sunday of April, when the ballots will be distributed among the members prior to election.

Amendment No. 1 to Section 6.

In the event of resignation of any officer during his or her term of office, vacancy shall be filled by a majority vote of the Board of Directors. In the event of the recall of an officer, vacancy shall be filled at an election at the following quarterly meeting or at a special meeting of the Club.

Amendment No. 2 to Section 6.

No member of the Club shall be eligible to be appointed to an appointive office or elected to an elective office of the Club until he has been a member of the Club in good standing for ninety days.

SECTION 7.

Discipline.

Any member may be suspended or expelled by a two-thirds vote of the Board of Directors, but such vote shall not be taken until after the member shall have been furnished with a statement of the charges preferred against him, and shall have been given at least one weeks' notice of the time when same will be considered by the Board; and every such member shall have the right to appear before the Board, and be heard in answer to the charges; and he shall have the right of appeal before the Club before final action thereon shall be taken.

SECTION 8.

Recall or Referendum

Clause 1—Recall.

A petition to recall an officer must be signed by twenty members of the Club, stating cause for removal, and be submitted to the Directors two weeks prior to a quarterly meeting. The petition shall then be presented at the said quarterly meeting and be voted upon by ballot, a two-thirds majority being necessary to ratify the proposed action.

Clause 2—Referendum.

A petition for referendum of any proposed action by the Board of Directors shall be signed by twenty members and presented at any meeting of the Board; upon presentation it shall immediately stop action, and refer the matter to the vote of the members at their next meeting.

SECTION 9.

Resignation of Officers.

All resignations must be made in writing addressed to the President or Recording Secretary.

SECTION 10.

Standing Committees.

The Standing Committees to be appointed by the President for each term of office shall be as follows: Reception and Membership, Finance, Publication, Walks and Trails, Entertainment and Accommodations Committee. The Annual Outings Committee shall be appointed annually, on or before October first.

SECTION 11.

Reception and Membership.

The Reception and Membership Committee shall consist of five members whose duties shall be to welcome all guests and extend to them the hospitality of the Club. They will investigate the character of all applicants and report their findings to the Board of Directors.

SECTION 12.

Finance.

The Finance Committee shall consist of three members. Its duty shall be to examine and audit all accounts of the Club at the end of each Treasurer's term of office, and at such other times as the Board may direct.

SECTION 13.

Publication.

The Publication Committee shall consist of five members. Its duties shall be to attend to all publications pertaining to the Club.

SECTION 14.

Walks and Trails.

The Walks and Trails Committee shall consist of five members whose duties shall be to arrange all walks and outings, appoint leaders for same, and see that a close adherence to the schedule is maintained except when route is altered by the will of the majority of those present, shall supervise all cleaning and breaking trails which the Club may at any time undertake, shall attend to extinguishing all camp fires and have lunch papers removed before walk is resumed.

SECTION 15.

Entertainment.

The Entertainment Committee shall consist of five members whose duties are to attend to preparing of refreshments whenever required, and to arrange for all social events except on such occasions when special committees are appointed.

SECTION 16.

Annual Reports.

The President, Recording Secretary, Treasurer and Chairmen of all Standing Committees shall submit reports at the annual meeting, same to be kept on file with the records of the Club.

SECTION 17.

How to Amend the By-Laws.

All amendments to the By-Laws shall be forwarded to the Recording Secretary in writing two weeks prior to a quarterly meeting, and be voted upon at said meeting, a two-thirds majority of those present being required to pass said amendments.

SECTION 18.

Accommodations Committee.

The Accommodations Committee shall consist of five members whose duty shall be to co-operate to the fullest extent with the Walks and Trails Committee, and the Club generally in arranging for accommodations and transportation on excursions and outings.

SECTION 19.

Annual Outings Committee.

The Annual Outings Committee shall consist of five members to be appointed by the President annually on or before October first. The duties of this Committee shall be to arrange and carry through all vacation trips and explorations of the Club in the High Sierra or in whatever section of the country such trips may be planned.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

Adler, P. M.
Allen, Frank
Anderson, Chester H.
Apte, Celia
Artz, Madge E.
Bailey, Seth
Banks, Harry
Beck, Leon
Beck, Mrs. Leon
Bender, Philip
Bengston, W.
Bentley, Scott
Bergman, Donald J.
Berry, Robert
Blake, Arthur H.
Blake, Mrs. Esther
Blum, Hosmer
Bonnevier, A. L.
Borkman, Caroline M.
Boehmer, B. H.
Boehmer, Geo. A.
Boysen, Leonard
Braun, Herman
Briggs, F. E.
Brown, B.
Brown, Esther H.
Brown, Irving
Brooks, Marie E.
Bulfinch, Lilla
Bull, Wilfred D.
Buttleman, Alma
Cailteaux, F. J.
Callaghan, J. Louis
Canelo, Laurence
Castel, Leon
Cavanagh, C. A.
Clapp, A. H.
Clark, Mary E.
Cliff, Frank
Close, Wm. L.
Conroy, E.
Cook, Mrs. O. R.
Cook, Oscar
Cornell, F. M.
Critcher, A. H.
Dahl, Marion A.
Davis, Matt
Deal, Samuel F.
Delves, C. A.
Diedering, Chas. P.
Donnelley, Mary G.
Draghicevich, Matt
DuPertius, C. B.
DuPertius, Mrs. Hazel
Elissamburu, H. M.
Enders, Hildegard E.
Ericksen, John C.
Etzold, F. W.
Evans, W.
Eyerley, Ida
Fankhauser, W. C.
Farrell, Tom D.
Feathers, Clifford P.

Flint, Arthur
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LOCAL WALKS AND LEADERS

SEASON OF 1920

Date		Destination	Leader	Distance
Jan.	1	Annual New Year's Reunion	Entertainment Committee	..
Jan.	4	Camp Reposa	Alice and Leonie Garrissere	14
Jan.	11	Rocky Ridge—Las Trampas Creek	F. E. Briggs	12
Jan.	18	Lone Tree—Rocky Canyon	W. O. Johnson	14
Jan.	25	San Geronimo—Whites Hill	Leon Castel	12
Feb.	1	Pine Canyon	Anita Franz - Norma Holroyd	12
Feb.	8	Cataract Gulch	Clara Hansen	17
Feb.	15	San Pablo Valley	J. L. Callaghan	14
Feb.	22-23	Olema—Bear Valley	Wm. Staniels	28
Feb.	29	Redwood Peak—Skyline	Alice Repp	13
March	7	Steep Ravine—Willow Camp	Sam Deal	16
March	14	Gallinas Valley	Wm. P. Halliday	11
March	21	Bolinas Ridge	Al Pinther	20
March	28	Palomares—Stony Rock	A. C. Mauerhan	15
April	4	Bootjack Camp	Hortense Sullivan	12
April	11	Moraga Valley	Victor E. Haun	16
April	18	Laurel Dell	Henry Funck	17
April	24-25	Mission Peak	Jules Sigrist	19
May	2	Bootjack Camp	Alma and Clare Schirmer	12
May	9	Willow Camp	Chris Halliday	17
May	16	Mountain Play	Lillian Franz	12
May	22-23	Mt. Diablo	Wm. Staniels	14
May	29-31	Mt. St. Helena—Craters	W. O. Johnson-H. A. Hertenstein	28
June	6	Lagunitas Creek—Big Carson	A. Bonnevier - John Topp	14
June	13	Mt. Tamalpais—West Peak	Clara Hansen	14
June	20	Midsummer Reunion	Entertainment Committee	..
June	27	Sawyer's Camp	Tirzah D. Mauerhan	10
July	3- 5	Cazadero—Russian River	V. E. Haun - H. Lidley	20
July	11	Camp Tucker	W. T. Plevin	12
July	18	Willow Camp	John Erickson	17
July	25	Redwood Canyon	J. A. Nielson	14
July	31-Aug. 1	Laurel Dell	Mr. and Mrs. Leon Beck	22
Aug.	8	Colier's Springs	F. E. Briggs	13
Aug.	15	Muir Woods	Myron Grotyohn	14
Aug.	21-22	Bolinas	Leon Castel - Joe Marra	24
Aug.	29	Camp Mason	Richard Lowy	16
Sept.	4- 6	Butano Ridge—Big Basin	A. C. Mauerhan - Al. Pinther	20
Sept.	9	Pilarcitos Lake	J. L. Callagan	16
Sept.	12	Black Canyon—San Rafael Ridge	Fred Werner	12
Sept.	19	Willow Camp	Clara Holroyd	17
Sept.	25-26	Tocaloma—Bear Valley	J. C. Goldberg - C. A. Cavanagh	17
Oct.	3	Rattlesnake Camp	Chas. Delves	14
Oct.	10	Potrero Meadow	Howard Henry	16
Oct.	16-17	Black Mountain—Stevens Creek	Jack Lambert	19
Oct.	24	West Point—Rock Spring	Vernon Taylor	14
Oct.	30-31	Nun's Canyon	Mat Draghicevich	13
Nov.	7	Rattlesnake Camp	Margaret Gustavson	10
Nov.	14	Pine Canyon	Mr. and Mrs. Al. Pinther	12
Nov.	21	California Point	Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Van Horne	9
Nov.	25	Big Lagoon	L. E. Smith	12
Nov.	28	Searsville Lake	Don E. Tripp	14
Dec.	5	Mt. Tamalpais	B. H. Boehmer	11
Dec.	12	Redwood Peak—Skyline	Mr. and Mrs. Howard Henry	12
Dec.	19	San Geronimo—Whites Hill	Leon Castel	12
Dec.	26	San Rafael Ridge	Chas, Delves	12

SCHEDULE OF LOCAL WALKS.

JANUARY TO MAY, 1921.

Jan. 1—**ANNUAL NEW YEAR'S REUNION AT KENTFIELD.** Special announcement will be mailed to club members.

Jan. 2—**Little Tamalpais and Kentfield.** Take 8:15 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Baltimore Park. Walk via road and trail to Little Tamalpais; thence via Kings Mountain fire trail and Hoo-Koo-E-Ko trail to Kentfield. Lunch. 5 miles. Fare, round trip to Kentfield, 65c.
MR. and MRS. VIC HAUN, Leaders.

Jan. 9—**Rattlesnake Camp.** (Quarterly Meeting.) Take 8:15 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Mill Valley. Walk via pipe-line trail to Rattlesnake Camp. Lunch. Return via Bootjack trail and Muir Woods to Mill Valley. 12 miles. Fare, round trip to Mill Valley. 52c.
MARGARET HANSEN, Leader.

Jan. 16—**Montara Ridge.** Take auto truck at 5th and Mission Sts. at 8:00 a. m. to Green Canyon. Walk via trail to Pedro Mountain; thence to lunching place. Return via trail to Sweeney Ridge, Spring Valley lakes and thence to San Bruno. 14 miles. Fare to Green Canyon, approximately $1.00; from San Bruno, 20c.
F. EARL BRIGGS, Leader.

Jan. 23—**Rock Springs.** Take 8:15 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Mill Valley. Walk via railroad track to West Point and trail to Rock Springs. Lunch. Return via pipe-line trail to Mill Valley. 12 miles. Fare, round trip to Mill Valley, 52c.
ANNA MOREY, Leader.

Jan. 30—**Kings Mountain and Redwood Park.** Take auto truck at 5th and Mission Sts., at 8:00 a. m. to Mountain House on Half Moon Bay road. Walk via old road along ridge to Redwood Park. Lunch. Return via old road to Woodside, where truck will meet party. 14 miles. Fare, round trip, approximately $1.50.
H. A. HERTENSTEIN, Leader.

Feb. 6—**Cataract Gulch. Take** 8:15 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Fairfax.. Walk via Bolinas road to Alpine dam; thence via Cataract Gulch to Laurel Dell. Lunch. Return via Potrero Meadows and Lake Lagunitas to Ross. 15 miles. Fare, round trip to Fairfax, 65c.
JAS. C. WILLIAMS, Leader.

Feb. 13—**Round Top.** .Take 8:00 a. m. Key Route boat and train to Piedmont, and street car to end of line. Walk via trail over Piedmont hills to crest of ridge and thence to Round Top. Lunch. Return via Redwood Peak and Trestle Glen to Key Route train at Lakeshore Avenue. 12 miles. Fare, round trip, 46c.
ART. FLINT, Leader.

Feb. 19, 20, 21 and 22—**WINTER SPORTS AT TRUCKEE.** Special announcement will be mailed to club members.

Feb. 20—**Halleck Creek. Take** 8:15 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to San Geromino. Walk via road and forest trail to Halleck Creek. Lunch. Return via Redwood Canyon and Big Rock Ranch to Manor. 17 miles. Fare, round trip to San Geromino, $1.49.
MYRON GROTYOHN, Leader.

Feb. 22—**Phoenix Lake.** Take 8:15 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Baltimore Park. Walk thru Baltimore Canyon to Kings Mountain fire trail; thence by rail to Phoenix Lake. Lunch (no fires.) Return via road to Fairfax. 12 miles. Round trip to Fairfax, 65c.
MR. and MRS. D. S. MACAULAY, Leaders.

Feb. 27—**Bear Creek Falls.** .Take 8:00 a. m. Key Route Boat and San Francisco-Sacramento train for Layfayette (Leave Oakland, 40th and Shafter Sts., at 8:30 a. m.) Walk via Pleasant Valley to Bear Creek Falls. Lunch. Return via Bear Creek and San Pablo Valley to Berkeley. 16 miles. Fare to Lafayette, $1.00; from Berkeley, 18c.
WM. P. HALLIDAY, Leader.

March 6—**Point Bonita.** .(Nomination of Officers.) Take 8:15 a. m. boat to Sausalito. Walk via stairs and trail to Rodeo Lagoon. Lunch. Return via ridge trail to Sausalito. 12 miles. Fare, round trip to Sausalito, 30c.
MR. and MRS. LEON BECK , Leaders.

March 13—**Potrero Meadows.** Take 8:15 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Mill Valley. Walk via railroad track and Eastwood trail to Potrero Moadows. Lunch. Return via Lake Lagunitas to Ross station. 14 miles. Fare to Mill Valley, 30c; from Ross station, 42c.
VAL SALMON, Leader.

March 20—**Palomares and Stony Brook.** Take 8:00 a. m. S. P. boat and train to Melrose, thence via car to Hayward, and automobile to school house. Walk via canyon to divide. Lunch. Return via Stony Brook and Niles Canyon to Niles. 15 miles. Fare to Haywards,36c; from Niles, $1.17. Auto fare additional.
GEORGE RANDOLPH, Leader.

March 27—**Burdell Mountain.** Take 8:45 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Novato. Walk via Petaluma road and ranch road to lunch place in canyon on south slope of mountain. Climb to summit and return to Burdell. 8 miles. Fare, round trip to Burdell, $1.68.
WM. H. STANIELS, Leader.

April 3—**Little Carson Falls.** (Annual Meeting.) Take 7:45 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Fairfax. Walk via Bolinas road to Azalea Springs, thence via ridge to Litttle Carson Falls. Lunch. Return viaDutchman's Rock, Lilly Lake and Liberty to Fairfax. 14 miles. Fare, round trip to Fairfax, 65c.
ROY WILKIE, Leader.

April 10—**Willow Camp. Take** 7:45 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to Mill Valley. Walk via fire trail and pipe line to Rattlesnake Camp, thence via Alpine trail and Steep Ravine to Willow Camp. Lunch. Return via Dipsea trail to Mill Valley. 17 miles. Fare, round trip to Mill Valley, 52c.
J. WRIGHT, Leader.

April 17 —**Devil's Gulch.** Take 8:15 a. m. Sausalito boat and train to San Geronimo. Walk via road and Nicasio Ridge trail to Devil's Gulch. Lunch. Return to Camp Taylor. 10 miles. Fare, round trip to Camp Taylor, $1.49.
MR. and MRS. HARRY WEST, Leaders.

April 23-24—**Mt.. Umunhum and Loma Prieta.** Take 4 p. m. S. P. train 3rd and Townsend Sts. for Wright. Bring basket-lunch to eat on train. Walk via road to spring on Loma Prieta and camp overnight. Sunday climb to summit and thence along trail to Mt. Umunhum. Return via trail and road to Alma. 20 miles. Fare to Wright, $2.79; from Alma, $2.42.
ALAN H. CRITCHER, Leader.

PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS

The Publication and Editorial Committees urge club members to read the advertisements in "Trails" and throughout the year patronize the advertisers, if possible. The advertisers have helped us by buying advertising space, let the club members help them by buying goods. The usual California Alpine Club co-operation in this as in other matters will go a long way to assure the publication of another issue of "Trails" during 1921. The following advertise in "Trails":

Name of Advertiser	Character of Advertisement
Spiro's	Sporting Goods
Nap-a-Tan Shoes	Shoes and Boots
National Carbon Co.	Flash Lights
Marsh and Co.	Photo Supplies
Miller and Leach	Insurance
Frank Werner Co.	Shoes
Rich and Lievre	Women's Wear
California Packing Corporation	Del Monte Products
Union Trust Company	Banking
Collonan Electric Co.	Electric Goods
Boericke and Runyon	Drugs, Poison Oak Remedy
Henry de Roos, Inc.	Photo Goods
Granat Bros.	Manufacturing Jewelers
Leon Beck	Aluminum Metal Polish
H. Lindlow	Shoe Repairing
Gertrude H. Loventhal	Public Stenographer
Geo. H. and Henry Kahn & Co.	Photo Supplies
Crystal Cafeteria	Cafeteria
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E. D. Bullard	Acetyline Lamps
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The Lucille	Cloaks and Suits
Ellery Arms Co.	Outing Goods
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Sharman Bros.	Photo Supplies
Anna Mory	Millinery
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F. E. Lockwood	Drugs

Name of Advertiser	Character of Advertisement
Benioff Bros.	Furriers
W. H. Odlin	Hikers Retreat
Harry West	Forest Camp

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Trails

California Alpine Club

Year of 1921

This book is presented by the

CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

535 Pacific Building

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The purpose of this organization is: *To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out into the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid in every way possible the preservation of the woods, streams, game and the natural features of the country.*—Article I, Section 2, Constitution of the California Alpine Club.

The Alpine Club invites anyone interested in hiking to join it on its weekly excursions. For your information the Club furnishes a schedule of trips, or you may phone the Club office, Kearny 1969, between 7 and 9 P. M., or during the day, Douglas 5836, for information.

The Club also maintains a "Club Lodge" on Throckmorton Ridge, Mt. Tamalpais, where members and their guests may spend a delightful week end.

PLEASE DO NOT CARRY THIS BOOK AWAY!

FOREWORD

WE present **Trails** to you whose love for the great out-of-doors is strong enough to lift you from the beaten highways. Within its pages may you discover a beckoning path that will lead you again into the hushed and trackless depths of the mighty forest, and upward toward star-lit crags.

And to you who may not have felt the benediction of the High Places, we pray that **Trails** will bring a desire to seek inspiration and re-creation in the unfrequented aisles of California's wonderland.

PHOTO BY MATT DRAGHICEVICH

GODDARD CREEK FALLS

IN THE PROPOSED
ROOSEVELT-SEQUOIA NATIONAL PARK

HIKING IN OUR NATIONAL PARKS

Too many visitors are content to view the national parks from easy-riding, comfortable automobiles, whether they come by train or in their own machines, and insist on the creature comforts provided by hotels and permanent camps. Too few explore them on foot and horseback and experience the real enjoyment of actual and physical touch with Nature.

During the past year our superintendents have encouraged hiking in the parks; in the Yosemite and Mount Ranier definite itineraries of hiking trips were made available for visitors. Our free nature-guide service in Yosemite met with remarkable success. Several hundred children and nearly 2 000 adults were led in walks afield and taught of the living things of forest and meadow. In Glacier a walking trip guide-service was provided at small cost which proved very acceptable and was greatly appreciated. In Yellowstone, too, our own guides conducted visitors over the geyser and hot springs formations.

While our park automobile roads must be further developed to give ready access to main points of interest, it will always be by trail that intimate and understanding knowledge of our parks will be gained.

One of our national monuments, the Muir Woods, gift to posterity from Mr. and Mrs. William Kent who are members of the California Alpine Club, is serving hundreds of people from crowded cities bordering San Francisco Bay and providing shady, alluring walks and picnic grounds among giant trees of the sequoia sempervirens, aged monarchs of the forest. The National Park Service is deeply indebted to the club for its helpful interest in our administration of the mounment.

Many members of the California Alpine Club, and of the Sierra Club have journeyed into the wonderful High Sierra country lying north and east of the present Sequoia Park, of which it is proposed to include a large section with the Sequoia and name the enlarged park in honor of Theodore Roosevelt, The Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park. It is hoped that Congress will soon confer this signal honor on one of the greatest Americans, whose intense love of the out-of-doors was reflected in his life and works. No more fitting memorial lies within its power to bestow. In this area is combined, perhaps more than in any other national park, the exquisite and majestic in scenery, offering to the hiker and horseback rider the opportunity to follow and enjoy miles of fascinating trail.

STEPHEN T. MATHER

PHOTO BY L. R. KESSING

TEHIPITE DOME

Trails

Devoted to Mountaineering in California

Published Annually by
THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB
535 PACIFIC BUILDING
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YEAR OF 1921

Volume I ***Number 2***

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THE 1921 SIERRA TRIP

BY THOS. W. JONES

FORGET your present surroundings of comfort and leisure for a few moments and go with me, in spirit, for a little jaunt into higher altitudes. In most of our enjoyments the anticipation is as great as the realization, but the memory of an outing of this sort lingers long with us and is enjoyed for months and years afterward.

While we are busy and our minds are sometimes distressed, we will stop, our thoughts drift backward, and before us a picture will appear. In this panel sometimes we see a beautiful meadow carpeted with wild flowers of brilliant hue and darkened here and there by shadows of ancient pines. In the distance can be seen rising before us, majestic and grand, the snow-clad mountains. From those white-mantled peaks the stream comes rippling and laughing, ribbon-like at first, and then as a mighty torrent it rushes onward in its mad journey to the valley below.

Sometimes it may be a lake or a chain of lakes set like pearls in gray granite walls. It may be a campfire scene, a mountain trail or a good trout stream for rod and reel, but always something refreshing to drive dull care away.

Imagine in the heart of a tamarack forest a little meadow, a trout-filled stream winding along its border and the blue, blue sky overhead. Here in this paradise, described and located on the map as Dinkey Meadow, fifty-six happy hikers, after a day's ride from Fresno set up camp and spent their first night in the open.

Our first day's travel was mostly through virgin forest. We stopped for a short time at the McKinley Grove of redwoods, and then journeyed on to the North Fork of Kings River, our resting place for the second night. Here we had our first refreshing swim in a pool which proved later to be the best swimming hole of the trip.

The first day out is generally the day of experiences and this one was no exception. Many of our pack animals were young and inexperienced, and the troubles of our packers started early. Delayed by many trials and tribulations, such as bucking off the pack, which proved disastrous to part of our commissary, the pack-train arrived at camp about 8:30 o'clock. We had a big campfire burning and the musicians were playing to keep up the good spirits of the party until the cooks had time to serve a meal.

I might say at this time that one old animal, known and designated as the "lunch hound" carried the noon-day eats, and I assure you the whole party kept in close touch with this ancient beast so as not to miss the hot tea, etc., usually served at about 12:30.

The second day was likewise through thickly wooded country and at Dry Meadow, in the beautiful Crown Valley, we drove stakes for our third campsite.

We had prepared ourselves for surprises on the next day's ramble. The packers took extra precaution in preparing the pack-train, as part of the trail we knew, from reliable information, was very rough and treacherous. Everyone seemed in good spirits and anxious to go, so the little jaunt through Gnat Meadow put us on edge for brisk walking. The time passed quickly and we were soon at the edge of a great precipice, looking down into the wonderful canyon of the Middle Fork of Kings River. On our left stood Tehipite Dome, from

authority, one of the most perfect domes on the continent, and considered by many as one of the most perfect in the world.

Most of you have stood on Artists Point looking for the first time into the Yosemite Valley—can anyone describe the sensation? Kings River Canyon, larger, rougher and wilder, awed and inspired us. We lingered long at this fascinating point of interest, loath to leave one of Nature's most wonderful works of art. We descended Hell's Half Mile, which in reality is about three miles, into Tehipite Valley, a little hot-house well known for its bountiful supply of rattlesnakes. In the evening upon taking inventory of the day's catch we found we had fourteen sets of rattles to our credit. Needless to say, we did not go to sleep that night feeling any great degree of safety. Hell's Half Mile, appropriately named, earned our careful consideration, as three of our most trusted chargers lost their footing and plunged headlong over the trail, while some of the packs went tumbling three hundred yards down the mountain-side. Now I can assure you that such an incident, from the packers' language, does not inspire any great amount of courage even in the heart of a hardened mountaineer. However, the animals were all rescued but not without considerable effort on the part of the packers, while the dumb brutes suffered great pain and distress.

Winding our way next day up the picturesque canyon, full of falls and cascades and over beds of tiger lilies, we passed through this gorge of granite walls and mighty crags to Simpson Meadow.

To the great delight of the nature-lover and supreme satisfaction of the fisherman, we remained at this unexcelled camping ground for our first day of real rest. Somewhat tired and hungry, our first impressions of Simpson Meadow were not pleasant. However, with a day of rest came the full appreciation of this natural park covered with colorful flowers, shaded with giant conifers, and refreshed by balmy breezes.

Our next day's objective, Grouse Meadows, was about fourteen miles distant, which led us over a trail perhaps somewhat more irksome, but none the less grand and stupendous. We were well repaid for our strenuous efforts when we looked upon this, the most beautiful of all the high Sierra meadows. Its floor was covered with Nature's carpet of velvety green, more vivid in contrast with the white walls that rose heavenward. In the background boldly stood the snow-covered mountains, which we recognized as our final achievement, the goal for which, in a short time, we would strive. Here, too, we spent a day of rest. Some fished, and some perhaps a little more ambitious, climbed to greater heights, better to see the points of interest and the wonderful setting of lakes and peaks far in the distance.

A comparatively short hike the following day through Little Pete Meadow and Le Conte Canyon brought us to Dolly Lake. At this elevation the feed was very short for the animals, and the fire-wood rather scarce, but it was the last possible camping ground for us before attempting the pass. As we had planned to make an early start the following day, it was quite necessary that we retire early to get the proper rest for the hard day's grind before us.

We were awakened just at daybreak by the ringing of bells and beating of pans. The ground was covered with frost and the air bleak and cold. The trail ascended very rapidly and the traveling was quite slow, but we were in the most picturesque country of all the high Sierra. At every turn of the trail, we were greeted with a new and more beautiful picture. We passed many little gems hidden in the recesses of the great walls, but these were eclips-

PHOTO BY FRANK A. EDTL

MT. WALLACE FROM EVOLUTION MEADOW

ed by the beauty of Helen Lake, which lies just below the crest of the pass. The climax was reached as we stood at the summit of Muir Pass, at an elevation of 12,059 feet. Here we looked down on the north side at Wanda Lake; this and Helen Lake are named for the two daughters of the late John Muir. At our left and to the west rose Mt. Goddard, 13,555 feet and northward, the Evolution group: Huxley, Haeckel, Spencer, Wallace and Darwin, the highest, 13,841 feet. Seemingly at a stone's throw stood Powell and Fiske. Being much closer, they appeared to be as high as the others.

As the whole panorama lay before us from this mighty eminence, we stood speechless, overcome with a feeling of awe. It was a most inspiring view. At the pass stands a monument with the club's register, which contains the names of the entire party.

Fortunately for us, and especially for the pack-train, the snow was much lighter than we had anticipated and the crossing was made with comparative ease. We left the pass and as we descended the trail and passed Wanda Lake, we were prone to linger in this fairyland to catch the last glimpse of the objective, which had been our dream for months. At the base of Mount Huxley lie two lesser lakes and then the trail descends rapidly to Evolution Lake. Under more favorable conditions this surely would have been a paradise for the photographer. But the weather was too perfect, there being no clouds to soften the blue of the sky and give character to the picture.

Our schedule next directed us to Colby Meadow, so we were forced to move on. Passing the Hermit which, bachelor-like, stands alone guarding the trail, we were soon at our destination. It was at Colby Meadow that we were rejoined by the eight prodigal sons who had wandered far from the beaten paths and had suffered many privations. They were welcomed home to our campfire, but not to a fatted calf. It was from Grouse Meadows that this party made a side

PHOTO BY WM. P. HALLIDAY

PLACING REGISTER ON MUIR PASS

trip and succeeded in making the ascent of the North Palisade, elevation 14,254, a feat accomplished only by a chosen few. In honor of their great achievement and safe return to the family fold, we held an impromptu celebration. Comrade-like, some of the boys prepared the sleeping bags for the weary ones so that they might retire early to a much needed rest.

Next morning as the sun was spreading its first rays over the friendly mountains, with saddened hearts we were compelled to turn our faces homeward. It was like leaving a dear friend, perhaps never to return. As we leisurely followed the winding trail along the stream through McClure Meadow, we instinctively turned our gaze backward toward the wonderful dreamland in the distance.

The crossing of Evolution Creek at this point afforded not a little amusement. Some stopped to remove their shoes and stockings while others unhesitatingly waded knee-deep through the icy-cold water. The path led us through some very splendid specimens of juniper. The stream drops suddenly, forming innumerable falls and cascades until it reaches the South Fork of the San Joaquin.

We crossed on a bridge and had only a short walk before we reached the newly constructed suspension bridge that spans the main river. Between sheer walls, the foaming river madly cascades onward in its course. At Aspen Meadow we eagerly awaited the arrival of the lunch-hound. Feeling very much refreshed after lunch we were soon crowding our way toward our next encampment. Piute Creek was presently reached and again the good work of the government trail builder was evident in bridge-construction. About an hour's walk brought us to the Blaney crossing. The river was waist deep. There being no alternative, we were obliged to ford it.

Upon reaching Blaney Meadows somewhat the same impressions prevailed as those formed at Simpson Meadow. But likewise with a day of rest came the full appreciation of this delightful fairyland. Some of our party played base-ball some fished, while the majority were content with the hot baths and complete relaxation. In the twilight, while gazing into the stage-like setting of the aspen forest, one fully expected to see the fairies come prancing out of the dark shadows. But without a sense of disappointment, we allowed our imagination to fill in the setting with little half-clad nymphs dancing on the natural lawn before us.

In the evening, with this same stage setting, around a blazing bonfire the dignified judge held court to try a fellow Bluebeard on a charge of mountain treason. Many witnesses for the prosecution and defense were presented. The lawyers made their appeals and the judge charged the mixed jury. After a short deliberation, while they were being bribed with candy and sweets, the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. This was a great victory for the unshaven brother Bluebeards who loudly voiced their appreciation.

Although the real scenic part of the trip was behind us, we did not lose interest in the grandeur of the promised land ahead. Summit Lake had its beauty, likewise Long and Rock Meadows their charms. Red Lake was a gem and Tamarack Creek, with its wide spreading watershed covered with magnificent forest, fascinating. A blue cloak of hot summer haze hung softly over the valley below, making a decided contrast to the vivid coloring in the foreground.

The last few miles of our wanderings from Big Creek to Shaver Lake were hot, dusty and not very interesting. However, we had in store for us the ever-welcome, refreshing swim in the azure waters of the lake.

And thus we came to the gateway of that beautiful garden where we

paused in reminiscent mood. Harsh impressions, rashly formed, time had softened with her magic wand. Incidents apparently of a serious nature we now saw in a humorous light. Again we heard sweet sweet echoes of campfire music. Nor could we forget the anxious search for one hiker who strayed away from the party; how men in an effort to find him, retraced their steps over miles of dangerous trails, and even lowered themselves by means of ropes to the foot of steep precipices in search of his body; and how, when given up for lost, and the party had sadly moved on to Simpson Meadow, he was found calmly enjoying the hospitality of another outfit, apparently oblivious of the trouble he had caused. On our last evening, at the end of the trail, we deserted the camp to witness an open air movie. Next morning the final course of our last breakfast was served to the tune of a wedding march which made known to our party the engagement of two members. Regretfully we extinguished our campfire, pulled up stakes and after two weeks of living close to Nature, boarded our autos for Fresno. As our machines glided into the busy city we realized we were back in a world of activity. The curtain had been drawn and we awakened as from a dream.

PHOTO BY FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR

THE MIDDLE PALISADE

FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR IN COMPANY WITH ANSEL F. HALL MADE THE FIRST ASCENT IN AUGUST, 1921

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE FORK OF KINGS RIVER

BY FRANCIS P. FARQUHAR

THE Middle Fork of Kings River was for a long time the least known of any section of the High Sierra. In fact, there are many maps of the State of California in use today that entirely ignore the existence of the headwaters of the Middle Fork. Official maps, based on certain fraudulent surveys, show the North Fork of Kings River as originating at the crest of the Sierra, and assign to the Middle Fork only a small area extending about as far up as Simpson Meadow. The region was known to sheep men, a few prospectors and explorers, but their knowledge had never been transmitted to the public, and until about twenty-five years ago it was impossible to obtain any published information regarding this territory. A brief summary of the history of the exploration of the Middle Fork of Kings River may, therefore, be of interest.

It will probably never be known positively who were the first white men to visit the Middle Fork. It is extremely doubtful if any had seen it before 1864. That year was one of severe drought in the valleys, and the sheep herders penetrated farther into the mountains than before in search of feed. Although they frequented the Middle Fork a few years later, it is not likely that they took their sheep into that unknown land the first year.

The year 1864 was also the year of the explorations of the Whitney Geological Survey in the central Sierra. Brewer's party saw the Middle Fork country from a distance but did not enter it. There is a record, however, of a party that must have actually crossed the Middle Fork Canyon in 1864. Thomas Keough and John Beveridge, miners of Owens Valley, crossed the Sierra that year by Kearsarge Pass and returned by way of North Fork of Kings River and eventually reached the east side of the range by Taboose Pass. They had a terribly rough journey and were forced to abandon their horses. Perhaps this will prove to be the first authentic event in the history of the Middle Fork region.

In 1869 or 1870 a stockman from the San Joaquin, named Frank Dusy, discovered Tehipite Valley while pursuing a wounded bear, and a few years later he brought his sheep into the lower part of the Middle Fork Canyon. John Muir visited Tehipite Valley in 1875 and may have explored elsewhere in the Middle Fork region about that time, but he probably did not go to the head of the canyon.

The known history of the Middle Fork may be said to begin with the year 1877, when Dusy and a companion, P. R. Peck, drove sheep to Simpson Meadow and explored up the Canyon as far as the Palisades. They crossed the main crest of the Sierra and discovered the great glacier on the eastern side of the North Palisade.

Two years later Lil. W. Winchell of Fresno County spent five months in the High Sierra and explored the Middle Fork region very thoroughly. Mr. Winchell is still living in Fresno and has recently recounted to the writer his visits to the mountains, and this early history of the Middle Fork is largely based on his reminiscences. He has known the High Sierra for fifty-two years and in that time became familiar with every ridge and canyon from the Tuolumne to the Kern.

During his explorations in 1879

PHOTO BY L. R. KESSING

MT. McGEE AND WANDA LAKE

Winchell visited the Palisade region on foot with a prospector named Davies, looking for silver. They found a small vein near Bishop Pass, but not in valuable quantities. They heard of the Palisade glacier from Dusy, and crossed the range to examine it. They named Agassiz Needle for the eminent scientist, and gave the name of Mount Winchell to the peak next to it in honor of Professor Alexander Winchell, the geologist, and a distant relative to Lil. W. Winchell. The great peak just to the south they named Dusy's Peak, in honor of the first explorer of the region. It is now known, however, as the North Palisade, the name "Palisade" having been bestowed on this range by the Whitney Survey in 1864 when they saw it from a distance.

In July of 1879 Winchell visited Tehipite Valley with Dusy and two or three others. Dusy carried in a large portrait camera with wet plates and took the first photographs of Tehipite Dome and Valley. Winchell and Davies made the first ascent of Mount Goddard on September 23, 1879, leaving a record on top, which was found there and reported in 1895 by Theodore S. Solomons.

In succeeding years explorers occasionally reached Tehipite Valley from the Monarch Divide, scrambling down the precipitous ravines with great difficulty, but probably most of those who visited it came from the Crown Valley region. Simpson Meadow was also known to a few people in the early days, but as late as 1900 was considered one of the wildest and most inaccessible camping spots in the Sierra.

Above Simpson Meadow, the region of Cartridge Creek became known, and a prospector named Fiske had a cabin there for a number of years. Beyond Cartridge Creek, however, the Middle Fork country was penetrated only by the hardiest and most venturesome explorers, the region probably was not visited by a dozen parties in the course of as many years.

Sheep men reached the headwaters of the Middle Fork occasionally by going over what is now known as Bishop Pass. The first sheep ever to come into this region were brought over by a Basque herder name Pete Rambaud, after whom Rambaud Peak and Creek were named. This was in 1877, when another severe drought drove the herders into the most remote sections of the mountains.

Accurate knowledge of the Middle Fork region was first given to the public through the explorations of Professor Joseph N. Le Conte and Theodore S. Solomons. The Wheeler Surveys in the '80's had added a little to the knowledge of the main features of the topography, but the upper canyon of the Middle Fork still remained a blank on all maps. Theodore S. Solomons was probably the first to conceive the idea of a through route along the main crest of the Sierra from the Yosemite region to Mount Whitney. From 1892 to 1895 he explored in the San Joaquin region. In 1895 he climbed Mount Goddard with Ernest C. Bonner, then followed down one of the creeks south from the Goddard Divide to Goddard Creek and thence to Simpson Meadow and Tehipite. As a result of this trip, supplemented and aided by knowledge obtained from Winchell, Solomons sketched a map showing for the first time the principal features of the rugged Middle Fork topography.

A few years later Le Conte entered upon his series of explorations that resulted in the first complete map of the High Sierra region. In 1898 he followed Solomons' route to Mt. Goddard and endeavored to cross the Goddard Divide into the Middle Fork, but was compelled to turn back and go around by a pass, to which he gave the convincing name of Hell-For-Sure. By this route he reached Tehipite Valley.

In 1902 Le Conte explored the Middle Fork region, reaching it from

the South Fork of Kings River by way of Granite Pass and Simpson Meadow. He went up Cartridge Creek and crossed by a difficult pass into the Upper Basin of the South Fork of Kings River. On this trip he was in full view of the great Palisade range and, inspired with the desire to explore it more closely, he returned in 1903 and made the first ascent of the North Palisade, accompanied by James S. Hutchinson and James K. Moffitt.

By 1907 the United States Geological Survey, in the course of making the topographical maps of the Sierra, reached the Middle Fork country. In that year George R. Davis of the Survey succeeded in taking a packtrain over the Goddard Divide from Evolution Basin into the Middle Fork of Kings River via Muir Pass. Two years later, Le Conte, Hutchinson and Duncan McDuffie negotiated the same passage and continued their explorations up the Palisade and Cataract Creeks.

The surveys for the Mount Goddard quadrangle were completed in 1909 and the map was issued in January, 1912. The Tehipite Sheet, showing the lower Middle Fork, was surveyed in 1903 and issued in 1905. While these sheets show in remarkably accurate detail almost every feature of the region, there still remains much to be done in the way of exploring routes from point to point, in reaching the summits of hitherto unclimbed peaks and in constructing trails.

The John Muir Trail traverses the upper portion of this region and will eventually become a great mountain highway for horse and foot travel. Under the appropriation for the John Muir Trail made by the State Legislature, Muir Pass was opened in 1916, although the work was not completed until a year later. In 1914 and 1915 the trail between Simpson Meadow and Grouse Meadow was constructed.

In 1920 the Sierra Club outing party crossed Muir Pass from Evolution Basin to Le Conte Canyon to continue down the length of the Middle Fork to Tehipite. In 1921 the California Alpine Club party made the trip in the reverse direction, with equal success as recounted in another article of this issue. A few members of the California Alpine Club had pioneered the work in 1916 and left the Club emblem embedded in a rock on the summit of Muir Pass.

Until the season of 1921, probably no party ever succeeded in taking horses over the Palisade Creek route from Grouse Meadow to the Upper Basin of the South Fork of Kings River or in the reverse direction. But last August, Chauncey J. Hamlin and party of Buffalo, N. Y., took 21 head of saddle and pack stock over the pass, into the head of Palisade Creek and down the creek to its junction with the main Middle Fork Canyon. In 1921, Ansel F. Hall and the writer made the first ascent of the Middle Palisade, while eight fellow Alpiners climbed the North Palisade.

It would be impossible to enumerate here all of those who visited the Middle Fork of Kings River during the early days or even to do full justice to those whose efforts made it accessible. In the files of the Overland Monthly, the Sierra Club Bulletin, and in a few other scattered sources there are accounts of explorations, but for the most part the story remains to be told. These notes are but "An Outline of History;" a history that deserves to be presented more fully,in tribute to the pioneers whose energy and labors have made it possible for us to enjoy with comparative ease the wonders of this supremely magnificent section of the High Sierra.

THE CALL OF THE WEEK-END TRAIL

BY HELEN WILD

ALL San Francisco ferries on Sunday morning are besieged by motley throngs drawn by the magnet to the gateway leading to the out of doors. In this vari-colored seething mass, neatly clad men and women whose sunbrowned faces betray the habitual frequenter of the trail, stand out in sharp contrast to the bizarre-costumed tyro, who finds the limit of endurance at the redwoods just beyond Mill Valley. The contempt which the experienced tramper is inclined to feel toward these latter is tempered in me to an amused toleration. For time was when I, too knew nothing of the rugged beauty in the hills that surround the bay region.

My first glimpse of the neighboring country was gained through the suggestion of several girls that we find that mysterious place known as Willow Camp, somewhere in the then-far-off and hazy distance. Twenty-two of us novices, high-heeled, white-skirted and laden with blankets and every heavy and unwieldy form of delicacy known to civilized man as "lunch," met on the 8:45 boat one Saturday evening in search of adventure. The only one of the girls who had ever been over the Marin County trails, failed to appear. Kindly fellow-wayfarers out of Mill Valley realized our plight and helped with our endless baggage. It was my first taste of the comaraderie of the trail, and I liked it. Five a. m. and the rising sun found some of the party still limping toward the white crescent which marks the fringe of Bolinas Bay.

To me, in spite of the fatigue, the experience had opened up new vistas. Shortly afterward a lucky chance took me to a mountain camp, where I became acquainted with the California Alpine Club, learned the value of trousers, and wide strong

PHOTO BY WM. P. HALLIDAY

ALPINERS ON THE TRAIL

PHOTO BY VERNON M. TAYLOR

IN THE MARIN HILLS

boots, and developed the easy, swinging stride which covers distance with a minimum of effort.

To those who have only a cursory knowledge of the open country so close to San Francisco, following the trails with a mountaineering club proves a revelation. Such a wealth of unexplored ground awaits. San Mateo County to the south, offers rolling hills and rugged cliffs, and sandy stretches of beach beside the ocean. The Berkeley hills with wooded canyons and shady dells lie to the east and farther beyond towers Mt. Diablo, highest in the bay region. To the northwest, surpassing all other ground in the heart of the local hiker, is the Tamalpais region with redwood crowned ridges, and the blue valleys and wide beaches of Marin. Wooded Fern Canyon, rugged Steep Ravine with its warm sulphur spring pretty Laurel Dell, poppy-covered Potrero Meadow, Cataract Gulch with its tumbling waters and steep trails, the broad expanse of Alpine Dam, Swede George Creek where the trail is obscured and easily lost, Devil's Gulch near San Geronimo— all of these and a hundred other spots lie dreaming under wide skies.

Once upon a time, fifty weeks of the year held anticipation for two weeks of recreation. How thin were finally worn the memories acquired in those few days of freedom! But now every weekend brings opportunity for mental rejuvenation. Enough joy can be crowded into a day to brighten the entire week, and a coat of tan is just as becoming in winter as it is in summer. Long walks are a little tiring, I will admit but gradually a new hardiness brings an alertness that finds pleasure in storm, fog or sunshine.

Are weekly tramps worth while? Ask the business man who turns on the street to look again at the swinging stride of the outdoor girl, whose very passing flashes to his tired brain a picture of the days when he was a barefoot kid. He knows a wholesome straightforwardness marks these outdoor people, for they are imbued with the spirit of the hills and woods they frequent.

Ask those tied to a gas-driven mechanism whether in their secret hearts they do not envy the carefree hikers on the road, to whom a pair of boots, a package of lunch and a ticket to Mill Valley spells paradise.

These weekly trips mean sacrifices of course. Social engagements are neglected. Relatives feel themselves abandoned and give you up with a hopeless shrug. You are then relegated to that group of khaki-clad ruffians whose real joy is in their hearts and not in outward appearances. It takes courage to make the initial break, away from the conventional Sunday. It's as hard as donning one's bathing suit for an icy plunge, but oh, the invigorating thrill of it after you've come out. And soon, Sunday clothes mean khaki, heavy boots and a knapsack.

Close associations are formed by those who are moved by the love of the hills. There is a pride in numbering yourself among the few who stand for the preservation of those resources with which Americans have been so lavishly endowed, and toward which they show that carelessness characteristic of fortune's overfavored.

Out in the open you seldom hear mention of club spirit, so seldom that unobservant ones might say that it does not exist. But everywhere there is tangible evidence of it—in work along the trails, in the cleaning of camps, the building of fireplaces, the placing of guiding signs, the planning and successful carrying out of weekly schedules and summer excursions, the preparation of vaudevilles and reunions, the publication of authentic information relating to mountaineering—and a hundred activities which

call for hard grubbing, genuine work, and the sacrifice of many a personal plan. All this is done for the real love of the out of doors.

I have noticed on many occasions that these trails-people seem possessed of a shy elusiveness, which may at times be mistaken for indifference. The new-comer, once welcomed, is left to find his way into that group which suits his temperament or fancy. But at the noon-day rest or campfire the groups intermingle and as you drift from one to another with an open mind, you conclude that the world is made of a number of things with most of them here discussed. A profoundly abstract question holds the attention, or the problems of the universe are being settled, always with a tolerant understanding of the other fellows' viewpoint. In some groups baseball, sports or photography furnish the topic, while in others, just frivolous chatter.

Nothing is more refreshing or mentally invigorating than the reversal of one's point of view. Some khaki-clad mountaineer, whom you have seen grinding over the trail week after week, hewing wood for the campfire and scraping ashes off the chops, voices a most gentle philosophy; an unsophisticated, innocent-eyed boy advances the most wildly radical plans for the running of the universe. You find a companion, even if it be for an hour, who is your friend from the first word, as he or she voices pleasure in some loved book, or preference for some musician whose expression has moved you too. A rare study of human nature you will find, each person with the natural fundamental charm of being himself.

When you prefer silent communion, you linger alone for a moment on the crest of some high ridge, in the cathedral atmosphere of silent trees, or beside the tumbling mass of white capped ocean waves dashed high against worn cliffs; and then you feel God.

Altogether the California Alpine Club has afforded me a treasure-house of memories, and the life we live is largely governed by the character of its memories. Remembrances of the heights of Whitney, starlit nights of inspiration, strenuous days that hardened the body and strengthened the spirit. Memories of exciting ball games, of midsummer reunions and New Year's gatherings when the feeling of fellowship ran high. And I should not fail to mention the memories of unobtrusive acts

PHOTO BY WM. P. HALLIDAY

CAMPCRAFT SHOW AT RATTLESNAKE CAMP

PHOTO BY WARREN Z. NEWTON

MT. TAMALPAIS. A REFLECTION

of kindliness and real friendship, that expand the heart and give it opportunity to express.

Grave and gay, easy and strenuous but at all times carefree, each week end is as different from the preceding one as the ever changing panoramas that are presented. Woodfires at noon make gray days cheery, and ferny canyons give forth a welcome coolness after a warm morning of pleasurable exercise. The seasons' lavish brush paints the land, the water and the sky with varying mood and color. Lazily drifting masses of white cloud dapple the blue, casting light and shadow over the spring carpeting of flowered green. The dazzling azure of the heavens and the browness of the hills, with always a cool rift of fog hanging low in the distance, portray summer's glory. The season merges into autumn so softly as to be scarcely noticeable. But the mountaineer observes the thick covering of leaves underfoot and the more brilliantly painted sunsets. Winter's tang only heightens the color of evergreens and ferns and after the first rain, the hills are green again.

There is distance and altitude for the hardy, and many an attractive tramp for the novice to put himself into trim. Easily accessible and close at hand, the alluring week-end trail leads the nature lover from his city-dwelling to the inspiration of its constantly varying beauty. In him is bred a love of the out of doors that remains supreme throughout the years.

SIGN AT DRY MEADOW CAMP

The previous occupants of this camp loved the beautiful. They had a can of larkspur on the dining table. But they left the can and its withered flowers on the ground when they went away.

They also left various empty cartons and unwashed tins and fragments of vegetables on the earth within the enclosure.

To leave behind you a clean camp is to extend the finest hospitality, though it be by absent treatment.

July 5th, 1921. H. E. K.

THE ASCENT OF KETTLE DOME

BY HERMAN ULRICH

WHEN three of us left the main party breaking camp at Dry Meadow, early in the morning of July 20th, we had no intention of climbing Kettle Dome, numbered among the unscaled peaks. Our object was to climb Tehipite Dome, come down the Crown Creek Canyon and join the party at Tehipite Valley. We felt so certain of rejoining them in the afternoon that we did not bother to take any food. The only interest we felt in Kettle Dome lay in wondering how much it resembled its name.

Our first and succeeding views did not even suggest a similarity. This was probably due to the fact that we could not rise to the inspiration of the name, one of that class of such poetic and fancifully suggestive names as Jackass and Poison Meadows, Deadman Canyon, etc., which grace so many of the features of the Sierra. The dome with its great central turret and almost vertical ramparts reminded us more of descriptions of mediaeval robber castles.

Our first glimpse of it—just the crown visible over the fringe of the forest—provoked an interest which was more and more heightened by the many fine views we had as we drew nearer. Nor did it look particularly difficult; so that when I suggested we make a little variation in our plans and include Kettle Dome together with Tehipite, the others agreed readily.

We got off to a good start by proceeding to lose the trail at the ford across Crown Creek. But as the trail is practically obliterated and apparently seldom used, this was not hard to do. We kept going in a northeasterly direction, hoping to intercept the trail where it swings to the north, on the east side of the dome. We could see plainly now that if the topmost point was to be scaled, it would have to be done from the north side.

Before long, tangled and dense underbrush hindered our progress to the east. We decided it would be the lesser of two evils to climb up to the notch between the big and small domes, rather than make a semi-circuit of the mountain and take chances of finding as hard climbing on the other side.

Subsequently, however, we found it would have been far wiser to have taken the latter route.

It was a very steep climb of about a thousand feet through the densest of brush, which disputed every inch of progress. It was slow, exhausting work. After we had climbed about two-thirds of the way up, we managed to reach a long rock slide. Up this our course was unhindered, but it was steep enough to call for continued use of the hands. Then after climbing up over some immense boulders, we reached the notch between the upper and lower dome. Here we replacd our boots with tennis shoes.

This notch splits the dome at the top in two, but the one on the east is not much elevated above the level of the notch and affords no difficulty in climbing. We turned our attention to the one on the west which rises about three to four hundred feet sheer. A wide ledge runs along the northern face and we proceeded along this, looking for an opportunity to climb. A blank wall stared us in the face.

As we reached the extreme north-

west corner we observed a knife edge which curves to the northeast, failing

CROWN CREEK FALLS
PHOTO BY L. R. KESSING

to reach the top of the dome by about one hundred and fifty feet. To the right of this, there is a very steep, smooth, glacial-polished slide which breaks off into the precipices of the western front. As the ascent here looked entirely too dangerous, we turned our attention to the knife edge and did not find it difficult going. About half way up, my companions decided that discretion was the better part of valor and that their lives meant more to them than reaching the top.

It certainly was a bad-looking proposition. The more I thought of the struggle we had had through the brush, the more I hated to give up and confess that it had been all in vain. The others refused to listen to my persuasions, so while they occupied themselves with taking pictures, I made a tentative effort to reach the point where the knife edge intersects the dome proper. After going up for some distance, I decided that while it was possible to get up to that point, it would be very difficult to reach the top and extremely dangerous to come down. So I returned to the others and studied the slide for awhile.

In climbing Kettle Dome one runs into much the same nature of difficulties as on Half Dome. Toward the left centre of the slide near the top, in the otherwise smooth polished surface, there are two vertically riven cracks which appeared wide enough to accommodate a toe or a finger. The problem was to reach these, which necessitated working across the slide. I climbed down from the knife edge. Through the angle it formed with the slide. I was able to make my way up until directly opposite the beginning of the crack. I worked very carefully across the face of the slide to the crack, in which I was able to get a foothold and push and pull my way up like an angleworm. It surely was a relief to reach the top, which is circular and rather flat.

A very fine panorama is afforded. Almost directly below to the south lies the canyon of the Middle Fork of the Kings, the Gorge of Despair and Lost Canyon. I made a circuit in order to discover, if possible, another way of getting down, but found a vertical wall on all the other sides.

There was no indication of anyone ever having been there before. I did not think at the time to build the usual monument, chiefly, I suppose, because my mind was taken up with the problem of getting down to the others who were waiting.

Although I had found the ascent hard enough, I found the descent many times more dangerous. The slightest slip would have meant destruction. If anything started slipping on that slide, nothing could stop it. There was another crack to the right of the one I had come up. This

looked safer. In the end it nearly proved my undoing. Going face downward, I worked slowly. Suddenly the slide broke off into a shelf and left me suspended. Nothing but my fingers wedged in the crack sustained me. My feet traveled up and down the smooth granite, feeling for a ledge or something to give me enough support to pull myself up again, but in vain.

This was a pretty position. I couldn't go up and unless I was anxious to die, I couldn't go down. The only possible chance was to work to the left and I could not see how that could be done. I hung there, it seemed for ages, trying to figure some way to get across to the other crack. Eventually I reached it, but just how is still a puzzle to me. The two watching below, said that I looked like a fly clinging against a smooth wall.

I followed the crack in the dome, hand over hand, finally reaching the ledge and safety.

AN ALPINE CLUB SONG

BY J. CLYDE WILLIAMS

We're from the Golden State
  Best one in forty eight,
Our Club is called the C. A. C.,
  Hikers are we and always will be.
If you should care to go,
  Just come and let us know.
We want to meet you, we want to
    greet you —
  THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB.

We go through valleys green,
  Meadows and dells serene,
Up Tamalpais, our good old friend,
  On Dipsea, a Sunday we spend;
Then come with us some day,
  We'll surely show the way.
We want to know you, we want to
    show you —
  THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB.

A HUNGRY NIGHT

BY DON BERGMAN

In the preceding article Herman Ulrich has recited an experience that made our hair stand on end. It is putting it mild to say that we were relieved when he stepped down on the ledge to greet us.

We returned to the saddle, emptied a canteen in short order, and then fell to such luxuries as a can of apricots, some nuts, raisins and fruit cake.

That we might miss the underbrush and strike water the sooner, we dropped down the north slope and soon were surprised to find an old campsite and spring at the head of the canyon. Here we left a note in a bottle and followed the trail back to Crown Creek. We had heard of a trail of some sort down Crown Creek, so our plan was to follow the creek to the California Alpine camp at the base of Tehipite Dome. For several miles we traversed the left bank of the stream and an occasional game trail, passing many swift rapids and pools. Then we began to encounter gorges and cross canyons which necessitated our staying near the ridge, causing occasional long detours and hard climbs.

The going kept getting worse, although we were often rewarded by the sight of falls and sheer walls. At one point as we rounded a rock on a ledge, a huge creamy flower-spike of a Spanish bayonet caught our attention. We saw many of these desert plants and often got too close for comfort, the slightest touch of a spine drawing blood.

On skirting a shoulder at one of the gorges, we could see a full panorama of the Canyon of the Kings. Far below was the sandy opening which showed the club camp, with the tent of the kitchen shining through the pines. We now began to speed up with anticipations of a belated supper. Here we tenderfeet were miraculously changed to real mountaineers from force of necessity. We came to places where one would unbuckle his knapsack and slide down to a ledge to receive the packs and the others as they slid. In this manner we worked down until we were fifty feet from the creek and above some beautiful falls.

There we stopped, viewing a wonderful Alpine glow on the peaks of the opposite side of the canyon. The ways and means committee was stumped. The creek-bed below looked much too rugged to travel and we were sure we could not make our way down Tehipite. The cliffs opposite were almost vertical for fifteen hundred feet and we could see that there was a drop-off where the creek struck the main canyon.

We were in for a night of it, so we decided to make the best of the first ledge encountered that was wide enough to camp on. After some hunting, we found one that by changing the rocks about could be made to do. Nearby a spring trickled down and some stunted pines furnished dry needles.

We built a fire, hoping that the club below would see the reflection and not be worried. This we built in the shelter of some rocks so that all the heat possible might be thrown back on us. By this time a cold wind had arisen and occasional sprinkles of rain fell. We huddled close to the rock and served a light repast consisting of raisins, nuts and chocolate. We could see the Club campfires in Tehipite Valley below and plainly hear the tinkle of the bells on the pack animals. Oddly enough we could hear no other sound. Plans for the night divided into three watches to keep the fire going. This would

PHOTO BY EDWARD P. WEBB

LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM BISHOP PASS

give each of us about four hours sleep. But the novelty of three people trying to sleep under one poncho in such cramped quarters, with too efficient ventilation and precipitation, drove sleep away except for short naps.

About four-thirty we slid out and stretched our cramped muscles. After another session of nuts and raisins, we did some scouting and then talked it over. Although close to camp and a warm breakfast, we saw we would be forced to start back from where we were, rather than continue down. A fifteen hundred foot climb out of the canyon to the ridge back of Tehipite Dome took a couple of hours and left us rather tired. However, the ridge was clear of brush and we easily made our way back to the Tunemah trail, where we stopped for refreshment of malted milk tablets. We could have taken the Tunemah Trail shown on the map leading to Simpson Meadow, but considered that by so doing we would miss the best scenery in the canyon.

The trail from Crown Creek seemed much harder than it had been the day before, as there was more climbing. We finally reached Johnson's ranch at eleven o'clock, where we were given a most wonderful lunch, the thought of which even now makes my mouth water. Here we stayed and talked while the storm which had been threatening all night broke, accompanied by thunder and lightning and an extremely heavy downpour of rain.

We obtained information regarding the trail we sought and found that we had been following the wrong bank of Crown Creek. Also we were told that the Tunemah Trail, which seemed well worn, was poorly marked beyond the limits of their range and at best was a very difficult undertaking.

At two-forty we left for Hell's Half Mile. Here we had some wonderful views of Tehipite and the canyon, with huge silver clouds rolled up over it. We arrived at the bottom in short order, finding a surprise in the shape of a note to another straying Alpiner. Apparently we were quite in the fashion. Next came Crown Creek, where two C. A. C. trail signs fortunately pointed out a definite place for a ford. The water looked suspiciously deep, but if the club had crossed, surely we could. Not thinking of the heavy rainfall at the head of the creek, we started through and encountered quite a battle with water to our hips.

Then we came to the elusive campsite which we had seen from our aerie high up in the canyon. Here was food in the shape of a large pail of prunes, some mush and cheese. The prunes quickly disappeared but we took the rest along for breakfast. We then hiked in the gathering darkness for some distance. Finally getting out the lights, we began to look for a camp. This we located near Blue Canyon Creek, on a little sand-bar alongside the river, for we did not care to take any chances with snakes among the rocks. We made our bed thick with dry pine-needles and this time we had no trouble in sleeping. We could have slept on a bare rock.

Next morning, while the mush was being cooked, I slipped off with my rod and soon had three trout to help out with breakfast. These we toasted on sticks, having nothing in the nature of a pan. The mush, reinforced with raisins and the last of the nuts, and sprinkled with powdered malted milk tablets, was at least sustaining. Our worries were now over since the trail led straight up the canyon to Simpson Meadow, where we rejoined the club just in time for a hearty lunch.

A DREAM COME TRUE

BY MARIANNA STANIELS

IT is said that three elements enter into the enjoyment of an event —anticipation, realization and retrospection. Anticipation, perhaps, holds the largest place, especially when one has but two weeks of the year in which to visit the high places.

ABOVE GROUSE MEADOW

When I as a novice began to plan my vacation, one well-versed in the lore of mountaineering and Sierra camping told me that this trip would be the most wonderful one I had ever taken. Vivid mental pictures were drawn of rugged mountains, snowy peaks, deep embracing canyons, roaring mountain streams tumbling over rocks and sand, deep, quiet and wondrously clear rivers with jumping trout; placid lakes, grassy meadows and towering trees in dense forests. I was to'd of a fragrant and soft bed of fir on which to rest after the day's long hike. Lest I might think I was being taken to Fairyland, with fairies always near to do my bidding, so-called hardships were brought to mind —sometimes a bed a wee bit hard; long, hot, dusty hikes; rain that might last several days, forcing us to keep within our tents; no porcelain bath-tub with hot bath on tap; coarse food with little variety; plasters of spaghetti and cheese and dehydrated fruits and vegetables, dried eggs and milk. I was asked if I could live so and eat such food. In surprise I replied, "Do not the others do it?"

Gayly we started out early July 17th. to realize the dream, for I had long wished to see Yosemite and the High Sierra. The extreme heat of the all day trip by train ended at last with the beautiful sixteen mile drive from El Portal to Yosemite. Would that I had use of words as a Hawthorne or Ruskin, to enable those who have not been there to see and feel the grandeur of these silent mountains, proclaiming in their strength and beauty the Master Mind of the Creator. The few days at Yosemite were of great interest, giving an insight into human nature as a variation from our weak ravings over the beauties spread so generously before us. It was evident many people came but to continue the city's allurements in a new setting, as shown by crowded lecture halls, dancing pavilions and movies. Others were there to escape all these and live in the wilderness, while still another class tried to combine the two.

One morning we arose early to see

the sun rise on Mirror Lake. As old Sol raised his kingly head and peered over a high peak to kiss the sleeping lake, a myriad of gay little silver-clad water nymphs rose to do his bidding. In the happy task of helping, they danced and glistened in the sunlight, first on one spot, then on another until in perfect abandon they twinkled over the lake, and the genial Sol smiled his approval of their joyous work. The day ended by climbing to Glacier Point that some of us might get in trim for the long jaunt to Tuolumne Meadows.

With packs on backs, the girls carrying twenty pounds and the men sixty, we started bravely out a few days later for the Meadows, twenty-eight miles distant. To those who have never carried a pack on a long hike, let me advise you to do it. There is a feeling of sheer joy in being able to get under a load and reach the destination with some energy left. Then too, you can go wherever your spirit leads instead of meekly following a donkey's spirit. Also, one feels he is sharing in the world's work of burden-bearing when he gets under a pack and plods up and up for miles. Flowered Tuolumne Meadows at last rewarded us with an unbroken vista of rugged rocks, snow-clad ridges and nest'ing lakes! And finally we stood on Mt. Dana, 13050 feet above the sea, every fiber of our beings quivering in the marvel of the view, and exultant over something accomplished, something done.

Of the so-called hardships, what box-spring and hair mattress can compare with a sleeping bag on fragrant and springy fir boughs? Who would exchange a starlit sky with the moon peeping through the branches of the pines, for a bed-room in the city where Lady Moon smiles in vain and the stars need to wink hard to be seen at all through the fog? What porcelain bath-tub in a gas heated room can equal the natural granite tub we found at Sunrise Creek, with flowing water warmed by the Sun God? The Master Florist, with lavish hand, strewed flowers of every hue along our path, making us forget the sometimes hot and dusty trail. The Alpine glow on the mountains silenced us with rapture. Birds, carolling symphonies, awakened us in the morning, and the rippling stream lulled us to sleep at night, while velvet-horned deer made friends with us by giving us their likeness. Of the food, 'tis true, we had the fare as pre-warned, but such skill in the art of cooking was practiced that we almost felt ourselves at Delmonico's. Spaghetti and cheese no longer seemed a common dish, but was given first honor. Cornbread and jam, and biscuits and syrup were close seconds. Apple sauce of dried apples flavored with lemon touched the fruit spot. Wild onions gathered fresh from the banks of the mountain streams was our salad. Scrambled eggs and bacon and coffee was a sumptuous breakfast, while for dinner, chocolate or rice pudding satisfied the craving for dessert. And what can I say of the genial friends who bore so large a part in the pleasure of the trip, other than without them the dream could not have been quite true. There were no shirks. Each did his part and the days passed merrily on.

I have but touched upon the joys of realization of this dream come true, although my inadequate words do it small justice. To be fully appreciated one must see and feel for himself. As I sit in retrospective mood and live over each happy day, I eagerly glance toward the desk where lies the outlined trip for next year, and to the closet where hang the hiking togs and a knapsack partially packed. I can scarcely wait for the Sierra snows to melt, that we may be off again to make another dream come true.

PHOTO BY W. C. FANKHAUSER

LE CONTE CANYON AND LITTLE PETE MEADOW

TROUTING IN THE SIERRAS

BY M. F. MURPHY

THE full enjoyment of a mountain excursion depends largely upon the possession of at least a superficial knowledge of the environments of the trail. Observance of geological formations, botanical manifestations, changeable atmospheric conditions and countless other phenomena, tend to make one's trip intensely interesting and wholly satisfying. The splendor and beauty of peaceful meadows, murmuring forests, restless rivers and snow-capped peaks more than compensate for the prospect of hard beds, chilly nights and even meager rations.

Delving into the mysteries of fish life in their natural habitat of the upland byways is usually most absorbing to the person who comes in contact with these creatures. With open volumes of Nature before one's eyes, who could fail to gather innumerable gems of knowledge so highly prized by the lover of the out-of-doors.

While an advocate of the art of angling should be capable of prevaricating with a sober countenance, the fisherman on a productive trout stream need never stoop to such ulterior methods in praising his favorite haunts. As depleted waters have increased the ranks of the untruthful, it is now high time that a halt be called, in order that the sport may take its proper place among the most enjoyable of outdoor activities. The purpose of this article, then, is to name and describe in brief some of the most dependable streams and lakes in California where trout may be taken with artifical lures.

The following of a mountain stream in quest of its finny inhabitants is one of the highest types of outdoor recreation. Constant change of position, so necessary if good results are desired, requires that one possess athletic tendencies, for the way is usually strewn with boulders, down-timber and obstructions. Mountain stream fishing is unlike any other form of angling. The permanent seat on a bank or boat must not be thought of. The sport is one of constant movement, with the faculties tuned to the highest pitch.

Leonard, Hardy or Divine rods, with the usual tapered equipment and delicate flies are delightful possessions in meadows, where one fishes as upon a great level lawn. But a stick of more sturdy quality will give better service in rough canyons that are so often choked with trees, brush and huge boulders. Proper approach, mental alertness and keen vision are the three most important requirements on any stream. Dexterity with the rod and lure are also of prime importance. But above all these and other minor prerequisites, success depends upon the productivity of the waters to be fished. Excellent results are assured on any of the waters hereinafter mentioned, if the few simple rules of the art are observed. The fish in most cases are unschooled and may be snared on the hook of the novice even though he possess little or no knowledge of the finer points of trout-angling.

Practically all of the really excellent fishing spots in California are far removed from the inroads of the "parlor fisherman," who now must journey to the lake or stream in his motor or by Pullman, there to vainly swish the atmosphere with his expensive rod. Owing to their accessibility, many formerly fruitful trout-streams have been "fished out" for all time. Consequently, if one is in search of reliable territory, he must shunt off over the foot-trails a day

or so from the traveled highway. There he will find the sport good from the time the snow leaves the ground until it again carpets the meadows in the late fall. He is not a true fisherman who will not labor over a steep footpath in order to fill his creel, provided of course he is physically qualified. Surely so noble and game a fish as the trout is worthy of the slight effort entailed in his capture.

Let us follow the John Muir Trail into the very heart of California's high Sierra. This route taps the most glorious fishing spots imaginable. Although not widely advertised owing to their isolation, they still support the Golden State's contention for a place on the honor roll in the angler's notebook. Lakes, rivers and brooks of crystal clarity abound and the variety of trout in the waters contiguous to the Muir Trail are all that could be desired for both edible and sporting qualities.

We leave the Tioga Road as it traverses the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River and as we travel up toward Donohue Pass, we capture our first eastern brook trout in the upper end of the meadow. Here the distance from the road does not appeal to the person who is too soft and lazy to enjoy a pleasant saunter along a most delightful slow-moving stream. The fish may not prove very gamey, but one should realize that this meadow is 9,000 feet in elevation, which has some effect on the peculiar sluggishness of His Highness.

Crossing Donohue Pass, with a splendid array of snowy peaks about us, we catch a few rainbow of large size from Thousand Island and Garnet Lakes. Cutthroat trout are found in the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin near the Devil's Postpile while

PHOTO BY WM. P. HALLIDAY

LOCH LEVEN TROUT

Shadow Lake, on the shoulder of Mt. Ritter, calls for a visit. The Mammoth Lakes are also nearby and will well repay a short sidetrip. All of these waters are icy cold and the fish therefrom are of consequent firmness and full of fight.

The trail leads onward over pumice flats and volcanic residue to cliff-bound Fish Valley. The south walls here are immense and sheer, although the northern slopes are not quite so savage and awe-inspiring. We hasten to the stream, a branch of the Middle San Joaquin and lo! the valley is well named. A cold soda-spring bubbles forth on the north side of the river. You will remember its soothing coolness, so drink deeply, for the morrow's journey is a long and trying one.

Up through Cascade Valley along the shores of Lake of the Lone Indian we wander to Silver Pass, a high and somewhat difficult notch on the trail. Our troubles are soon forgotten as we step on the level floor of Vermillion Valley, through which Mono Creek flows in delightful sweeps. At midday the charges rise hungrily to our lures. In a short time we need cease ere we overstep the bounds of common sense and legal limit.

Our route to Blaney Meadows on the south Fork of the San Joaquin River takes us over Bear Creek Divide. Bear Creek without fail will provide us with all the trout and sport we desire. The fish are of very large size. As we journey up the San Joaquin above Jackass Meadow, which is also a most bountiful provider, we encounter the introduced European loch leven variety, living seemingly in harmony with the native rainbow. This imported trout puts up a flashy but short-lived battle as the barb sinks home.

Down through the rugged upper Middle Kings River we wander to Simpson Meadow, where the smooth flowing water's edge is shaded by alder, cottonwood, pine and willow trees. Here campsites are ideal and we tarry for several days. Late afternoon is the best time to make a catch. Dougherty and Goddard Creeks enter the main river from opposite sides and offer excellent sport. Scenery of the most imposing order surrounds this promised land. The river is one of surprises and delights.

We climb up to Evolution Creek where we pass an ideal trout-stream in the making. But not even a fingerling breaks the glassy surface to leave the tell-tale concentric ring to mark his location. The stream is barren owing to the savage falls which continually roar. These impassible falls prevent the spawning fish from propagating their kind in this typical mountain-setting. Evolution Creek is one of the few waters of the state as yet unstocked.

Grouse Meadows, on the Middle Fork of the Kings River is reached via Muir Pass. We catch our first golden trout and are tempted to return the most beautiful of all fishes to his element; so indescribably gorgeous is his coloring. These fish were transplanted from Volcano Creek, the parent stream in the Kern River watershed. By means of a journey that involved the crossing of several high passes and an arid desert, the original stock trout were placed in Little Pete and Grouse Meadows. They are very easy to catch and should be allowed to multiply for several seasons in this particular section. The feeding grounds of these golden trout are restricted to a small territory, through which runs the frequented trail from the town of Bishop, in the Owens River Valley.

Granite Pass must be crossed in our journey to the South Fork of the Kings. The upper reaches of this stream are the best for angling. Paradise Valley furnishes many a battle with Rainbow and Eastern Brook Trout. Here we don our waders, or if we have none, a pair of old shoes. We enter the water near the hidden

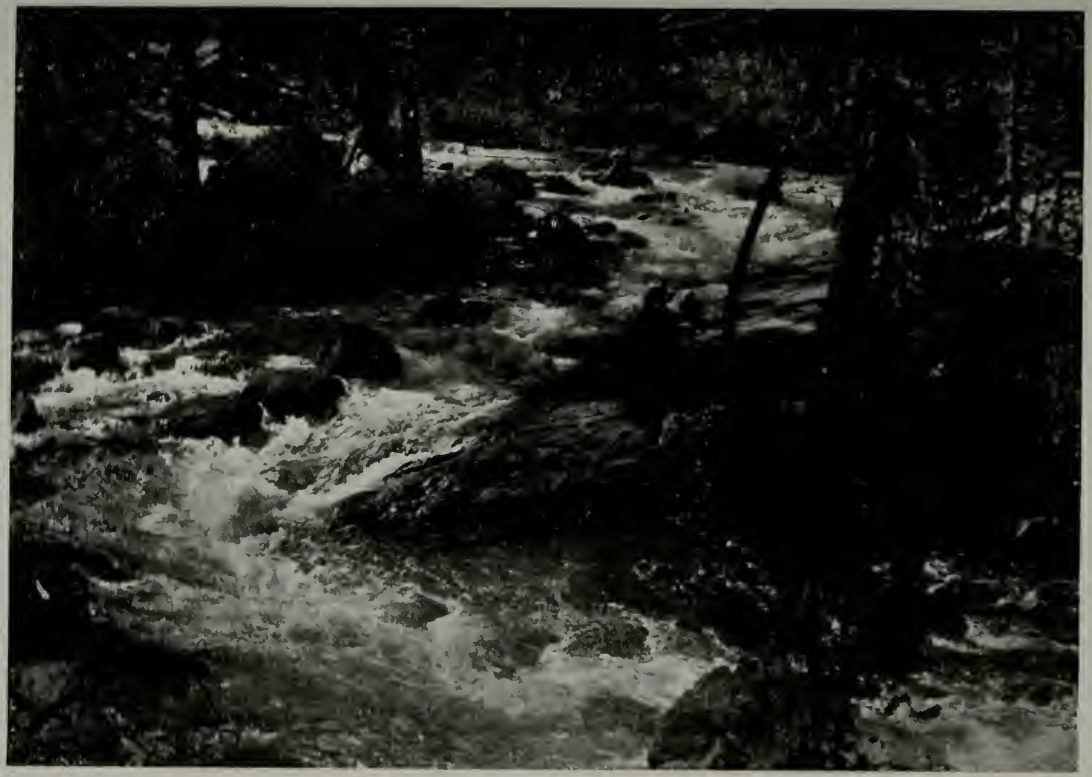


PHOTO BY SAMUEL F. DEAL

EVOLUTION CREEK

meadow and proceed down stream with the current. Freedom of cast in this locality is a rare treat, for there is little danger of snaring an exasperating twig. A long overhead cast can be brought into play. Shady spots offshore, eddies near protruding boulders, and pools of promising depth all yield their quotas. We do not mind the chill of the water. The sport is so entrancing that bodily discomforts are slightly noticed. Bear or cougar may stealthily gaze at us, but we heed them not. Paradise Valley truly is a fisherman's paradise.

Up Woods Creek we proceed to Rae Lake. Huge rainbow trout swim lazily about and rise voraciously to surface-feed at sundown. We may camp here at an elevation of 10,500 feet. Because of the steepness of Glenn Pass, if we have pack-animals, we must retrace our footsteps to the junction of Bubbs Creek and the South Fork of the Kings.

Bubbs Creek flows through a wild upper canyon and its riffles, pools and cascades offer excellent fishing as one travels along the old Kearsarge Trail to Vidette Meadow. Bullfrog, Charlotte and East Lakes are accessible from this point. Golden trout may be caught in Vidette Meadow, while rainbow and loch leven abound in both East Lake and East Creek. The lake fish, however, fail to struggle as their brethren of the lively streams.

The Muir Trail directs us over Junction and Shepard Passes to what is probably the best trout stream in California, the Kern River. Not only is the Kern itself a fruitful river, but practically all of its tributaries are alive with trout. No brook is too small to furnish hidden pools and rock shelters. The native Kern River rainbow (Salmo gilberti), is a hard fighter of large proportions. Volcano Creek is the original home of the golden trout (Salmo roosevelti). Rock Creek, Whitney Creek, South Fork of the Kern, Kern-Kaweah River, Big Arroyo, Coyote Creek, the Little Kern and many others may be classified as excellent streams. Crabtree, Junction and Lower Funston Meadows will thrill the heart of the novice.

Big Kern Lake harbors lusty monsters, while the Cottonwood Lakes at an elevation of 11,000 feet assure catches of golden trout of large size. What strange sensations assail us as we cast from a snow bank at this altitude to connect with a struggling descendant of a fish from the hand of Midas! A few storm-tattered pines cling tenaciously to rocky foundations, but the alpine grass underfoot, with its velvet green softness, tempers somewhat the sternness of the surroundings.

Nor are these the only producers along our route. There are many excellent tributaries unrecorded for lack of space in this article, which will captivate the senses of any angler. Scenic features abound unparalleled. One must but depart from the beaten path and the productivity of the region will increase with the distance away from the marts of civilization. The grassing of many speckled beauties and a weighty creel

is yours for but slight effort.

Too much credit cannot be given to the California Fish and Game Commission for tasks well accomplished in the High Sierra adjacent to the wonder-path we have followed. Where great falls prevented natural stocking of streams and lakes, artificial planting has proved a huge success. Many and tedious were the journeys over snow-passes by pack trains directed by our benefactors in their efforts to provide excellent sport. The gormand must ever rejoice as he works up one side and then down the other, casting only the bony framework of what was once a darting "salmo," into the glowing embers of his campfire.

Seasons must pass before all the waters above-mentioned can be tested. There is a lifetime of joy for the angler who follows our footsteps along these unfailing shores and streams. There are many other waters in the High Sierra equally as generous and but a day's travel directly off the Muir Trail. From the heights where the dazzling snow lingers longest comes a call of promise that must be answered. Success be with you, brother angler.

A-CAMPING

Softly the dawn comes stealing o'er the sky,
The stars blink out like lanterns; the sun's rays
Come slanting over far crags high,
My soul awakening to another of these perfect days.

The voice of———
"Hey, hit the deck, you lazy bunch,
Ten miles we make before we lunch."

A'one I sit beside a purling stream.
And meditate in solitude,
The caress of the breeze, the golden gleam
Of trout beneath the water tempt the poet's mood.

The voice of———
"Hey, don't weaken, keep the pace,"
The leading hikers shout, as on they race.

Tired and happy from the day's long tramp
And laved by water's clear
To rest I lie, upon a mossy bank,
The spicy scents of pine and fir, the dear

Aromas———
Of boiled onions and canned willy greet my nose
As the wind changes and from the cookfire blows.

I walk along the river-bank and dream,
The blushing glow of sunset, the soft green
Of boughs against the darkening sky
All charm the poet's soul to ecstacy.

High shines one lone star above the campfire
And round it to the banjo's twang
Sit campers wailing: "Ja-da, Ja-da," higher, higher—
O hell, why try to be a poet? Come Muse, let's join the gang.

HELEN WILD

PHOTO BY E. L. MACAULAY

FROM SUMMIT OF NORTH PALISADE, LOOKING SOUTH

FIFTY HIGHEST NAMED PEAKS IN CALIFORNIA

Jonathan E. Webb and Paul Thelen have compiled a list of the 50 highest named peaks in California.

The topographical branch of the Geological Survey reported to them that over 60 unnamed peaks, having an elevation of over 13,000 feet, are located in this state. As these peaks are being named, the list following must of necessity be revised. Of the fifty named peaks, only nine are in the 1906 Geological Survey dictionary of altitudes.

No.	Name of Peak	Elevation Feet	Location—County	United States Geological Survey Atlas Sheet
1	Mt. Whitney	14,501	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
2	Mt. Williamson	14,384	Inyo	Mt. Whitney
3	White Mountain S. Pk.	14,272	Mono	Mt. Whitney
4	North Palisade	14,254	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
5	Russell Mountain	14,190	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
6	Mt. Shasta	14,161	Siskiyou	Shasta
7	Mt. Split	14,051	Inyo	Bishop
8	Middle Palisade	14,049	Inyo-Fresno	Bishop
9	Mt. Langley	14,042	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
10	Mt. Muir	14,025	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
11	Mt. Tyndall	14,025	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
12	Mt. Bernard	14,003	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
13	Mt. Garden	14,000	Tulare	Not Stated
14	Mt. Keith	13,990	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
15	Mt. Stanford	13,983	Tulare	Mt. Whitney
16	Mt. Humphreys	13,972	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
17	Mt. Le Conte	13,960	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
18	Junction Peak	13,903	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
19	Agassiz Needle	13,882	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
20	Mt. Darwin	13,841	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
21	Kaweah Peaks	13,816	Tulare	Mt. Whitney
22	Kaweah Peaks	13,754	Tulare	Tehipite
23	Mt. Winchell	13,749	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
24	Mt. Morgan	13,739	Inyo	Mt. Goddard
25	Mt. Abbott	13,736	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
26	Bear Creek Spine	13,705	Inyo-Fresno	Mt. Goddard
27	Mt. Gabb	13,701	Fresno	Mt. Goddard
28	Mt. Wallace	13,701	Fresno	Mt. Goddard
29	Birch Mountain	13,660	Inyo	Bishop
30	Mt. Tom	13,649	Inyo	Mt. Goddard
31	Table Mountain	13,646	Tulare	Mt. Whitney
32	Milestone Mountain	13,643	Tulare	Mt. Whitney
33	Mt. Dade	13,635	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
34	Mt. Ericson	13,625	Tulare	Mt. Whitney
35	Tunnabora Peak	13,593	Inyo-Tulare	Mt. Whitney
36	University Peak	13,588	Inyo-Fresno	Mt. Whitney
37	Thunder Mountain	13,578	Tulare	Mt. Whitney
38	Mt. Brewer	13,577	Tulare	Mt. Whitney
39	Milestone Bow	13,560	Tulare	Mt. Whitney
40	Mt. Goddard	13,555	Fresno	Mt. Goddard
41	Mt. Thompson	13,494	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
42	Mt. Pinchot	13,471	Fresno	Mt. Whitney
43	White Mountain—N. Pk.	13,465	Mono	Mt. Whitney
44	Mt. Haeckel	13,422	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
45	Cardinal Mountain	13,388	Inyo-Fresno	Mt. Whitney
46	Mt. Powell	13,361	Inyo-Fresno	Mt. Goddard
47	Mt. Mills	13,352	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
48	Mt. Hilgard	13,351	Fresno	Mt. Goddard
49	Mt. Fiske	13,328	Fresno-Inyo	Mt. Goddard
50	Mt. Goode	13,312	Fresno	Mt. Goddard

PLACING THE REGISTER ON NORTH PALISADE

BY JONATHAN E. WEBB

ON the twenty-third of July, the date specified in the announcement of the 1921 Summer Outing, we reached Grouse Meadow, having traveled for five days over an irkesome trail that wound about giant boulders and under frowning granite cliffs. Suddenly, as we topped a rise, our first glimpse of the peaceful meadow calmed and soothed our spirits. Sheer walls with tree-fringed bases guarded the valley, and through its floor wound a broad and placid stream full of golden trout. Its banks were low and grassy, flowers of varying color and form lending a peaceful sense of finish to the entrancing spot. On sight the packers called it Paradise.

Now having passed through tribulations to Paradise, what perversity of human nature could induce anyone to consider missing a moment allotted to such a gem among mountain meadows? Nevertheless, during the day had come the inquiry: "Are you going to try the North Palisade?" Darkness settled with no plan for the climb, but around the campfire interested ones gathered in groups, several expressing intention of at least seeing the mountain and then, perhaps climbing it.

For these the cooks agreed to provide an early breakfast, and to set out sufficient food for the trip. So, early on the morning of the 24th, breakfast over, the camp register was signed showing that a party of eight was leaving for the North Palisade and expected to join the camp above Little Pete Meadow two days later. Then we marched. One of the party was delegated to carry a new cast-aluminum club-register which was to be placed on the top of the mountain; one to act as official photographer, another as rope-bearer, and one as chief custodian of a ten pound pail of baked spaghetti. The rest of the food was distributed among the members of the party, together with a scant number of blankets.

Proceeding up Palisade Creek we reached Deer Meadow at nine o'clock and here elected a leader of the expedition, also a scout. Our scout was off as soon as elected, but as a scout he was not much of a success, becoming lost in a nearby canyon. We saw no more of him on scouting terms, until the evening of the third day, when we rejoined the main party at Colby Meadow along Evolution Creek.

The 2500 ft. climb into Palisade Basin was steep going especially with the spaghetti, as each one in his turn discovered. At 11:40 a. m. we first sighted the mountain. Here beside a convenient snowbank we prepared and partook of luncheon. In the meantime a little reconnoitering by the leader showed that we were on the most feasible and probably the most direct route to the foot of the talus slope, from which the climb was to begin. As we had no intention of climbing the peak that afternoon we proceeded slowly toward the base of the mountain in search of a favorable camping spot.

Approaching the North Palisade, we scanned its face for a possible route of ascent. The prospect was not very inviting, as it gave us the impression that the lowering summit was leaning toward us, and the massive perpendicular walls threatening our destruction should we proceed further. With these comforting thoughts we chose our bivouac, and found sufficient water and wood. We intermittently studied the face of the mountain through the glasses. While so doing we discovered our wayward scout

clambering courageously up the snow-field. One of our anxious members perched himself on the highest rock in the vicinity and yodelled in true Swiss fashion. But we, fifty feet away, could hardly distinguish the melody much less our scout who was miles distant. He was making steady though seemingly difficult progress over the yielding snow. We feared for his safety and vainly watched for his return until dusk.

Silently we ate our evening spaghetti, the while marvelling at the varied mountain colorings under the rays of the setting sun. In the fading twilight we built a huge signal fire to guide our wandering scout. Then we turned in for the night. As darkness engulfed us, our enthusiasm waned considerably. Several of us were openly committed to the proposition of turning back at the first place that seemed really dangerous. But we had been assured that the climb was not hazardous. Some of us wanted to see the expanse of country which could be viewed from the summit, but none were looking for dangerous climbs.

We cached our blankets and reduced weight to a minimum. There was the register to be carried, the glasses, the camera, the rope and a little food. The weather was fine, the air mild. There was no wind. With less assurance than ever we started up the snow-field, and at half past six came upon tracks leading downward. It was a great relief to know that our scout was safe. Then began the tedious climb.

An account given us by our fellow member, Francis P. Farquhar, who had previously made the climb, together with a descriptive photograph of the west face of the mountain led us to believe that one of the chimneys should be climbed to a certain downward leading ledge. But when we reached this ledge it certainly did not look inviting. It led downward; moreover it sloped off laterally and at places was extremely narrow. At least one member of the party delayed and seriously debated whether this was not the spot where one should say: "Thus far and no farther." But when a cheery voice rang out: "Come on, its all right; here is the last chimney", all doubts vanished. That was Jim all the way. Although never needing the rope, he continually fastened it for the others. He was the last coming down, often untying the rope and bringing it down

PHOTO BY E. L. MACAULAY

THE NORTH PALISADE

with him after the others had descended.

The last chimney was the most hazardous of them all. We were continually dislodging and dodging loose rock. Snow and ice vied with slippery granite in impeding our progress. With skin wearing thin on fingers we toiled upward, managing to climb from that fearsome ledge without mishap.

Looking upward from the chimney-top, boulders could be seen on the slope; since the boulders did not fall off, the slope could not be too steep to hold us. We ventured to hope that the top of the mountain might be rounded as mountain tops should be.

Altogether the remaining stretch looked better. We scattered and hurried forward.

Forthwith we were to learn that the top of the North Palisade is not a parade-ground or a peak in a ridge. It is the highest one of a number of jagged crags. Climbing about such crags, we found as slow as climbing a steep chimney. At two p. m. after wriggling from rock to rock, we stood on the topmost pinnacle of the North Palisade.

Here we discovered that a register had been placed in 1903, eighteen years prior to our ascent. In it, among others, were the names of Joseph N. LeConte, J. K. Moffitt, and James S. Hutchinson, who made the first recorded ascent of the North Palisade. In perusing the register we learned that our scout had reached the summit and registered the previous day. We studied the record with considerable curiosity. Ten years had intervened between the placing of that register and the next ascent in 1913. A party of twelve followed in 1914, three in 1918, two in 1920, and the following eight in 1921: Herman Ulrich, E. F. McCauley, James Wright, Ernest Pierre, Al. Pinther, Marcus Davis, J. E. Webb and Arthur Flint.

We then set up and dedicated the California Alpine Club Register of North Palisade Mountain, 14,254 feet above sea level. We noted therein that it was placed on the eighteenth anniversary of the placing of the original register by LeConte and his party in 1903.

The view of the surroundings then claimed our attention. The immense Palisade Glacier, the largest in the Sierra Nevada, lay 3,000 feet below our dangling legs as we sat and gazed with awe on the maze of mountain and desert stretched below us. Cautiosuly we studied the glacier. It curved out gracefully from the mountain to its terminal moraine. The glacial ice is so deep that a portion of it overflows and descends into the basin north of the glacier's origin.

Before us, in the general direction of the main axis of the glacier was the town of Big Pine, surrounded by green fields. Here lay Inyo County with its desert valleys, broad and shallow, between mountain ranges which extend north and south for scores of miles. On the west, massed peaks marked the drainage basin of the San Joaquin in the vicinity of Muir Pass, the Goddard and Black Divides. To the south a gridiron of intersecting ranges displayed a variation of color from gray granite to reddish hues and black. Farther to the south stood out the bulk of Mt. Whitney, with snow gleaming on its northern slope, and the rugged Kaweah Peaks. Beyond this the mountains melted into the haze which extended to the horizon. To the southeast, marked by a distant, bluish range lay Death Valley.

About 3:30 p. m., we reluctantly turned to descend. If ascending was difficult, going down would be no less so. While carefully picking our way, the rope in constant use, our sense of insecurity was increased by several tempting fate with extravagant promises of what they would do should they reach the base of the mountain intact. Thereupon one of the great unshorn burst forth from the bottom

of his heart: "Boys, if I get to the foot of this mountain safely you can shave my beard then and there". His avowal broke the tension. We all laughed, assuring him that he would be held to his declaration, set it down in the official records, and felt much better.

But this did not lessen the necessity for caution. We urged each other to observe the rule, "Safety First." One, however, who is known as an experienced mountain climber, misjudged the snow slope and wanted to cut loose and slide. We insisted that if he must slide, he do so with a rope in his hands. Suddenly he shot downward, his hands closing on the rope which swung him abruptly into the wall. He was safe. Without the rope he would have slid swiftly to a pile of rock soft as granite, one hundred and fifty yards below. He had had his thrill. It was enough.

We reached our knapsack cache at 7:15 p. m., with a sense of intense relief. Immediately we started north, skirting along the mountain toward Dusy Basin where we made camp at 12,000 feet. What little we had to eat simply disappeared.

Early the next morning we started toward Muir Pass to overtake the main party. The going was very rough until we struck the Bishop Trail. Our leader set a hot pace. In fact he so enjoyed speed that he left his watch a mile back so that he could return for it and set his own pace in catching up to us. With one of our party practically barefooted and all of us hungry and weary, our spirits were nevertheless undaunted. At Dolly Lake we welcomed the morsel of boiled rice and raisins cached for us by our friends.

As we left Helen Lake and Wanda Lake, the guardians of Muir Pass, the character of the country changed. The valley bottoms broadened out with more soil among the rocks, and the lakes were much larger than any we had seen before. In a short distance Evolution Creek had become a full fledged stream. The record of tremendous glacial action was written over acres of solid granite.

Down through these records of the past, sometimes over soil or patches of velvet grass, through solid beds of flowering heather, now and then wading a stream, we swung along, determined to march into camp going strong. Curling blue smoke above Colby Meadow greatly heartened us. Approaching, we gave the siren call and the rousing answer bore us welcome to a blazing campfire and eager and inquiring friends.

THE SCOUT'S REPORT

Though it is stated in the foregoing article that the scout became lost, I succeeded in reaching the top of the North Palisade by another route than the one which heretofore had been considered the only possible one. Commencing the climb of the peak, I followed the regular route until in the main chimney. Here I missed the ledge that leads to the chimney on the left and continued to the top in the large notch conspicuous in all the pictures. From here I climbed up the left wall by means of a narrow crevasse in which I was able to wedge my shoulders and knees. This brought me to the top of one of the pinnacles and I finally hit the summit from the east at 4:35 p. m.

My name was the twenty-fifth on the list in the Sierra Club cylinder and I came down the regular way, leaving the peak at 5:15 p. m. and reached my base camp in the extreme right canyon at 7:30 p. m. I did not find it necessary to use ropes, which was all the more satisfactory, as I did not have any to use. While this ascent proves that the peak can be reached another way, the route followed is unpractical and the climb out of the notch exceedingly dangerous.

HERMAN ULRICH

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE

1. This, then, is a record of the Annual Campcraft Show, as it is inscribed in the books of the Alpinites

2. And it came to pass that the day appointed by the tribe fell upon them when they should show the neighboring tribes of Conservationites and Sierrakims how to bake biscuits and prepare other food in the wilderness, that is to say, outside the gates of the city.

3. And a great multitude climbed upon the mountain, for the sun shone warm in the heavens, and it was to be a great feast-day when the tribe of Conservationites would refresh the hungry with cups of free coffee.

4. And the people toiling up the trail tarried not at the camp which was called Rattlesnake, but did betake themselves to Bootjack, where there was feasting and merrymaking.

5. But when they had been entertained with music and song and sundry people bespake unto them, they betook themselves to the camp which was called Rattlesnake.

6. Now the people of the tribe of Alpinites had toiled hard and had made them booths wherein they did make known their skill in campcraft.

7. And the multitude descended upon the booths of William, he of the merry heart, who had bedecked himself in shirt of white; and of a comely maiden garbed in raiment of many colors and of a certain wise man of exceeding dignity who had great power with the Conservationites and Sierrakims and Alpinites.

8. And the maiden holding on high sundry cards of white in her right hand, did call upon the multitude in a great voice, crying: Verily, verily, I say unto ye, approach and join the tribe of Conservationites, and behold that which one simoleon will do; and the wise man of great dignity gathered in the shekels which the people did offer;

9. And William poured forth words beseeching the throng to write their names in his book, which they did. And they that wrote were about three hundred; and there were some that wrote not.

10. And certain others did roll and unroll blankets many times and did show the throng how to make them beds in the wilderness.

11. Now there dwelt in a certain village on the eastern slope of the mountain a man named Clyde, unto whom it was given to be known the mysteries of dehydrated foods, who did build him a booth wherein he wrought miracles. And when the people came, he bespake these words unto them, saying:

12. Behold, twigs and dried leaves which I do place in basins of water become apples and spinach and loganberries; and the people marveled and passed on.

13. And there were Alpinites who did wrap potatoes and fish in paper and did fix meat on long rods, and did fasten fish to a board with nails and twine, and did cook the food in this manner. And they gave to the hungry multitude morsels to taste thereof.

14. Likewise, two youths heaved great and mighty pancakes in the air and caught them again in their pans; and they were still whole. And the maiden Alice did cover the pancakes with syrup rich and sweet to tempt the multitude, and they did take, eat and rejoice.

15. And a man of dark countenance, called Tony, did fix an animal on the forked stick and thrust it into the fire until it was well done; and the odor arising therefrom had

drawn a great throng in the manner of ants after the honeycomb. Whereupon he turned upon the multitude and spake these words, saying:

16. This which Thou beholdest is a rabbit; and some believed him and tasted the meat. But there were they who in the night before had hearkened unto feline cries of anguish which rent the air, and they winked at the others and believed not; neither did they taste.

17. And the multitude came unto a booth wherein a lean youth of great stature and one of small stature did bake corn bread and biscuits in ovens. And two plump maidens did divide the bread and biscuits among those who stretched forth their hands.

18. And there were those who came twice and feared not, for it was known unto them that the way home was down-hill.

19. And when the sun was low in the heavens, the multitude gathered together their goods and did depart amid great rejoicing. Selah.

NORMA H. PINTHER

THE LURE OF ALASKA

BY SADE MICHAEL

YOU have but to go to Alaska, the land of dizzy mountains and deep valleys, of dazzling glaciers and enchanting shorelines, to feel the lure of it. It plucks at the heart strings and challenges you to stay, to become a part of its vast domain.

The trip along the coast line of this great, white land is a most fascinating ocean voyage, fascinating because of the variety of the scenery, and because of the fact that it is inside passage and so like traveling up a lake. In the summer visitors flock toward this wonderland.

As the boat goes north the scenery changes. First the British Columbia coast-line is in evidence, with its soft wooded mountains sloping directly into the water, and its myriad dancing waterfalls. In the background the snow peaks loom up gracefully and majestically, a promise of the monuments yet to come.

We begin to see real Alaskan scenery, a riot of stupendous grandeur Mile after mile of jagged peaks descend precipitously into the water's edge, with here and there a honeycombed glacier slowly creeping down the valley. Sometimes they come down in threes and fours, greedily usurping the rugged canyons of the Mountain-side. Their white masses reflect the sun at a thousand different angles and dazzle with their diamond-like brilliance, How cold and heartless they seem in their relentless advance and yet how alluring. They appear to invite, to bid you explore their giant pinnacles and treacherous pits. They flaunt a hundred ice and snow formations in your face and call, "Come, come," until their cold tongues wrap around your heart and claim it as their own. You fear and yet you are fascinated.

It is the freshness and the freedom that grips you and calls with a voice so strong that you always feel it luring you to return. There is something so big, so vast and stupendous

about it that you forget the outside world. For here is a land far from civilization and petty things. Vast and strong and cruel, but with a cruelty that makes you worship though you fear.

Then come the nights. Nowhere are there nights like those of Alaska. The hush and mystery make you commune deeply with your soul and wonder how man dare put himself before all else. The stillness grips you, and the far-away civilized world becomes so small and insignificant. You want to stay forever in this sweet solitude, this artists' paradise where all sharp lines are softened.

As the boat travels northward you see the midnight sun and the enchanting twilight that glows into the early hours of morning. Nature uses her most delicate tints in her Alaskan skies, and her most vivid. Toward dawn the daintiest of pinks and blues and lavenders blend into a panorama of exquisite beauty, while the dusk offers a sky of flame with vivid orange, red and purple. You are reluctant to retire for fear you might miss the least wee bit of this grand moving-picture. A painter may see and feel the magnificence of the dome above him and the reflections in the mirror beneath, but his puny brush can never imitate this canvas of Nature. He may catch some of the colors but he can never convey the spirit, that indefinite something that grips and surrounds you, and makes you breathe a prayer of thankfulness that you are one of the chosen few to stand upon this threshold of mystery.

The white snows of the mountain peaks reflect the varied hues of the heavens, as their jagged fingers point upward. They stand sentinels over their domain and defy man to disturb their depths. Lonely they watch in eternal beauty, drinking of the crystalline waters at their feet.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF WHITNEY

Top of the world, from which we glimpse
  The beginnings of the thing that we call Nature.
From thy heights we vision lessons incomprehensible
  Or half understood, from which the mind shrinks
And the sick'ning body recoils
  Lest it understand the price at which the earth is built.

HELEN WILD

THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN

BY BESSIE S. WHITE

WHEN the little party of ten "gringos" boarded the train at San Lazaro station, Mexico City, bound for the historic pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, on Sunday. June 26th, 1921, one of them at least was inspired by that desire so characteristic of Nature lovers to get out of the City with its cares and worries for one glorious day and enjoy it to the full in the wide open stretches of plateau land that makes up the beautiful Valley of Mexico. Many times in bygone days had that same "call of the open" caused her to forsake her couch early on a Sunday morning to join the "Alpiners" on an excursion over some wooded trail in California.

San Juan Teotihuacan, meaning in the language of the Aztecs, "City of the Gods," lies twenty-seven miles northeast of Mexico City. The journey thither is most interesting, taking the traveller through quaint little Indian pueblos made up of adobe huts hedged in by bristling organ cactus, past innumerable churches whose domes tower above the little houses clustering about them, and through fertile "haciendas" requiring a small colony of Indians for their cultivation. For nearly the entire distance can be seen the lofty snow-clad peaks of Mt. Popocatepetl (Smoke Mountain) and Mt. Ixtaccihuatl (White Woman), the former having an elevation of 17,782 feet and the latter 16,060 feet. These two mountains can be seen for the greater part of the journey to the Pyramids, rising up in lofty grandeur, dominating the peaceful valley in vast panorama reaching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific.

Having arrived at San Juan Teotihuacan, a small mule-drawn "horse-car" took us within a mile of the Pyramids. From this point we walked the remaining distance through great "pulque vineyards," as one of our party called the patches of maguey plants. From these plants is drawn the pulque, the most common alcoholic beverage used in Mexico, and especially relished by the peons.

The Pyramid of the Sun is approximately 760 feet long, 720 feet wide and 216 feet high. It tapers gradually in terraces toward the top which is a level stone floor about 60 by 100 feet. Flights of stairs leading to the summit, on the east side of the mound, are of various degrees of steepness. There seemed to be a thousand steps to climb ere I reached the top, but far be it from an erstwhile Alpiner to shirk, so I forged ahead though my knees quivered, my head swam and my heart pounded like a trip-hammer, as I finally reached the topmost ledge, 7500 feet above sea level.

From my advantageous position at the summit of this stupendous monument to the sun, equal in volume to that of the great pyramid of Egypt and of similar formation, I obtained an excellent view of the "City of the Gods." About one-half mile to the north lies the Pyramid of the Moon, not unlike that dedicated to the Sun, but smaller. The base measures 511 by 426 feet and the height 150 feet. The top is 25 feet square. Accurate records declare that both pyramids are composed of five layers of earth or volcanic rock, each layer a complete pyramid in itself. Their outer surfaces are faced with masonry and plastered over with a thin coating of cement or fine mortar.

Toward the west from the "Sun"

PHOTO BY BESSIE S. WHITE

THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN

is another huge pyramid. All of these pyramids were until recently covered with earth so they resembled more or less symmetrical hills, with perhaps a more studied arrangement than Nature is apt to bestow. It was at first thought that the early tribes who built the pyramids covered them over with earth as a means of protection from their enemies. The present theory is that the ash and cinders from the erupting volcanoes, combined with the settling of dust, have through the centuries formed a cover. At the time excavations revealed the pyramids beneath, this cover was a yard thick. The latter pyramid is called "La Ciudadela,' from its resemblance to a citadel or fortress, which was no doubt the purpose for which it was erected.

Somewhat south of the Pyramid of the Moon and extending in a general southerly direction is a covered avenue "El Camino de los Muertos" (The path of the Dead). Excavations here have revealed tombs containing human bones, heads modeled in terra cotta, implements made of obsidian and various articles of pottery. The striking resemblance of features of some of the clay heads excavated to those excavated in Egypt, as well as the similarity in the construction of the Pyramids in the old and the new world, support the theory that the first inhabitants of Mexico originated from Egypt. It is believed they traced their route by means of these huge mounds which extend from Yucatan in a northwesterly direction through central Mexico and on into Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado.

Scattered over the surrounding territory are hundreds of smaller mounds, many of which are believed to contain pyramids perhaps symbolic of the stars. This will be determined shortly, as the Mexican Government is actively engaged in further excavations.

These remains of what were probably great cities originally, are practically the same today as when they were found by Cortez four centuries ago. While it is impossible to estimate their age correctly, it is known they were built before the sixth century and recent archaeological studies have advanced the opinion that they may even antedate the historic Pyramids of Egypt.

The Mexican Government has established a Museum at San Juan Teo-

tihuacan to house the various articles of historic interest found here, such as statues, images, stone heads and faces, pottery, arrow-heads, snake heads, used so frequently and symbolically in Aztec and Toltec architecture.

It is the policy of the Government to claim all relics of archaeological value that might throw light upon the origin and history of the ancient tribes who dwelt in these domains. There is, alas, too little data of unquestioned authenticity to establish much more than conjecture concerning these highly cultured peoples, owing to the ruthless destruction of most of their records and all of their cities by the Spaniards at the time of the Conquest.

PHOTO BY L. R. KESSING

DEVIL'S CRAGS

A FORCED CAMP ABOVE TIMBERLINE

BY WM. A. HORSFALL

A FORCED camp above timberline in California's mountains is rather an unusual experience. The frosty happenings of an eventful evening as indelibly etched in the memory of the writer, may prove of interest.

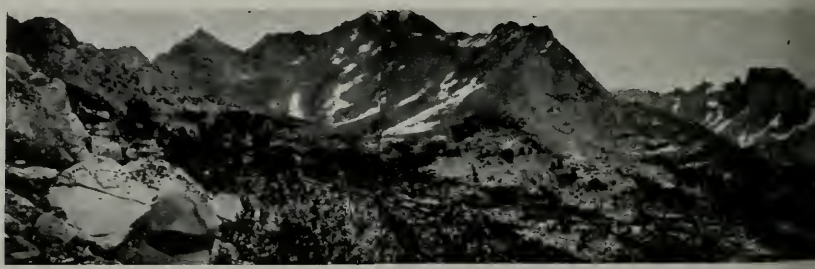
Starting from Giant Forest on the Kaweah River, five of us wended our way toward the Kern Watershed. Owing to the extremely heavy snowfall of the previous winter we sent back our burros at Mineral King to knapsack over Franklin Pass, and to be our own burden-bearers for the remainder of the trip. It was well that we so determined, for Franklin Pass was still clogged with snow and very hard going for our weary feet. The crest of the pass was reached at sunset and our hurried descent to timberline at the source of Rattlesnake Creek, tributary to the Kern River, completely exhausted our energies. Fuel for the fire was gathered and although we had plenty of food in our knapsacks, we gladly rolled into our blankets, supperless.

We were early astir, delightfully refreshed by a soothing slumber and when the wholesome breakfast was partaken of, the journey down beautiful Rattlesnake Creek to the Kern began. Avalanche wrecks barred our way frequently, causing many detours, but as the entire route was replete with interesting meadows, falls and typical forests, we came all too soon to the zig-zag trail which marks the abrupt drop to the restless Kern River.

Enjoyable indeed were the days we spent in crossing the Kern itself to wander along Volcano Creek, over Siberian Pass, through the Outpost and on to Crabtree Meadow, from which point we climbed Mt. Whitney, with ideal weather conditions to assist our every effort.

Harrison Pass was the objective of the next day's trip and we proceeded toward the gap to the right of Mt. Ericson, which peak stands guard to the west of the pass itself. The twin spires of Deerhorn Mountain beckoned to us and we knew upon consulting our maps, that our route lay directly for that beacon. Reassured by the advice of a passing cattleman, we expected to find fuel at South American Lake, but imagine our dismay when we arrived, to see before us a high mountain tarn, completely frozen. There was no alternative but to negotiate the Pass and continue on down to East Lake toward the South Fork of the Kings River for our night camp.

Several hours of daylight remained and we hastened to the crest of Harrison Pass, the journey consuming about one hour and a half from South



THE KEARSARGE PINNACLES

American Lake. Standing on the crest with dangerous cornices of snow under our feet, we gazed with awe upon the scene about us. A sheer cliff dropped to a very steep snowslope below and we could see no possible way of descending. We reconnoitered with the expectation of discovering a feasible route, but each scout returned to present a worried countenance and a dismal report. We knew that there must be a way through, and as the day was fast drawing to a close, we decided, if possible, to retrace our steps to timber and wait for the morrow. We had traveled many weary miles from the last remnants of fox-tail pines, and the prospect of a frosty night without fire stared mockingly in our faces. Darkness was approaching rapidly.

We marched as speedily as possible in the direction from which we had come, but soon were convinced of the futility of trying to reach timber that night. A halt was called as the last beams of daylight played on the summits of the surrounding peaks. We scattered to inspect the terrain for a likely campsite. In a short time a shout was heard. We all gathered to pass favorable judgment on a nook, where huge rocks formed protecting sides from the chilly winds that swept down from the heights about the small plateau. In this meager shelter five exhausted mountaineers decided to recline for the night, at an elevation of about 12,000 feet, with no fire to warm them and a penetrating coldness to chill their tired muscles.

Our waterproofed sheets were pinned together and with the aid of our fishing rods and a few small stones, we erected a shelter from the wind. With snow on all sides and so close at hand, we decided to sleep together in one small space for the sake of the bodily heat generated in mass formation. The five-man bed was upholstered with some of our blankets, while the remaining covers were placed over us. A candle was lighted and we ate a hearty and enjoyable supper of cheese, crackers, nuts, sweet chocolate and dried fruit.

One by one my companions dropped off into well earned slumber. I reviewed the experiences at the crest of the Pass and determined to search again the next day for the "way through," rather than retreat without a more determined effort. The breeze died down as I dozed off.

Toward morning I awoke with a throbbing headache. Apparently the others were asleeep and I wondered if I alone was so distressed. I listened for sounds of wakefulness on the part of my companions, and finally spoke softly to one who seemed to be restless. He too was tortured with a severe headache. We roused the others and discovered that the closeness of our shelter proved well-nigh impervious to the necessary volume of atmosphere. The breeze had ceased its searching out of the small apertures, so with no compelling force to furnish us with a new supply, the necessary oxygen in our crude tent was practically exhausted.

ISON

FROM KEARSARGE PASS

We hastened to provide vents and when the task was completed gazed through them upon a scene of infinite wildness. Massive granite mountains with huge patches of snow stood out in the ghostly light of the moon, which rode high in the heavens. No sound broke the great stillness. Daytime trickles from melting snow were now motionless in the grip of the

MT. ERICCSON

frost. A peaceful reassuring calm prevailed and although I realized that our camp was pitched among the titans in an arctic setting, I personally enjoyed to the utmost this frozen scene from the heights.

But soon the chilly surroundings of our high camp drove us into our blankets and with a bountiful supply of fresh air, our discomfort soon disappeared. We slept surprisingly well on the roof of the earth, until the dawn of a new day. Our morning preparations were livened by struggles with frozen boots and the phenomenon of seeing water freeze in the short passage from a small ice-broken basin to the lips.

Nothing but a thorough and painstaking inspection of the Pass wou'd now satisfy us. Accordingly we all set out for the crescent shaped rim, which we carefully investigated with a wholesome respect for the numerous unstable snow cornices. A point near the centre of the crescent was selected for initial attack. With the aid of ledges, rock outcrops and the ever reliable rope, we hoped to make a successful descent to the wild basin at the head of East Creek, tributary to the South Fork of the Kings River. Our plans made, we journeyed back to our camp for breakfast and our belongings.

Returning to the Pass we carefully started down, trying out each hand and foothold before trusting our precious limbs to the dangers below. Practically an hour sped by and seemingly with the worst over, we rested in a small saddle behind a little pinnacle of rock, to gaze upon a very steep snow slope which swept away from our feet to the small lake basin probably one half a mile below. One of the party volunteered to explore a bit and with our consent he disappeared beyond the pinnacle. A few minutes intervened and I anxiously called out to him, asking how he was faring. A chilly silence was my only answer. The four of us mutely questioned each other with horrified glances.

My pace quickened by apprehension, I reached the spot where he had disappeared and looked down the steep snow slide. There he was, a little black figure against the white expanse, comically dwarfed by the distance. He was energetically waving his arms and kicking up his legs, as if hardly able to convince himself that some member of his anatomy had not become detached from its proper position. We later learned that he had had a beautiful glissade thrust upon him as he was trying out the

firmness of the snow. The suddenness of his slip and start had prevented his crying out to us for assistance.

Thankful for the safety of our companion, we started down slowly and carefully. Forced glissading had no lures for us. Cautioning the others, I led, cutting laborious steps in the snow and ice with a hatchet. I had just completed the twentieth step. The success of my handiwork was lending confidence and vim to my swinging arm. Suddenly the hatchet glanced sideways and flew into the air. I followed it, and with a momentum too swift to permit of coherent thinking, I sped to join our applauding companion at the bottom.

Shaking off the snow, I called back to the others who were waiting fearfully on those snowy stairs, that I was all right. Misunderstanding me to say that the slide was all right, and fired with the desire of emulation, down came bag and baggage, accompanied by a whirl of snow as from a rotary. We had the fulfilment of our wish for a quick and easy descent thrust upon us.

With Harrison Pass and our high, lonely camp behind us, and the delightful anticipation of a cup of steaming coffee at timberline below to lure us on, our pace on the trail toward East Lake lengthened joyfully.

SHASTA IN A STORM

BY MARCUS DAVIS

ON May 28, 1920, three of us set out on what chanced to be a very perilous pilgrimage to Mt. Shasta. Of this peak, which towers 14,161 feet above ocean level in the northern part of California, I had heard varied tales from inveterate hikers. None of these however, ascended at such an early time of the year as Decoration Day. Great significance is laid on this difference in season, even by such a veteran as our leader, who had four Shastas for epaulettes to start out with.

On the train we met several who told us disheartening stories. So well informed of possible mishaps appeared some of these sojourners, that they looked upon us with pity.

The following morning at about six o'clock, the train stopped at Gerber. We went out to greet the rising sun that emerged from the purple-hued horizon, touching gently the snowcaps of the loftiest peaks as if to wake them to morning prayer. The valley, while we were looking on, became tinged in a rosy light that reflected from the zenith, spreading glory everywhere. Shasta revealed itself in the north wearing a mantel of majestic beauty. Thereto the train was actuated. Creeping like a serpent along the banks of the Sacramento River, it passed through many uncultivated fields and rocky regions, devastated by smelters of the mines adjacent to the railroad.

We arrived at Dunsmuir at noon, glad to relax and lift our heads. While strolling about we noticed a mysterious ring of haze encircling the sun. This was interpreted by the natives to signify stormy days ahead, while flying drifts of clouds apparently confirmed their prediction. The remain-

der of our railroad travel took us through picturesque scenes of steep rugged slopes, homely granite rocks and a swiftly running river, which was crossed again and again. Moss Brae Falls, a short distance before Shasta Springs, wields a bewildering fascination. Such striking greenness is seldom seen, as this wide moss-tapestried carpet, over which a stream runs merrily.

Soon after our arrival at Sisson at 2:30 p. m., we started afoot toward our goal. It was a hot, arid and dusty trail. Our feet sank in the volcanic ash, but onward and upward we kept going with few stops, as we were anxious to reach timberline before dark. With always an expectant hope for a running stream, we moved on steadily. But soon our gait slackened on the steep trail. Oh for a drink of water! A cold blast of wind struck us. I began to feel the perspiration freezing on me.

Presently we sighted the first patch of snow lying in a spruit shielded by heavy shadows of stately firs. The odor of balsam strongly pervaded the air. We found that the snow had little thrist-quenching properties, but to satisfy the craving desire we ate heartily of it. It relieved for a while, but gave little relief in the long run.

Three miles to the "Equine Pavilion" a sign pointed. Traversing a piny trail, which lost itself in trackless snow, we at times spread in acute angles to recover it. The air grew thinner all the while. At 6:30 p. m. we reached the open space contiguous to Horse Camp. Looking through the magnifying shadows at the dead trees strewn over it which were undoubtedly the result of an avalanche we received the startling impression of a dreary necropolis. Having no choice, we here decided to establish camp. After vainly looking for water, we settled down to the monotonous task of melting snow over a log-fire that henceforth was our cheering and beguiling friend.

The retreating sun withdrew its last gleam and into the dusk arose the song of the crickets, the chirp of a lone bird and the rustling of the trees. A calm twilight fell, escorting a frigid atmosphere that portended a biting frost. The moon, rising shortly after sunset, cast its dim light over the pine forest. The spire of every tree appeared illuminated, giving an impression of Candlemas. The night prevailed. Innumerable stars, charged with red, white and steel-blue colors shed their brilliancy over unfathomable space.

After replenishing the fire and bidding good night to Shasta, that stood in dignified guard over us, we three crawled into our pine-needle cot to hide from the wind that had suddenly sprung up. Although we succeeded in hiding, we surrendered the night's sleep.

At 4:00 a.m., we arose with every muscle in our bodies protesting. The embers resurrected, we soon heard the snow sizzle in the pot. We warmed our insides with coffee that tasted like sage and pine needles seasoned with spanish, due to the quality of the snow. Turning toward the giant mountain brought us face to face with its chilly breath. It surely was cold. Six feet away from the fire, hot water froze in a few minutes.

But soon our hearts filled with desire for achievement, and a conviction of ability that would not recognize failure. The steep incline begins at timberline. Here the storm, which had been threatening all the while, met us with a defiant challenge. Thumb Rock, 3000 feet above, spelled "Beware." As the forest vanished, the air became lighter and lighter. Ten throbs to every respiration. The lungs craved oxygen, while the altitude turned the head giddy. Continuous effort wrestled with a furious gust and was un-

failingly outflanked. Our speed at first was reduced to a crawl; then to frequent stops, and finally to counting of paces. In such a state of exhaustion, a fierce wind struck us as we reached the shoulder of the first precipice past Thumb Rock. Around Pumice Ridge, the storm raged in mad frenzy. Although depleted of energy and stupified, we staggered onward step by step.

Few can realize what it means to face a diabolic blast in a weakened condition, unless they themselves have had a similar experience. The bare, tawny lava tracts, that looked like broken porcelain, were avoided as much as possible, as the snow was safer to walk on. I took to the side of a ledge seeking a little relief from the drumming wind, and upon reaching the ridge found our leader alone. He explained that our companion had given up. Upon rejoining him we found that his hands had begun to freeze. He decided to drop down to a sheltered spot.

Under a well-nigh unbearable strain, step by step we made our way to a level spot resembling the shape of a monster's neck, uplifted and turned angular. A few spurry rocks on the crest of its head designated the crown of Shasta.

A sulphurous odor surged and swerved around from all sides, temporarily stunning me. With half-opened eyes I was hardly able to glimpse through the cutting sleet. We were at the head of a giant glacier that curved to both sides. Looking down this glacier our eyes could not measure its length. As we came nearer to the sulphur spring, we realized that we would have to get along without a drink, for there was a crust of ice on its surface that rendered our tools and hands entirely inadequate for breaking it. Besides we had no intention of becoming denizens of this region, or trying to make friends with the wind that reigned supreme and unhindered. It showed no abatement for the sake of our pleasant company, but rather rushed from us, hooting and whizzing. No living person could have endured any length of time under such conditions. Our attempt to observe the surroundings was frustrated by the havoc-dealing fury that shook the very foundation of this mighty peak, causing us to waver and totter. We took pictures of each other, but made no attempt to locate the

PHOTO BY J. C. HOGAN

MT. SHASTA

register or the five glaciers, being glad to flee from the inhospitable elements that controlled the mountain.

I followed the leader downward, entirely too weak to utter complaint. A feeling that ingenuity might outwit the storm made me prepare a special seat from a patent-automobile cover, and down asliding I went. Soon, however, I discovered what this cloth was made for, as I felt a cool sensation coming from the frozen snow. Our leader seated himself on a rock and started going. Soon our third friend followed in hot pursuit. Directing our way with Alpenstocks we managed all right for a distance, but I left my patent seat as a tribute to Shasta, and our friend, having no special patent, left his regular seat. Our leader considered it sufficient to leave the cord from his corduroys.

We reached Horse Camp at 2:45 p. m. Here we noticed a dripping snow-patch. Our alcohol stove worked. Soup cubes furnished a delicious delicacy and rendered first aid to our weakened state. That night our leader slept as near the burning logs as they would permit, and kept them blazing through the night.

The next day afforded enough time to pack up, take pictures and last, but not least, patch things up. Near Sisson we found genuine water. We had our first regular wash and someone procured a large pie. Everything was real again. Needless to say, the shining lamps in the train did not interfere with our sleep that night.

TAMALPAIS WILD FLOWERS

BY ALICE EASTWOOD

THIS list was made on Thanksgiving Day in a year when Mt. Tamalpais was favored by early fall rains more copious than elsewhere in the region around San Francisco Bay. A warm, dry November followed, with day after day of continued sunshine and nights so warm, that even at the end of the month mosquitos were troublesome in some parts of Mill Valley. These favorable weather conditions awakened some of the spring flowers from their dormant condition, and kept many of the summer flowers still in bloom. The plants noted were collected on the south slope of the mountain along the railroad, the West Point trail, and from Rock Spring to Rattlesnake Camp and Muir Woods, thence back to Mill Valley by the railroad and the old Throckmorton trail. A more extended exploration would doubtless have added others to the list, but it was not possible to go over the entire mountain in one day. The south side was chosen as having more sunshine, less wind from the north, and ever-flowing springs and streams that lengthen the blooming period of many plants.

The different species can be most conveniently grouped according to whether their period of greatest bloom is in the spring or summer, or to be more exact, the wet or dry season.

Beginning with the spring flowers, the first to bloom is the pink-flowered manzanita, Arctostaphylos canescens. This has gray-green foliage, intricately branched red-brown stems, and is laden with lovely pink blossoms. It

grows on steep, gravelly slopes, and begins to bloom when very young. The seedlings come up in great abundance after a fire, which kills the old plants. Its flowers appear soon after the first good rain, which is between the months of October and January. A compact manzanita quite different in appearance is Arctostaphylos nummularia. It has round glossy, bright green leaves, an erect bushy habit, and stems with a halo of soft fine hairs. Its flowers are always to be found, but at this time the bushes were dotted all over with small clusters of tiny white urns. Near Muir Woods, another species, Arctostaphylos virgata, was also in bloom. It has tall, erect stems, clothed on the young growth with spreading hairs, and rather viscid, especially in the clusters of white flowers that tip each erect branch. The leaves are thin for a manzanita, bright green and show relationship with A. Andersoni of the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Four species of Ceanothus, or California lilac, were noted. The earliest, Ceanothus foliosus, is a low spreading bush with small dark green leaves that give forth a delicious aromatic fragrance, from the abundant oil glands. Small clusters of dark blue flowers clothe these leafy stems and add their beauty to the fragrance of the leaves, to make this shrub most delightful. Ceanothus cuneatus ramosus comes next. At this time a few flowers only had appeared, so the lavendar tone which it later gives to the areas where it monopolizes the ground was not yet apparent. Its leaves and stems are opposite, the latter very stiff. When in flower, the odor is strong and disagreeable. The tree-lilac, Ceanothus thyrsiflorus, produced a few bunches of flowers on a single bush growing in a warm, sheltered nook. This species is most like a true lilac in the size and shape of its flower clusters, and later the lovely flowers are so abundant that the bushes seem to mirror the azure sky. Ceanothus Jepsoni also sported a few flowering twigs on an occasional bush. This has small clusters of purplish flowers, each individual blossom being larger than those of the other species. It is often mistaken for an oak on account of its smooth, glossy, spiny-edged leaves and stiff, spreading, tough branches.

Garrya elliptica, the fringe bush or quinine bush is generally in bloom as early as the first manzanitas. This was an off year and only a few bushes were decked with these graceful fringes of gray-green strings of bells. the mountain. The California laurel, Umbellularia californica, had been in bloom for weeks. At Rock Spring the trees sparkled with the clusters of golden flowers. One Iris, the low matted Iris macrosiphon, was found on a warm, grassy hillside in Mill Valley, and Iris Douglasiana was brought to me from a canyon near Bolinas. Another member of the Iris family, Blue-eyed-grass, Sisyrinchium bellum, was seen in several places. The Lily Family was represented by the Zygadene, Zygadenus Fremontii, a single plant in bloom two weeks before Thanksgiving in a warm, sheltered place where wild strawberries, Fragaria californica, were in flower and even showed reddening fruits. Also, the hound's tongue was in bloom in certain spots where I have always found it earliest.

Buttercups, Ranunculus Californious, and poppies, Eschischoltzia Californica, were blooming in many places. In the woods the pink Wood-sorrel, Oxalis oregana, had evidently been blooming for some time, as both flowers and young seed-pods appeared on many plants. The common yellow weed, Oxalic corniculata, was also present. Holy grass, Hierochloa macrophylla, was seen in bloom, together with a few plants of miners lettuce, Montia perfoliata. Along the railroad track, Helianthemum scoparium decked its low, reedy, almost leafless stems with bright yellow flowers, sug-

PHOTO BY L. R. KESSING

ASPENS AT BLANEY MEADOWS

gesting drops from the sun. It is ever-blooming, as are also the Azalea and Chinquapin. The Azaleas were lovely amid the gorgeous red of their autumn leaves.

The Cypresses were in flower for some time, and on many of the trees the yellow flowers had become brown. How attractive they are when in bloom, and how delicious the odor from their foliage. The redwoods, also, are tinged with yellow-brown from their myriads of flowers.

Among the summer flowers that have held over, members of the Composite Family take first place. Twenty-eight species were seen in bloom, some very seedy and about ready to give up. I noted two Wormwoods, Artemisia californica and heterophylla; two Gum-plants, Grindelia Rubricau is and cuneifolia; two Dandelions, Agoseris heterophylla and Hypochaeris radicata; the Sow thistle, Sonchus oleraceus; the Hawk-weed, Hieracium albiflorum, Adenocaulon bicolor; golden rod, Solidago Californica; pearly Everlasting, Anaphalis margaritacea, Sneezeweed, Helenium puberulum; three Everlastings, Gnaphalium purpureum, microcephalum and ramosissimum, the last with the odor of slippery-elm; the Flea bane, Erigeron canadensis; two Golden Yarrows, Eriopliyllum; the gorgeous Thistle, Cirsium occidentale, and the introduced one, Cirsium arvense. The most noticeable composite blooming in the fall on the mountainside has been aptly named the Golden Fleece, by the inventor of the gravity-car, Mr. Thomas; it is Ericameria arborescens. The stems are often six feet or more in height and the growth in clumps several feet in circumferance, densly clothed except at the base by leaves resembling pine needles, and surmounted by plume-like clusters of yellow flowers. The other composites are the pink-flowered Stephanomeria virgata; the white tarweed, Calycadenia cephalotes; the yellow tarweed, Hemizonia luzulaefolia; two kinds of Aster, namely Aster radicatus and Chilensis; the yarrow

PHOTO BY EDWARD P. WEBB

GROUSE MEADOW

Achilla millefolium; brass buttons, Cotula coronopifolia, and the common groundsel, senecio vulgaris.

Nothing was more lovely than the Morning Glory. It has been blooming for months, garlanding the ugly burnt trees and shrubs in such a graceful fashion. An occasional yellow disk is seen on the stems of the Bush Poppy, Dendromecon rigida. The Toyon, Heteromeles arbutifolia, had but few berries, but a belated cluster of white blossoms appeared on some of the fruiting bushes. The Chemisal, Adenostoma fasciculatum, tones the mountain-side brown, and occasionally has a spray of tiny white flowers on a bush here and there. The Chapparal Pea, Xylothermia californica, is also an occasional bloomer. I saw several plants of the low red-purple Polygala californica in flower, a single nightshade, Solanum nigrum; the Hedge Nettle, Stachys bullata, and Phacelia californica with its thick-curved clusters of purplish flowers. At Rattlesnake Camp the beds of Parnassia californica were still in bloom, although the seed pods were more abundant than the white flowers. A few Wild Roses had flowers and most beautiful red fruits. The Salmon Berry, Rubus-parviflorus, appeared lovely, with its large white flowers amid beautiful lobed leaves. Whipplea Modesta tipped its trailing stems with small clusters of white flowers along shady streambanks.

Four members of the Umbelliferae were represented, Carum Keloggii, Angelica californica, Cogswellia macrocarpa and Velaea Kelloggii, the last two being spring bloomers .

The Figwort family added the sticky Monkey-flower, Diplacus glutinosus; the cardinal Mimulus, M. cardinalis; the Paint Brush, Castillea foliolosa; the Bee-plant, Scrophularia californica, and the blue Snap-dragon, Antirrhinum vagans. A few St. John Worts, Hypericum concinum; the Willow Herb, Epilobium adenocaulon; the California Fuchsia, Zauschneria californica; the Pimpernel, Anagallis arvensis; the Sand Spurry, Spergula arvenisis and Chickweed were all present but not in abundance. The Cruciferea added the Winter Cress, Barbarea vulgaris, the Radish, Raphanus Sativus; the Wild Turnip, Brassica campestris; the Tooth-wort, Dentaria californica, and one very poor specimen of Jewel-flower, Streptantlus hispidus. Eriogonum nudum and Nortoni were still blooming; these are sometimes called California buckwheat owing to the seeds being similar. A stray blossom of alfalfa was seen near West Point, and the Scotch broom was in full flower above Mill Valley. A Wild Pea, Lathyrus, is an early bloomer and was in flower in Mill Valley along Summit Avenue. Shrubby lupines had begun to bloom. These like the plants of the Cruciferae, belong to the spring. The silvery-leaved lupine, Lupinus fallotax, is covering much of the area left bare by the recent fire. The other species, Lupinus rivularis, has greener foliage, darker blue and more fragrant flowers and prefers moister situations.

The Madrones colored the hillsides with their branches laden with red berries, the honeysuckle vines climbed over bushes still holding their glossy red fruits, the snow berry or wax berry bushes, were lovely, laden with their pure white berries, and the coffee-berry bushes were full of both flowers and fruits, the berries being in all stages from green to black. At the end of the day my list showed thirty-five truly spring flowers, and fifty-nine that are ever in bloom or distinctly summer flowers. The Tamalpais region is truly a garden-spot throughout the year.

THE TIMBERLINER

BY ALAN CRITCHER

EACH year sees an increasing number of candidates for the degree of Timber Liner, seeking the University of the Great High Places. And many incidental lessons in self-reliance and unselfishness, unconsciously learned, are included in that curriculum.

All journeys start in the foot hills; the trail is hot, dusty and steep, and the pack heavy. The weary pilgrim, with sweat in his eyes and dust in his mouth struggles on, sustained by the hope of the Earthly Paradise ahead. By imperceptible degrees he passes from foothill to mountain, the air cools and clears, the country, ceasing to be merely beautiful, becomes grand, and he sees the first snowflower and aspen grove.

When he has earned sufficient altitude he will sleep cold o'nights, and in his fitful awakenings fear that morn will never come. At the first intimation of day, he creeps half-frozen from his bed, and ere the welcome sun shines full upon his numbed body he has laboriously started his breakfast fire. He crouches over his blaze to thaw while his breakfast cooks. And when ready, that plain and simple fare excels the very Ambrosia of Olympus.

His powers renewed, he shoulders his pack and seeks new heights to conquer. Each day his pack becomes lighter, his body stronger. He climbs from crag to crag, up the precipitous side of some mighty peak, exerting every energy until he stands breathless at the top. Around him are other peaks, elsewhere imposing, deep canyons and broad valleys. The panorama beggars his poor powers of description; the insect MAN is for the moment purged of conceit, for once at least he appreciates his real importance.

At night he loafs before a cheerful fire; how sapient he grows, how clear all things become, the very Riddle of the Universe he plainly reads. He has no news from the world outside, and wants none; he little cares what folly concerns the poor ants in their lowland hills, what wars and rumors of wars, what crises call forth fresh windy mouthings from politicians. Until he too, must again descend, he is set free.

Overtaken by a passing thunder shower, he improvises such shelter as he may. And there he harkens to the Orchestra of the Gods, each note freighted with such sublimity and awefullness as is lent only by the sounding board on which it is played. Crashing, resounding and reverberating from peak to peak, peal succeeds peal, each heralded by its own blinding flash. Being for the nonce primitive, he understands at last why man once believed lightning to be the very bolt of Jove.

Having forced an inhospitable Nature to tolerate his presence, he has demonstrated his right to survive and linked himself with his ancestors of the cave.

CLIMBING UNIVERSITY PEAK

BY DON TRIPP

THE Sergeant Major, the Professor, the Judge, and the Captain grouped around the campfire, on the shores of Bullfrog Lake for the after-supper council. Watching the Alpine glow over the high, sharp peaks, their hearts expanded with a large content. Sleeping-bags, resting on springy pine boughs, lay invitingly just beyond the flickering circle of firelight. The waters of the lake lapped gently on the shore, reflecting the greenish white light in the heavens.

Four days on the trail through the Kings River Canyon, by Rae Lake over Glenn Pass, had made of us primitive men again. Calls of ambition sounded faint and far away, holding for us no interest. To accomplish a long, hard tramp under a heavy knapsack, to eat, to sleep to lie upon the banks of a Sierra lake while the greenish white glow faded and the stars came out—these made for us a world of charm. It was good to be alive.

The party, now in excellent working trim, comprised all the elements of a successful expedition. The Sergeant Major, besides being geographer and official leader, occupied that all-important post, Chief Cook of the Outfit. His skill in the culinary art kept the members in good health and fine spirits. The Professor acted as First Assistant Cook, carefully nursing the fire along and stirring the eggs and mush awhile. The learned Judge was Handy Man in an advisory capacity. He took an interest in the preparation of the menu occasionally, and at other times rustled wood for the campfire, sometimes with such enthusiastic vigor as to prove detrimental to the handle of the camp axe. The Captain being elected Grand Carrier of the Culinary Implements by virtue of his spacious knapsack, naturally had to care for these utensils after meals. The gentle art of dish-cleaning, as practiced in the Sierra

PHOTO BY WALTER E. SCOTT

THE WELCOME PACK TRAIN

PHOTO BY M. F. MURPHY

WANDA LAKE

country, consists of scouring out the pans with sand or ashes, and a final polishing off with fir bough tips or tree moss. He usually sounded reveille and initiated the morning meal to the extent of starting the water boiling.

At the campfire it was decided to forego Sunday privileges, arise early next morning and climb University Peak, the highest point in the immediate vicinity. We then retired, but at three o'clock in the morning were aroused by the spectacle of a brilliant display of Northern Lights. The whole sky to the northward, just beyond Mt. Gould and Mt. Rixford, was a sheet of red flashes and the country in that vicinity appeared as if on fire. After a few minutes the red streaks became interspersed with white lights. Gradually the sky took on its normal hue. The exhibition over, we went to sleep again.

In spite of our interrupted slumber we arose and started early. Carrying only a lunch-sack and a camera proved quite a relief from the usual packs. Our course was taken up the Kearsarge Pass trail and around the lakes by that name. Leaving the trail, the route degenerated into a half-mile stretch of granite boulders some of them larger than houses. Then came the real climbing, first over a steep talus slope and then through a loose rock chimney to the saddle at the far end of the Kearsarge Pinnacles. Getting up into the saddle was the hardest part of the climb, for the remainder of the way was a gradual slope, steep but with a firm footing. Near the top, a knife-edge was encountered and it took some figuring just how to pass around the piles of granite blocks stuck up on edge.

The main pinnacle, some 400 feet above the knife-edge was soon accomplished and we stood upon the tip-top block of granite, 13,588 feet above tidewater. The old saying that there's always room at the top does not well apply here, for the crest of this peak is only a narrow pile of rocks.

It took six hours of strenuous exertion to reach that narrow spot, just for a few moments' sojourn. The majority of non-so-inclined who habitually stick close to sea level, would in all probability more than insinuate that some folks are not in their right minds, judging by the way they expend their energy. However, the great rewards are only for those who make the effort. The chief photographer took a number of mountain scenes and also a couple of group views so that we might have a record of our ascent. A Sierra Club register enclosed in a brass cyl-

inder was discovered and the names of the party were subscribed thereto. The first recorded ascent was in 1903. According to the record there were a number of adventurous spirits there since.

The weather was perfect and the view unrestricted in all directions. By aid of a topographic map the various peaks and other prominent features of the terrain were spotted. To the eastward we saw the Owens Valley, river and lake of that name, also the town of Independence just below and seemingly but a few hundred yards away. Across the valley and far to the northward the White Mountains rose over 10,000 feet. To the southeast we observed Williamson, Tyndall, Diamond Mesa, Junction Peak, and Mt. Bernard, all near the 14,000 foot mark. A cluster of nearer peaks hid from view California's highest, Mt. Whitney.

To the south and southwestward Mt. Stanford and Deerhorn Mountain were visible, likewise Milestone Mountain, Table Mountain and Mt. Brewer with its two attendants, the North and South Guards.

Looking westward we could see down the length of the Kings River Canyon, and out towards the San Joaquin Valley. The Kearsarge Pass and a bunch of little lakes on the east side of the pass lay directly north of us. Farther to the north and across the drainage area of the San Joaquin River we could distinguish the form of Mt. Ritter looming up against the skyline. The North Palisade was very plainly seen, and a host of other peaks of various shapes and shades were in view. The whole region was probably as bare of snow as it ever becomes.

We could not linger long on this rare spot, for it was many an hour back to camp. To return by the same route was not much to our liking on account of the necessity of retracing our steps over a big area of talus boulders. For this reason we decided to take a chance on a new route of descent, striking directly down the south slope of the mountain into the Center Basin. At three o'clock the grand slide commenced. Plowing through the soft dirt and loose rocks was fine going. All we had to do was to stand up and steer as we slid. While we found it easy to descend by the new route, we were glad we did not attempt to ascend the peak from the Center Basin side, for in places we might have slid back two feet to every one advanced.

Not more than 500 feet down from the top of the peak a snow rabbit was scared up. Whatever the little animal was doing at that place some 2000 feet above timber-line remains a mystery. It was probably not his accustomed haunt, but at any rate he was safe from his natural enemies for a while.

It took us an hour to drop 3200 feet to the trail in Center Basin, which is a continuation of Bubb's Creek Canyon. By coming down to Vidette Meadow and then over a thousand foot zig-zag trail to the camp at Bullfrog Lake, we had made a complete circle around the Kearsarge Pinnacles.

TRAIL MEMORIES

THERE'S a trail I will ever remember---
I've traveled it many a time---
I know not it's lowly beginnings,
We hit it just after a climb.

But ever it leads on and upward
Toward dear old Tamalpais' crest,
It's slope so gentle that seldom
The most recent hiker must rest.

Here winding 'mid close-crowding tree-trunks;
There out on a slope almost bare;
Here you catch a far gleam of the ocean;
There, mountain-tops. hazy and fair.

Half-way, this pleasant trail borders
A clearing, flat, grassy and small,
Surrounding the Council Rock, hoary,
Amid the trees, graceful and tall.

There's a spring and a stream at the clearing,
Quite welcome just after a tramp,
And it's there we'd drop knapsacks and blankets---
They call this spot Rattlesnake Camp.

It's often I've come out above it
(I'm not a fast walker at best)
To sniff the thin smoke of the camp-fires
E're greeting and joining the rest.

How pleasant the multiple odors
Of coffee and bacon and meat!
How cheerfull our anticipations!
Ah, *now* we'd have something to eat!

And then, if 'twas evening, the seeking
Of places to sleep, 'neath the sky
Where the sun thru the day had been shining
To make a bed pleasant and dry.

Supper over, the rock formed a back-drop
For programs that bubbled with fun,
And even the stars seemed to twinkle
At things that were there said and done.

Then, seeking our beds, we were carried
To dreamland with never a care,
While o'er us the sentinel tree-tops
Sang murmurous lullabys there.

How pleasant to wake in the morning
To breakfast, then onward to go;
The golden sun shining above us,
The fog in the valley below.

Did it matter just where we were going?
The pleasure was sure not to fail
Whenever we Alpiners journeyed
Abroad, o'er the old Pipe-line Trail.

A. H. HUTCHINSON

A PHILIPPINE VOLCANO

BY CHARLINE HARDACRE

Mt. Taal is located in Batangas Province about thirty miles from Manila. It is the highest point on an island which lies in the center of Lake Taal. This peaceful sheet of water was once a fiery crater-lake. By a sudden outburst one morning about two o'clock, the volcano, inactive for many years, made itself very much in evidence. We were awakened by a terrific explosion, and upon rushing to the window, beheld the sky in the south ablaze with a most wonderful display—flashes of lightning, sky rockets and a flaming mass of red. This spectacular sight, accompanied by violent earthquakes, filled us with fear for the things that might happen next.

About eight months later I joined a small party to explore Mt. Taal. From Manila to Batangas we passed through flat country, mostly rice paddies and groves of cocoanut interspersed with feathery bamboo, which often arched overhead, canopy-like. Here we put up at the little hotel and the next day started on our trip to the mountains. From the curious crowds that asssembled to watch us pass, we judged that Americans are not frequently seen in this locality. A circus parade could not have attracted any more attention.

Traveling in caratellas over several miles of rough road, leading through native barrios, we finally came to the crest of the hill, at the foot of which lies the lake. We now left our conveyances and made our way to the water's edge, over a steep trail obstructed by rocks and boulders. Our guide had bancas and bancaros ready to sail us across to the island; and sail it was, for the wind was our only motive power.

We found the island barren and covered with cinders, about eight feet thick and very hard to walk upon, owing to the fact that the crust is thin and breaks through on slightest presssure. Before the eruption there was a villlage here named Taal, which was completed buried by lava.

All the way up our curiosity had ran rampant. Another climb of two hundred feet brought us to the rim of the crater, where we were held speechless with awe and wonder at this odd phenomenon in nature's scheme of things. We gazed down into a huge, boiling, copper-colored caldron three hundred feet deep and one and one half miles across the top. Below were miniature rivers and lakes, and mountains and islands of lava, surrounded by deep steaming crevasses, all a brilliant mass of every shade of flame-color imaginable. Even as we watched, this fantastic topography constantly changed. With a hiss and a roar a scarlet mountain would collapse and flow off as a seething river; or an orange lake would explode, scattering its fire broadcast. We gazed spellbound and fascinated, waiting eagerly for each new outburst.

Would that I might convey the fiery color-scheme of it all, as darkness stole upon us. Imagine this tempestuous mass of reds and golds, in a frame of dark, velvety, tropical sky, to set off and enhance its brilliance. If it were magic by daylight, it was a thousand-fold more so by night. We were loath to turn back, for the longer we looked, the more enchanting it became. Although the rain was dropping, it took us awhile before we noticed it. This was one fire raindrops did not disturb.

PHOTO BY DON E TRIPP

FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. LYELL

WHAT HIKING MEANS TO BUSY MOTHER

Listen my children and you shall hear.
  What hiking means to "auld Mither dear":
It's dodging the broom and the dishes sky high
  And leaving the beds though the neighbors say "fie";

It's hauling to light each and every knapsack
  And hitting the pantry an awful hard whack,
Though at times there is nothing but very hard-tack
  To carry us there and all the way back—

But what do I care what the knapsack may hold
  For such as us, who dare be so bold
As to trample convention, and stray from the fold
  Of those who want honors and are seeking for gold—

What do I care, just so we can roam
  Afar o'er the hills, before we turn home,
With grass for our carpet and sky for our dome,
  And the couch which we lie on, of softest loam—

What do I care what the day will bring
  If it makes the voice and the heart to sing,
And the eyes to sparkle, the step to spring,
  And the mem'ry of youth to return and cling—

What do I care, Oh you Alpiners dear,
  What the world thinks of a mother so queer,
Who puts on trousers and answers "Here,"
  When the whistle is blown by the ones who steer.

MOTHER TAYSUM

1922 OUTING PROSPECTUS

THE Annual Outing Committee reports that it has selected as a prospective itinerary for the 1922 Sierra trip the territory traversed by the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin River. Scenic marvels of unheralded grandeur and beauty are extremely numerous along the line of the proposed march. Vermillion Valley, Lake of the Lone Indian, Cascade and Fish Valleys, the Devil's Postpile and Mammoth Lakes will be visited, and an opportunity to camp on the shores of Thousand Island Lake and scale Mt. Ritter and the Minarets will be afforded.

From the upper shores of Huntington Lake the party will travel by the Lower Hot Springs, Mono Creek and Silver Pass trail to Reds Meadows, where a base-camp will be established in order that the wonders of the Minaret region may be enjoyed. Rainbow Falls, a lacy cataract of exquisite beauty and a smaller replica of the far-famed Vernal, thunders nearby. The Devil's Postpile, a peculiar dike made up of immense hexagonal columns of basaltic composition is but a few yards from the proposed base-camp, while soda springs, both hot and cold, are encountered along the entire route. The fisherman should come into his own on Mono Creek and in Fish Valley, for nowhere in California is it possible to so easily lure the trout from their native element.

Several vast canyons and mountain barriers will be crossed by the party during the two-weeks' trip, and many pleasant hours will be spent on forest and meadow trails. The mountaineers will have ample opportunity for their activities, for the headwaters of Fish Creek are known to but a few hardy explorers. Mt. Ritter, with its clinging snowfields 13,156 feet above the sea, has been selected for one of the official ascents.

THOUSAND ISLAND LAKE

In order that the party may not retrace over familiar scenery, the Committee has outlined the return trip to Huntington Lake via Cargyle Meadow, Miller Bridge, Four Forks and Twin Lakes. The variety of scenery along the trails to be followed is so ruggedly grand, that the wishes of the most critical of mountain travelers are sure to be fulfilled.

LOCAL WALKS AND LEADERS—1921

Jan. 1—Annual Reunion. Kentfield .....Entertainment Committee
Jan. 2—Little Tamalpais and Kentfield...Mr. and Mrs. V. Haun..... 6 Miles
Jan. 9—Rattlesnake Camp .....Margaret Hansen .....10 Miles
Jan. 16—Montara Ridge .....F. E. Briggs .....14 Miles
Jan. 23—Rock Spring .....Anna Mory .....12 miles
Jan. 30—Kings Mountain and Redwood
Park .....H. A. Hertenstein .....14 Miles
Feb. 6—Cataract Gulch .....Jas. C. Williams .....15 Miles
Feb. 13—Round Top and Redwood Peak...Arthur Flint .....14 Miles
Feb. 19-22—Winter Sports at Truck e
Feb. 20—Halleck Creek .....Myron Grotyohn .....16 Miles
Feb. 22—Phoenix Lake .....Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Macaulay.....12 Miles
Feb. 27—Bear Creek Falls .....Wm. P. Halliday .....16 Miles
Mar. 6—Point Bonita .....Mr. and Mrs. Leon Beck.....12 Miles
Mar. 13—Potrero Meadows .....Val Salmon .....14 Miles
Mar. 20—Palomares and Stony Creek.....George Randolph .....15 Miles
Mar. 27—Burdell Mountain .....Wm. H. Staniels ..... 8 Miles
Apr. 3—Little Carson Falls.....Leroy Wilkie .....14 Miles
Apr. 10—Willow Camp .....Jas. Wright .....17 Miles
Apr. 17—Devil's Gulch .....Mr. and Mrs. Harry West.....20 Miles
Apr. 23-24—Mt. Umunhum and Loma Alan H. Critcher .....20 miles
Prieta .....
May 1—Bootjack Camp .....Anna Mory - Frances Mathews.....12 miles
May 7-8—Mount Diablo .....Arthur Flint - Charles A. Delves..12 Miles
May 15—Redwood Canyon .....J. A. Nielson - Wm. T. Plevin....14 Miles
May 32—Mountan Play .....Margaret Hansen - Clare Schirmer 12 Miles
May 28-30—Pinnacles Natiorial Morument..F. E. Briggs - H. A. Hertenstein..12 Milts
June 5—Muir Woods and Frank Valley...Edna Macaulay - Donald Macauley 10 Miles
June 11-12—Mission Peak .....Jules A. Sigrist ..... 8 Miles
June 19—Cascade Canyon and Warm Claribel Van Horne - R. J. Van
Spring ..... Horne .....12 Miles
June 26—Midsummer Reunion .....Entertainment Committee
July 2-4—Cazadero and Russian River....Henry W. Lidley - George Randolph 17 Miles
July 10—Lake Lagunitas .....B. H. Boehmer ..... 9 miles
July 17—San Geronimo and White's Hill...Herman Lindlow .....12 Miles
July 24—Camp Tucker .....Clara Marra - Joseph Marra.....10 Miles
July 31—Willow Camp .....E. Conroy .....17 Miles
Aug. 7—Laurel Dell .....Oscar Cook - J. Louis Callaghan...17 Miles
Aug. 13-14—Bear Valley and Tocaloma....Wm. P. Halliday - Leroy Wilkie...16 Miles
Aug. 21—Gallinas Valley .....Alma Schirmer - Irene Heyer.....12 Miles
Aug. 28—Potrero Meadows .....Alice Henry - Howard Henry.....14 Miles
Sept. 3-5—Big Basin .....Al Pinther - F. J. Murray.....15 Miles
Sept. 9-11—Loma Prieta and Aptos Creek Alan H. Critcher - Wm. H. Staniels 30 Miles
Sept. 18—Willow Camp (Dipsea Race).....Arthur Richter - Leland Smith.....17 Miles
Sept. 25—Lagunitas Canyon and Camp
Reposa .....A. L. Bonnevier - John Topp.....15 Miles
Oct. 2—Sawyer's Camp .....Lillian Franz - Clara Holroyd.....10 Miles
Oct. 8-9—Steven's Creek and Castle Rock Wm. J. Mackay .....17 Miles
Oct. 26—Indian Spring .....Chris Halliday - Myron Grotyohn..12 Miles
Oct. 23—Bolinas Ridge .....Chas. A. Cavanagh - Daniel G.
Genther .....20 Miles
Oct. 30—Mt. Davidson, San Francisco Trip Pauline Haun - Victor E. Haun.... 8 Miles
Nov. 6—Campcraft Show .....Bernadette Hood-Margaret Hansen 10 miles
Nov. 13—Lone Tree and Kent Ravine.....William Evans-Donald J. Bergman 14 Miles
Nov. 20—Montara Ridge .....H. A. Hertenstein - Albert Tunzi....14 Miles
Nov. 27—California Point .....Frances Mathews - Lillian A. Sevan 9 Miles
Dec. 4—Lake Chabot .....Jack Lambert - James Wright....14 Miles
Dec. 11—Pine Mountain .....G. B. Sharman - H. L. Sharman....14 Miles
Dec. 18—Point Bonita .....Ed. Patterson-J. L. Callaghan.....12 miles
Dec. 26—San Rafael Ridge .....Chas. A. Delves - John C. Ericksen..10 Miles

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ASSOCIATED MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS OF NORTH AMERICA

The past year has shown material increase in the membership and services of the Bureau. Intended primarily as a centre for mountaineering activity and information, it was soon realized that it might occupy a wider field of usefulness. Nowhere is nature being ruined more rapidly than on this continent. Commercial greed is destroying the beauty of our mountain scenery without regard for the present or future public welfare. Wherever there are irreplaceable forests, as the California Redwood or the Douglas Fir, they are being ruthlessly cut by wasteful methods. The powersite corporations would rob us of our waterfalls and turn our most beautiful valleys into lakes. Under the worthy plea of necessary irrigation, we are losing the natural beauty of many a priceless mountain lake; and the question is now before us whether the lakes in our National Parks themselves shall continue to have protection

It is a privilege for any mountaineer, or traveler, or nature lover to assist in the preservation of flower and tree, of bird and animal life. Many of our members are doing noble work in arousing the public and in influencing legislation.

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American Alpine Club, Philadelphia, and New York.
American Forestry Association, Washington.
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RECOMMENDATIONS OF THE DIRECTOR OF NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE—1921

Stephen T. Mather, Director of National Parks, in His 1921 Report Defines the Needs of the Park System, as follows:

After personal investigation of conditions in many of the national parks and monuments and reflecting on what problems should be met first to bring these areas nearer to the ultimate goal of perfection in administration and development, I consider the following requirements of primary importance:

1. The restoration of the clerical forces of the Washington office, reduced by the withdrawal of details by the department, to their former number, and the amendment by Congress of that section of the organic act of August 5, 1916, creating the National Park Service, which imposes a limitation on the number to be employed in the service in Washington.

2. The establishment of a touring division in the service to meet the i creasingly large demands for information regarding the parks and monuments from all parts of the country, such a division to cooperate to the fullest extent with travel and touring organizations, highway and automobile associations, railroads and municipal enterprises for the development and maintenance of tourist travel within the States.

3. The adoption by Congress of a definite and comprehensive program for road construction within the national parks and monuments proportionate to similar programs for Federal road construction throughout the States, and the construction of a complete trail system.

4. The paving of certain important park roads to reduce heavy annual costs of maintenance and improvement, and to make motor traveling in the parks a real pleasure.

5. Adequate appropriations to install needed facilities for the convenience and comfort of visitors, such as community houses at centers of interest, comfort stations and rest houses, adequate water and sanitary supplies, and for our own park personnel.

6. The further development of public automobile camps under larger appropriations by Congress to meet the overwhelming demand for such facilities.

7. The enlargement of existing hotel, camp, and transportation facilities in some of the parks to meet the tremendous demands caused by the large travel.

8. Securing title to all pieces of privately owned land within national-park boundaries, by condemnation, purchase, or otherwise, under Federal authorization.

9. The establishment of dignified and well-designed museums in the parks for displays of their flora and fauna and for cultural exhibits of prehistoric man in those parks of archaeological interest.

10. A large appropriation for the protection of our national-monument system and particularly to enable the complete restoration and to prevent further disintegration of some of our historic monuments in the Southwest.

11. The establishment of adequate State game preserves in areas adjacent to a number of our national parks for the better protection of park game during the trying winter seasons, principally the Yellowstone, Sequoia, Yosemite, Grand Canyon, and Mesa Verde National Parks.

12. Securing the grant from the respective States affected of exclusive jurisdiction over the Rocky Mountain, Mesa Verde, Grand Canyon, Lafayette, and Zion National Parks.

13. Legislation to permit of the reduction of the number of surplus buffalo in the Yellowstone National Park.

14. The passage of legislation to effect the enlargement of the Yellowstone National Park by the addition of areas to the south covering the Teton Mountains, the headwaters of the Yellowstone River, and other territory lying north of the Buffalo Fork of the Snake River.

14. The passage of legislation effecting the enlargement of the Crater National Park northward to permit of proper development and adminstration.

17. The survey and marking of all national-monument boundaries for record and effective administration purposes.

Members of the California Alpine Club and others are no doubt interested to learn of the trail construction in Yosemite National Park. The Director of National Parks reports the following:

With the material improvement in labor conditions this year it has been possible to complete the improvement of the trunk line trails in the northern part of the park, which class of work had to be deferred in past years through inability to secure the right kind of labor. All of the main trails north of the Tuolumne River are now in good condition, a fact which I am sure will do much to stimulate travel into this relatively little known but exceedingly scenic part of the park.

During the past season I am also able to report that the trails under construction at the time of your visit to Yosemite from Harden Lake on the Tioga Road to Pate Valley in the bottom of the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne River and down the same canyon from Glen Aulin to the lower of the Water Wheel Falls have been properly completed. There still remain to be built, in order to properly balance out the Yosemite trail system and also to make more readily accessible the magnificent scenic area of the north half of the park, a trail from the lower Water Wheel Falls down the Tuolumne Canyon, approximately 10 miles, to Pate Valley and one from Pate Valley up Piute Creek to connect with the northern system. These trails are important to the development of the northern half of the park for those who seek rugged wild scenery in the out-of-the-way places, and should be constructed as soon as funds can be made available.

Stephen T. Mather again urges that the boundaries of the Yosemite National Park be enlarged so that Mt. Banner, Mt. Ritter, Thousand Island Lake, the Devil's Postpile, Rainbow Falls and other features be within the boundaries of Yosemite National Park. Quoting from his report:

As I brought to the attention of your predecessor last year, certain desirable changes ought to be made in the park boundary in order, first, to eliminate some serious questions relating to grazing that now arise annually in the administration of land in the western part of the park, and, second, to include in the park a wonderful scenic area on and about the crest of the Sierra Nevada Range, which formerly belonged to the park and which was eliminated some 15 years ago in the interest of expected mining operations which never proved to be feasible.

The area that should be eliminated from the park includes a number of private holdings which are used as summer range for cattle. These holdings are not fenced, with the result that cattle are constantly trespassing on the park. It is believed that the western line should be moved back several miles, thus removing from the park lands that might be used for grazing under Federal Service jurisdiction.

On the other hand, the annexation of the back country, including Mount Banner, Mount Ritter, Thousand Island Lake, the Devil's Postpile, Rainbow Falls, and numerous other scenic features of unusual interest and charm, would be a great addition to the park. It is desirable that these boundary changes be made in the early future, in order that the rather extensive trail developments which we hope to make within the next few years may extend to the area proposed for return to the park.

The proposed Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park is not yet an accomplished fact. For the information of club members we quote the following from the report of the Director of National Parks:

This big-tree park of 252 square miles embraces not only Sequoia forests, but the lower fringe of one of the finest alpine regions of America. When rounded out by the inclusion of 1,000 square miles of additional mountain territory, as provided in H. R. 7452 now pending in Congress, and providing for the creation of the Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park, this park will perhaps equal the Yosemite and Yellowstone in attendance, as it will in beauty. The pending legislation is a compromise bill and excludes from the proposed enlarged park all debatable areas; that is, territory about which there may fairly be any question as to comparative value for vacation or commercial purposes.

This bill also cuts off three townships of the seven which comprise Sequoia National Park. These three townships hold the Garfield, Atwell Mill, and other fine Sequoia groves as well as the glorious plateau country of Hockett Meadows. The additional proposed park area contains so much natural beauty and is so fitting for a vacation area that only the impossibility of securing by other means, the Kern and Kings Canyons with their adjacent mountain peaks, glaciers, and alpine lakes, could reconcile the National Park Service to the loss of so much essential park territory. In other words, we feel that we had better have a gerrymandered Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park than forego any enlargement and the inclusion of such preeminent features as Mount Whitney, the Kings and Kern Canyons and Tehipite Valley. Should the three southern townships be removed from the park, steps should be taken to protect the deer and other game, which for 30 years, since the creation of the park in 1890, have enjoyed a full measure of Government protection. A game preserve should be created. The Sequoia groves will, it is believed, be protected under any conditions.

The Director of National Parks urges that county or state authorities endeavor by the Tamalpais Conservation Club. The National Monument. The following taken from his annual report is of interest:

The Pinnacles National Monument was established by presidential proclamation January 16, 1908, which reserved that area "from appropriation and use of all kinds under all the public land laws subject to all prior valid adverse claims." An area of 160 acres on the north edge of the monument was patented prior to its creation; therefore the establishment of the monument was of no effect in so far as this tract of land is concerned. Within recent years this tract passed to its present owner, the Copper Mountain Mining Co., of California, who have fenced off entrance to the property, which is also the main enterance to the monument, and are charging a fee of 50 cents from visitors desiring to pass through.

Local residents who have visited the monument for many years claim that access to the monument area was maintained through this property and that by right of usage the road or trail is a public highway. This is a question of fact which can only be determined by legal process, and the San Benito County authorities have been urged to determine this. Numerous complaints have been received from parties who were charged the fee for crossing through this private land into the monument, but apparently there is no remedy except that which can be furnished by the county or State authorities.

Petitions have also been received from local residents asking the withdrawal from sale or entry of the area of the former Pinnacles Forest Reserve pending examination as to the desirability of including this area within the Pinnacles National Monument. The original Pinnacles Forest Reserve was included in the Monterey Forest in 1908 and in 1910 the area was restored to entry and entries allowed after June 5, 1911. An examination of the Land Office records discloses that of a total of 12,000 acres 2,760 acres have been entered under the land laws. A field investigation of conditions in Pinnacles Monument has not been possible during the year.

Lassen Volcanic National Park appropriation has been wholly inadequate. Stephen T. Mather refers to the appropriation as follows:

The Lassen Volcanic is the only park in the system that was not actively administered for the traveling public by the National Park Service. Congress granted a small appropriation of $3,000 for the present fiscal year which was expended as was the small sum granted last year, under direction of the supervisor of the Lassen Forest through a cooperative agreement with the Forest Service in the improvement of an old existing road near the southwest corner of the park. The superintendent of Yosemite National Park, at the direction of the service, made an inspection of the park approach roads in June, but because of snow conditions was able to get only within three miles of the park boundary.

The area was and is considered of sufficient scenic and scientific interest to warrant its status as a national park and is, therefore, entitled to proper protection and development, which can not be secured on an annual appropriation of even $5,000, the limit of appropriation permissible under existing law. It is evident that this inhibition on the annual appropriation for the park must be removed before any worth-while steps can be taken to make the reservation accessible. The mile or two of existing road can hardly be dignified by the name of road, and everything must yet be done to improve the few existing trails and to build new ones.

In my recent trip through some of the Sacramento Valley cities tributary to the park, particularly in Redding and Red Bluff, I found a very active interest in the development of the roads leading to the park boundaries. Also, a number of requests have already been received by the service for permission to install hotel and camping facilities to provide service for the traveling public.

The California Alpine Club has appropriated $50 towards paying the salary of the superintendent of Muir Woods National Monument. The United States Government provides $300 towards the salary, $600 is furnished by Wm. Kent, and $250 by the Tamalpias Conservation Club. The Director of National Parks comments on the Muir Woods situation. Quoting from his report:

The department has accepted two gifts of land to be added to the Muir Woods National Monument, one from Hon. William Kent and Mrs. Kent, the donors of the original monument area, and one from the Mount Tamalpias and Muir Woods Railway. These lands have been formally added to the monument by presidential proclamation signed by President Harding September 22. These gifts of land are but another proof of Mr. and Mrs. Kent's enthusiastic interest in the monument, which has never flagged since they deeded the first tract to the department for monument purposes in 1908.

A study of conditions in the monument in April by Mr. Kent and the field assistant of the National Park Service disclosed an unsatisfactory state of affairs in connection with the protection of the reservation. It was found that vistors have overrun the hillsides, departing from the trails and tramping down and destroying the ferns and other plant life that have always made a pleasing and refreshing carpet among the big trees; that there was a dearth of direction signs in the park area; that automobile traffic had become altogether too heavy for one narrow road through the woods; that more road and trail work should be done at once; and that the custodian was too advanced in years to longer care for the upkeep of the parkland.

Acting on the recommendations of the reports submitted to me, the custodian was relieved of his duties and a younger man, a retired business man living in the near-by city of Mill Valley, was plac-

ed in charge with authority to employ able assistance in the maintenance of the park area. The new custodian, Mr. Richard Festus O'Rourke, has for years been an active member of the Mount Tamalpias Conservation Club, and has taken a keen interest in the preservation of the landscape in the Mount Tamalpias and Muir Woods region. Since assuming charge of the woods he has accomplished very satisfactory results.

In line with another recommendation of my investigating committee, I excluded automobiles from the national monument and required that thereafter they should park immediately south of the Muir Woods. A parking space there was provided by Mr. Kent, who owns the adjoining land. The exclusion of the cars has already had a marked effect upon the vegetation of the woods, and it appears that it has stimulated in the visiting public a greater reverence for the forest, and with it a greater desire to refrain from acts of vandalism.

Improvements of the year include the erection of several comfort stations, installation of numerous signs, and extensive repairs of the trail system. The roads approaching the monument are still in bad disrepair, but it seems that the county can not much longer fail to recognize the importance of this highway and take steps to properly maintain it.

AMONG OUR FRIENDS

TWO WEEKS' FOOD AND KIT

By J. Clyde Williams

The following is a list of equipment and food which was found to be ample and well assorted, on a two weeks' trip taken into the Sierra this summer by two Club members:

A burro carried our 120 lb. outfit, complete and heavier line of equipment than would have been possible if we had been on a knapsack trip. We were careful to have all liquids in tin containers, and all foodstuffs in cloth sacks.

In addition to the following edibles, we had as many trout as we cared to eat.

Commissary

4 lbs. bacon, 2 lbs. ham, 5 lbs. white flour, 1 pkg. flapjack flour, 2 lbs. yellow cornmeal, 1 pkg. mush (cream of wheat), 1 lb. rice, ¼ lb. spaghetti, 1 lb. cornstarch, 1 pkg. Minute Tapioca, 1 small can baking powder, 2 1 lb. cans butter, ½ lb. salt, 1 small can pepper, 1 can (Eagle Brand) Borden's milk, 1 can evaporated milk, 2 lbs. (Eagle brand) sweetened chocolate, 2 lbs. assorted hard candies, 2 lbs. seedless raisins, 2 small cans jam, 2 small cans beans, 5 lbs. sugar, 1 lb. coffee, 1 can tabloid tea, 1 doz. pkgs. chocolate (individual size), 2 lbs. dried apricots, 2 lbs. dried prunes, 2 lbs. cheese, 1 lb. Crisco, 2 pkgs. Grant's crackers, 1 loaf whole wheat bread, 1 small can pineapple, 1 can corned beef, 1 doz. Steero bouillon cubes, 1 doz. Oxo soup cubes, 1 small can Keith's dried eggs, 1 lb. assorted nuts, 3 small cans tomato sauce, 2 lbs. Kings' dried potatoes, 2 small cans Log Cabin syrup, 1 shelter tent, 1 poncho, 3 single blankets, 2 towels, 2 dish towels, 1 dish cloth, 1 cake toilet soap, (Ivory). 1 cake Fels Naptha soap, 1 box matches (waxed), 6 blanket pins, 2 dunnage bags, 1 knapsack, 2 yds. mosquito netting, 1 pr. scissors, sewing outfit, camera, films, flashlight, candle, mirror, comb, brush, string, 20 ft. light rope, 1 small axe, map, compass, pencil, paper, first aid outfit (adhesive tape, permanganate, laxative), reading matter, 2 plates, 2 cups, 2 bowls, 2 knives, 2 forks, 2 tablespoons, 1 carving knife, 1 can opener, 3 pots (telescoping), 1 frying pan, 1 reflector oven, 1 pan for reflector oven, 1 pot lifter, 1 set fire irons.

Writer's Personal Equipment

1 sweater, 1 change underwear, 4 handkerchiefs, 1 bathing suit, 1 bathing cap, 1 pair gloves, 1 razor, shaving soap 6 pr. sox, 1 pr. pajamas 1 pr. gym. shoes, 1 pr. goggles, 1 tooth brush, tooth paste, shaving brush, strop, fishing pole, tackle, license and pocket knife.

We are indebted to Dr. E. E. McKeown for the following words of wisdom:

As a result of many annual trips into the High Sierra, I have finally come to the following selection of food for a two week's knapsack trip for two persons. Proportions of each item may be varied to suit individual tastes. With a little ingenuity in camp cookery, these commodities can be combined in many different ways, affording a constant change with such a limited variety of staple foods:

Flour, white, 3 lbs.; cornmeal 2 lbs.; oatmeal, 1 lb.; spaghetti, 3 lbs.; bread, whole wheat, 1 lb.; Grant's Hygenic Crackers, 2 lbs.; pancake flour, 1 lb.; rice, unpolished, 3 lbs.; eggs, dried. 1½ lbs.; tapioca, ¼ lb.; potatoes, ½ lb.; cheese, 3 lbs.; bacon, 3 lbs.; salami, 1 lb.; boullion cubes, ½ lb.; soup, (Knoor's dried) ½ lb.; honey. 1 lb.; olive oil, ½ lb.; peanut butter ½ lb.; baking powder, ¼ lb.; salt ½ lb.; sugar, 5 lbs.; pepper onion salt, cinnamon, vanilla, small amount; nuts, shelled, 2 lbs. (walnuts, peanuts, almonds. ass'td..); raisins, ½ lb.; apricots (dried) 2lbs.; apples, (dried) 1 lb.; figs, (dried) 1 lb.; milk, (dried) 2 lbs.; chocolate, (bar) 2 lbs.; coffee, ½ lb.; tea, ¼ lb.; cocoa, ¼ lb.

CONTRA COSTA HILLS CLUB

Upon request, Harold French, President and Organizer of the Contra Costa Hills Club, has outlined a few of the plans and purposes of his organization:

"To conserve, develop and advertise the scenic beauties of that panoramic range known as the Contra Costa Hills, including Mount Diablo; to promote wholesome recreation, and to make these natural wild parklands more enjoyable to residents and more attractive to visitors." These are the purposes for which the Contra Costa Hills Club was organized two years ago, following a great forest fire which threatened to devastate Redwood Peak and its pinewood approaches.

Many of the objects of the club have already been accomplished. It has won the support of the Oakland Recreation Department, Park Board, and officials and civic leaders of Oakland and Berkeley. Through their cooperation pressure has been brought upon the principal owners of hill properties, with the result that orderly individuals are now welcome to wander at will over the acres of the little wilderness behind the East Bay cities. Until recently, the rule has been "thou shall not pass."

Camp-sites are now being opened by the cities of Oakland, Berkeley and by the East Bay Water Company. These grounds will be set aside for the convenience of hill-roamers and will be fashioned after Camp Cinderella. The latter camp was set apart for public enjoyment by the Oakland Recreation Department last year in the Joaquin Miller Park. Acquisition of a chain of parks covering 1915 acres of redwoods and pine forests surrounding Redwood Peak has been proposed by the Oakland Park Board. For this measure the Contra Costa Hills Club is ardently campaigning. Its members feel exceeding gratification in the endorsement and active support of the project by the leading civic and commercial clubs of Oakland.

In urging the creation of the Mount Diablo State Park by the last Legislature, the Club assumed an energetic role. Its future work lies in helping to popularize and protect these natural recreation grounds, by following in similar endeavors, the good example of our neighbor, the Tamalpias Conservation Club.

The headquarters of the Contra Costa Hills Club is the Oakland Recreation Department. Through Oakland's superintendent of recreation, Jay B. Nash, its endeavors have been effectively energized. Week-end excursions are conducted, usually in the East Bay Counties, as well as other forms of purposeful pleasure. To all of these, members of other mountaineering organizations are welcome.

A FIRST IMPRESSION

These words are from a newcomer both to the Alpine Club and to California.

After spending weeks exploring the City of San Francisco, I grew tired of asphalt between rows and rows of houses. Picturesque Chinatown lost its glamour; views from the many hilltops overlooking the city became monotonous; Golden Gate Park yielded no more wonders. There seemed something lacking in city life and its man-made scenery. I wanted to see forests as Nature had planted them, and hills where the wind sings through the leaves of overhanging trees. But I was nonplussed. Where were they, and how could a stranger find them?

The advertised wilds, as the transportation folders revealed them, were located so as to bring a handsome commission to the railroad. So what was there for me to do—either stay at home and read of travel and adventure, or view them on the silver screen?

I must have longed so hard for the out-of-doors that whatever tangles the thread of events brought me in contact with an enthusiast of the Alpine Club. The very name, Alpine Club held visions. Soon a little booklet came to me entitled the Fall and Winter Schedule. Terse description of excursions made one feel that the club was very efficient in planning trips, and its followers seemed to respect property and propriety.

My first tramp from Mill Valley and through Muir Woods over the Ben Johnson Trail to Lone Pine, opened up new vistas. Winding through fresh woods the trail unfolded revelations. After a steep climb the leaders allowed us to rest on a barren top, which gave us an opportunity to contemplate a marvelous view of hills rolling down toward the Golden Gate. The sun glorified it all, casting a velvety sheen on the fog below. This picture was framed by the pastel tints of distant hillsides.

When we reached the tall Sempervirens Redwoods and bay trees, their fragrance added another charm to the day. Among them I felt like a discoverer. Along the rocky bed of a stream beneath giant trees, clear pools of icy water refreshed the thirsty ones. Another sharp climb through the redwoods brought us to the top of the ridge and on the Dipsea Trail.

I, at least, considered a well-earned the rest near a tall tree, lonely sentinel on the heights. It was a novelty to watch the varied preparations made for the mid-day lunch. Some energetically peeled potatoes and the opening of can went on vigorously. Soon the aroma of coffee mingled with the incense of bay leaves. Then came a great silence, as each of us did our utmost to satisfy the inner man.

Lunch over, I marvelled at the great surplus of energy displayed by some of the club members in playing baseball. As for me, I was too content to even watch, but just lay in the warm sun enjoying the breeze, the sky, the trees and everything.

Reluctantly we returned, over what seemed to me then, the steepest hills in the world. The coming night brought an avalanche of fog that gave one the impression of walking in mid-air. Endless steps finished the journey into Mill Valley. With a sigh of happiness for hours well-spent, I sank into a seat in the train.

My first day's impression left a gratefulness for the unique experience and a thankfulness that I was being rapidly transported toward my luxurious bed. MLLE. N. BERTON

Leave your camping place at least as beautiful as you found it. Some day it won't be necessary to ask folks to do such an obviously right thing, but we are still in the early stages of out-dooring, and so forget at times Canned soup and beans never taste so good as in the hills, but what an unsightly thing a mass of empty cans

is, with perhaps an intermingling of watermelon rinds. In a few minutes you can bury the ugliness out of sight, and think how much easier both your conscience and your digestion will be for that bit of exercise.

The fire will burn all the brighter for receiving those flying odds and ends of paper and pasteboard boxes. Now it's going briskly and you have a few minutes to shoot at the target. You won't want to aim at anything animate just for a pastime. The wild creatures whose haunts you have invaded will be your friends, if you will permit. It's their playground too, so let them be free and happy. Even the flowers seem more gaily colored on these mountain slopes and yet there are those who pull great masses of them by the roots, only to allow them to fade and be thrown away in a few hours, utterly regardless of the desolation they have left where they found beauty.

But darkness is falling and the embers of the campfire are still glowing. You carefully extinguish them so that tomorrow the sun will not glow red through the smoke of a forest fire which your carelessness started.

One's health and comfort depend very much on what kind of bed one has. We do not go into the woods to rough it; we go to smooth it—we get it rough enough in town. In nothing does a tenderfoot show off more discreditably than in his disregard of the essentials of a good night's rest. He comes into camp after a hard day's tramp, eats heartily and then throws himself down in his blanket on the bare ground. For a time he rests in supreme ease drowsily satisfied that this is the proper way to show that he can rough it, and that no hardships of the field can daunt his spirit. Presently he discovers that a stone is boring into his flesh. He shifts about and rolls upon a stub or root. After rising and clearing the ground he drops off peacefully. An hour passes, and he rolls over to the other side; a half hour, and he rolls back again; ten minutes, and he rolls again, hips and shoulders aching from serving as piers for the arches of his back and sides.

He gets up muttering, scoops out hollows to receive the projecting portions of his frame, and again lies down. An hour later he awakens with shivering flesh and teeth a-chatter. How cold the ground is! The blanket over him is sufficient, but the same thickness beneath is not half enough to keep the bone-searching chill that comes up from the ground Dawn finds him a haggard, worn-out type of misery.

The moral is plain. This sort of roughing it is bad enough when one is compelled to submit to it. It kills twice as many soldiers as bullets do. When it is endured merely to show off one's fancied toughness and hardihood it is rank folly. Even the dumb beasts know better, for they are particular about making their beds.

—by Horace Kephart.

THE CLIMBERS

To ascend a peak, to see the tumbled world at its wildest, to sit in camp, tired and warmed with food to hear with one ear the camp cook telling bear stories, with the other the birdlike calls of the ground squirrels to smell the resinous wood smoke, and the balsams, to catch now and then the tinkle of little ice-water brooks from the snowfields, to watch the sunset blush on Heaven's peak and the stars come slowly out above the battlements of the divide—well, that is, I fear, to spoil you for any other life.

—Walter Pritchard Eaton.

The Colorado Mountain Club has asked its members to stand thoughtfully before a mirror and see how closely their virtues tally with the following description. As hikers are the same the world over, it might not be amiss for Alpiners to try it.

"He leaps from bed and into his hiking clothes, at first streak of dawn,—for has he not notified the Leader a week in advance that he will go? He eats a good breakfast, so he may not be too soon asking: 'When do we eat?'

"He arrives at the station early, and presents himself to the Leader, so that he may be checked off the list. Then he does not go away and lose himself.

"He is ready to leave the train at the appointed station, without being told. He takes his camera and knapsack off the train with him.

"He admires the flowers and leaves them growing on the trail. He closes the gates. He is cordial to new members and visitors. At lunch-time, he burns his rubbish. He helps collect the waste papers strewn 'round by others and later he carries water to put out the fire.

"He does not tell the Leader which way to go!

"He asks the Leader how he can help in camp, and on finding out, he does it quietly and well. He finds a place for his sleeping-bag, all by himself, before dark. He helps keep the camp fire burning. When Taps sound, he retires at once, leaving some of his thoughts unsaid, that others may sleep, even if he does not care to.

"He arises betimes next morning and assists at breakfast. Afterwards he whistles while he polishes the frying-pan and buries the empty tin cans. When the Leader calls 'All Aboard' he is ready to start and he remains behind the Leader, following at his pace. He encourages the lagging ones with jokes and stories. He tapes blistering toes. He has a 'good time.' He helps others have the same. He is very wonderful.

"May he live long and multiply."

AN OPEN LETTER

By George Holmes

To the Thoughtless:

You will be surprised to receive a letter from me, for to you I am but a weak, inoffensive, hunted creature, while to me you are (perhaps unconsciously) a relentless enemy. I would like to have you for a friend.

I lavishly spread my gold over the most accessible places, tumbling in masses over seaside cliff and grassy meadow. I hide in the shelter of rocky crannies and nooks. Yet no matter how generous I may be, no matter how carefully I try to hide,—your insatiable greed and searching, restless sight seek me out and strip me to the last petal.

I was born to make the world happier. My beauty has inspired the poet and the artist. There is no evil in me. God, Himself, borrows from the sun's gold to make me beautiful. Every dweller in the wild loves me; but You kill me. To fulfill the gentle purpose for which I was created I must abide in the grottoed gardens of the hills and valleys.

I have safely slumbered for many months, gathering life and strength for my brief span of summer glory. Soon I shall once more splash the rolling hills and valleys with the elfin beauty which whets your wanton appetite.

Then I shall die; not the sweet sleep of one who has lived the life heaven has allotted, but the brutal death of one murdered. Violated and despoiled, strangled with my helpless sisters by the thousands, I shall die a lingering death at the hands of careless, cruel MAN, and the place that bore me shall know me no more.

They say that man kills the things he loves. Spare me. I beseech thee, thou who shouldst be my guardian and my friend! Soon the mountain lust will be in man's veins and the open road and the sky will beckon. Leave me in my native home, to carpet the field and terrace the hillside with rippling gold; let me grow and thrive and multiply.

Heed, too, the plea of my colorful companions of the fleeting hours of summer, the azalea and wild lilac, the lupine and iris, and all other petaled peoples of the meadows and peaks. Have mercy on all the growing things which perfume the winds to your nostrils and paint earth's gorgeous canvas for the eye. Then shall we come again and again to gladden the hearts of you and your children as long as the seasons perform their marvelous alchemy.

THE GOLDEN POPPY.

COMMENTS BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF

COMRADES

"To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out in the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid in every way possible, the preservation of the woods, streams, game and natural features of the country."

Thus the purposes and the ends of the California Alpine Club are defined in the Club's constitution. Scores of organizations throughout the country have similar ends in view. We hail these as "comrades in arms" and glory in their achievements. It is a matter of small consequence who may receive the highest praise for the creation of the Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park, for instance. But it is a matter of mighty importance that the park be established. The creation of the park is the end sought. It matters not whether this is done through the efforts of the National Park Service, the Prairie Club of Chicago, the Mountaineers of Seattle, the Sierra Club, the California Alpine Club or through the co-operative efforts of all of these and similar organizations. The real out-of-door enthusiast and the genuine conservationist should be as ready to sing the praises of another organization as well as his own.

A VISIT TO CALIFORNIA The Colorado Chautauqua Bulletin offers us the following:

"For the first time in many years the family of S. G. Reed of Houston, Texas, let a summer go by without visiting the Colorado Chautauqua. It has long been their desire to visit California, and in 1920 the opportunity came and was accepted. Their summer was an enjoyable one, but the one experience satisfied the appetite. This is the way Mrs. Reed puts it:

"The Reeds had the summer they had been wanting to have in California, and are more than ready to return to their first love, Boulder. The California mountains do not compare with ours; in fact, everywhere one looks man's handiwork is reflected, instead of God's as in the case of Beautiful Boulder."

It is not a boastful spirit that tempts Californians to retaliate, but rather a reverance and appreciation for our own expansive God's Country. Did the Reeds wander through the shady aisles of the virgin Humboldt and Del Norte forests? Did they set up camp in the Modoc Lava Beds, near Glass Mountain or Medicine Lake? Did the California condor, in the wilds of the Santa Lucia Range, watch their puny struggles in the rugged canyons which lead down and out to the broad Pacific? During their short visit, did they gaze upon the Kern River, its Canyons, its high plateaus and still higher snow-clad peaks Have the marmots near Kearsarge Pass whistled at their pack-train, and did the clear lakes and pools of the Middle Kings and the Evolution regions reflect their likenesses as they journeyed over nearby trails? Did they travel up into the heights where the great San Joaquin River heads, and where the hand of man leaves but a microscopic cairn here and there to mark his route, that others may follow with a certain degree of safety through immense granite basins and over savage ridges? Did they see or even glimpse a small section of California's High Sierra? We think not.

NEEDS OF NATIONAL PARKS We have printed elswhere in this issue Stephen T. Mather's recommendations on the "Needs of the National Park System," and excerpts from his 1921 report relating to National Parks and Monuments in California. Mather is director of National Parks and speaks with authority. The Editorial Committee is glad to aid in giving publicity to his recommendations and to the accomplishments of the National Park Service. We urge the readers of "Trails" to use their influence in advancing the work of the National Parks Bureau.

MOUNTAIN APPETITES About three days out and the change is complete. From a critical epicure, continually in search of the fanciful dishes, the mountaineer becomes a rabid consumer of plain, wholesome grub. No longer does he live to eat; he now eats to live. It is marvelous how he can consume double the amount of calories allotted to him

in the lowlands, and come back for "seconds" with actual hunger still writ on his face. He cares not what produces such a craving, nor what it is that stamps the expectant, piteous expression on his neglected visage. As the evening meal-hour approaches, his searching and penetrating glances dart here and there. With a sigh of relief he notes that the commissary supplies have arrived safely at the camping-spot. While lingering through the agony of perhaps a short wait, he comforts himself by sniffing kitchen aromas, and visualizing the savory viands to come.

The return to civilization follows, with its trail of exhausted grocery outposts and refreshment-stands. As if by magic, large quantities of ice-cream and candies disappear. The abnormal craving persists for weeks, but as the summer wanes it grows fainter and fainter, and finally the mountaineer again becomes fastidious. But ever there remains the memory of that huge appetite born of tramping pine-scented heights.

VALUES There are individuals who will pass a refreshing park nestling among crowded dingy city hovels, and immediately estimate its value if same were cut up into city building lots. There are those who pass a mountain stream in an automobile and instead of listening to its melody, they set about scheming as to how profits may be derived from it. A recent lumbering journal, commenting on the United States Forester's report, assured its members that there was still the following merchantable timber standing in California:

"Sugar pine	33,265,000,000 ft.
California White Pine	85,421,000,000 ft.
Douglas Fir	46,407,000,000 ft,
White Fir	34,997,000,000 ft.
Incense Cedar	8,481,000,000 ft.
Red Fir	24,792,000,000 ft.

If we give these varieties a very conservative average value of $30 per thousand feet, the timber resources in California may be estimated as worth $7, 001,190,000. at the mills."

At the present rate of destruction through the use of modern machinery for denuding the forests, most of this lumber will doubtless go to the mills within the next twenty-five years. You who have viewed a devastated countryside must be awake to the necessity of purchasing at least a small part of these groves by state and national appropriation, so that posterity may not be entirely robbed of a priceless heritage.

SACRIFICES TO MOUNTAINEERING The tragic deaths of two well known mountaineers, Frederick Morley, a prominent mining engineer of San Francisco, and Dr. Winthrop E. Stone, president of Purdue University, bring deep regret to all who seek recreation on the mountain heights. The former fell from a peak near the Tuolumne Meadow in the Sierra Nevada, the latter from a cliff in the Canadian Rockies.

It seems that the existence of hazards in climbing is one of its fascinations. Risk and peril are part of the mountains' appeal. On the whole, the mountains are not malicious toward those who seek their summits, for when we consider the great number who dare the open, accidents are rare.

But the occasional fatal slip, together with the reports that are brought back of miraculous escapes, demonstrate that danger does lurk in the wilderness. However, the return that the mountains bring in health and spiritual exaltation will ever be reckoned greater than the hazard.

Oft it is demonstrated that there is a comradeship among lovers of the high places that is truly a kinship. Mountaineers properly feel that they are the children of Mother Nature, whose chosen home is among the skypiercing peaks and untamed wild places. The loss of two of our companions is to be considered a personal loss, even though we did not know the men in real life.

MUTILATED MASTERPIECES We attended a play one time where a dirty, little street boy was taken in by a kindly stranger, washed extensively, given an up-to-date haircut and a new suit of clothes. When the dazed and renovated juvenile was brought before his bewildered father, the latter turned him 'round a few times, inspected the visible improvements, missed the familiar dirt-streaks and spots, and remarked, in hollow, aggrieved tones: "This ain't no offspring of mine:"

Probably the writers of some articles which have received the undivided attention of the Editorial Committee of Trails will feel somewhat the same when they behold their work in these pages.

One of the strange facts in this world is that a man who is capable of talking and telling a story briefly and interestingly, when he seats himself at a desk or typewriter, begins to word his story in entirely unfamiliar language. He will use phrases unknown to everyday orthography, and stretch a three-hundred-word story over numberless pages.

The Committee has endeavored to combat this tendency with an unmerciful blue-pencil, and a stern, unyielding disregard of personal friendship. Some writers will never forgive them.

OUR FUTURE Not very long ago at one of the annual meetings the members decided on a permanent headquarters. Returning in company with a serious-minded member, the writer was confidentially told that this venture was the first of a series contemplated by the business element to commercialize the club. This individual visioned an enormous membership-drive to finance these undertakings. He painted a picture of a Sunday jaunt in the near future, with hundreds of Alpiners in military formation, the fife and drum ahead, and the leaders and their aides on horseback to herd the straying ones. Why grow, was his cry? Was not the weekly attendance on walks just the right number? Would it not be foolhardy to search for further cares and responsibilities?

Ever are we confronted with the defender of the status quo. Although well-meaning, he is the arch-enemy of progress. Like an individual, a club must either grow or disintegrate. Refusing to do the latter, we may as well resign ourselves to our fate, and cheerfully look forward to the fife-and-drum days.

DIGNITY OF THE ORGANIZATION If a man be condemned with harsh criticism, and undesirable qualities be consistently attributed to him—if his motives be held open to suspicion and himself unworthy of respect—unless that individual's right convictions be expressed more strongly than the adverse criticism, he is convicted by public opinion.

This is undeniably true of the hikers of the bay region. Condemned by critics who refuse to trouble themselves to differentiate, those whose love of the trail is real find themselves through necessity continually on the defensive.

Perhaps the natural reaction to criticism is an assumption of bravado, and a certain defiance of convention. But this merely adds weight to the opposition's argument. You and I can help the cause by showing a measure of deference, not to the opinion of others, but to the unwritten laws and principles for which a mountaineering club must stand. This may mean the foregoing of some bit of boisterous humor or revelry on railroad or ferryboat, but our club has grown to a point where we are in the public eye. The action of one individual is judged as though it be with the consent of all. When in public places some thought should be given to the dignity of the organization.

SPECIAL PRIVILEGES AGAIN For a short time this nation has been trying to act as conscientious trustee of some of its natural resources, but to do so has meant a continued fight against political seekers of special privilege. At the last session of Congress these busy individuals were prevented from exploiting the National Parks, but only through the vigilance and activity of conservationists the country over.

Now comes the Sinnot Bill, which begs that the Secretary of the Interior be permitted to divide the vacant, unreserved land of the United States into grazing areas, and dispose of the grazing privileges thereon.

This would be directly the opposite of the Forestry Service policy, for it is provided that there shall be on these lands "preferential rights to those now engaged in the livestock business." If the bill passes, the large absentee stockraisers will be given preference over the homesteader, who is increasing the stable population and building up agriculture and other industries.

Are we to permit Congress to scrap the conservation ideas created and defended during the past twenty years? Any privileges granted should contribute to the permanent upbuilding of the stock-raising industry. The Forestry Service should be allowed to extend the same policy of preference for the small owner that it now applies in the national forests.

In order to prevent monopolization of the choicest grazing lands of the nation, we should immediately bring our influence to bear on legislators, that this new raid may be repelled.

CIVILIZATION Always just beneath the veneer that we call Civilization, lurks the primitive instinct of man. Now whom shall we credit with having a thicker coat of veneer than the literati known in Alpinedom as the Editorial Committee? And yet, should you have seen them armed to the teeth with blue pencil, backed by ramparts of Webster's Unabridged and Funk & Wagnall's very little of this veneer would have been apparent.

No prehistoric caveman with brandished club ever landed upon the head of a brontosaurus or dashed to eternal oblivion the preying tropideleptus than did these same members of the Editorial Committee leap upon the unoffending redundancies of expression. Pet synonyms, nestling quaintly in the spruit of literary efforts innocently submitted to them, were mercilessly uprooted. Verily we may ask ourselves, when, oh when is a man civilized?

PLANT A TREE We are consuming twenty-six billion cubic feet of wood annually and are growing only six billion. These figures of the Forestry Service are alarming. The thoughtful must see that it now becomes necessary to stop destruction and reforest idle lands. This is an undertaking that can be handled only under national direction.

We believe there should be a law to compel the renewal of every tree destroyed. Even though reforestation keeps pace with devastation, this will not be replacing the two-thirds of the original forest of the United States that has already been culled.

A bill now before Congress, H. R. 129 and S. 1869, provides for protection and renewal in co-operation with the states. Of course this will be supported by all Alpiners, but in the meanwhile let us sow the seeds, that the responsibility of planting trees may be deeply engraved on the public conscience.

ROMANCE Over hill and mountain we go seeking romance. Though she is always with us, still she eludes and tempts us to follow farther and farther along her will'o the wisp trail. Tinged with her rosy glow, Time becomes magic and marks not the prosaic passing of minutes, but the unfolding of new vistas. Supreme among her lures, she holds the sea, and there are those among us mountaineers, as we are being ferried across the mundane safety of the bay, at times look askance at our khaki togs and sweaters and sigh for a pea-jacket and a sou'wester.

Then we think with envy of "Goldie." With the dream of becoming a sea captain always in his heart, he had tramped with us many a time to the high points overlooking the waters he longed to travel as Master of his own craft. His smile, triumphant over every adversity, and his beautiful philosophy of life, have won out. For in spite of all handicaps, Goldie has made his dream manifest.

Memory, fellow conspirator with romance, brings to us a farewell picture. His figure cut sharp against the white swell of the sail, singing "Aloha" across the sweeping waters that carried him toward South American climes and bore us back through the Golden Gate. Aloha until we meet again, to the good crew of the Las Amigos.

AUTHORS vs. THE EDITOR This year the contributions to Trails have been generous and in some cases the offerings have been munificent and voluminous. Your committee has been confronted with the problem of financing an issue of limited size. Even before going to print we have heard injured writers bewailing the heartless and wanton destruction of unquestioned literary gems.

The author's work is to create thoughts and clothe them to the best of his ability, and an Editor's to judge to the best of his. If he finds it necessary to delete, accept in part or rewrite in toto, he is doing so with the one end in view, that of a better publication. This also is the desire of most club-authors, but the argument reverts back to the question of judgment as to values.

ON PLAYING THE GAME "PLAY THE GAME" It can't be done successfully unless you have the other fellow's viewpoint. Most important, it cannot be done by withdrawing from a contest after a defeat. The game can only be won by transforming a minority into a majority. If the Board of Directors vote against your "pet hobby," it may be because you have not presented your case properly. The fault may be not so much with the members of the board, as with you. Differences of opinion as to the best means of securing a desired end are frequent. If the contest wages about the means, there is little need to challenge a conclusion reached. If the end is in dispute, the minority may have to let time pass judgment on the verdict. In all events, fellow club-members, no matter what the umpire's decision, let's stand together and "PLAY THE GAME."

PRESERVATION OF THE REDWOODS The appropriation of $300,000 by the state to purchase Redwood groves along the state highway in Humboldt and Mendocino counties, is the best evidence that the state administration appreciates the value of California's scenic features. This appropriation will assure the preservation of the beauty of the highway for a distance of at least fifteen miles along the south fork of the Eel River.

The splendid work of the "Save the Redwoods League" was largely instrumental in securing this legislation. The appropriation is being administered by the State Board of Forestry.

During the early part of August, Bolling Memorial Grove was dedicated. This grove of Redwoods was the gift of Dr. John C. Phillips of Massachusetts, in memory of his brother-in-law, Colonel Raynal C. Bolling. The grove comprises about 160 acres of Redwoods at the junction of Elk Creek and the south fork of the Eel River, near Dyerville. Shortly after the dedication the League purchased from funds obtained from dues and contributions some 40 acres adjoining the Memorial Grove. Both of these groves were then deeded to the people of the State of California.

The cause of the "Save the Redwoods League" is being enthusiastically received. Every conservationist wishes the League success in its endeavors.

TAMELPA. THE MOUNTAIN PLAY ASSOCIATION reached the height of its artistic achievement in the production of 1921. Varied and enjoyable as has been the selection of plays produced at the Mountain Theatre, year after year, none seemed to exactly fit into the setting of trees, and sky, greensward and

ocean breezes, until the imagination of Totheroh peopled the sloping hillside with the spirits of the Mountain and the legend of Tamelpa, an Indian maiden. The play offered in the natural setting of the out-doors appeared to be unfolded from the atmosphere itself, and left one with a sense of having participated in a reincarnated dream.

The Club is proud of the privilege offered to its members in being permitted to be a part of this production. The fifty-seven Alpiners who appeared as Indians and Spirits felt the inspiration of being an integral part of something immensely worth while.

FIRST ASCENTS Elsewhere in this publication is printed the account of an extremely hazardous conquest of a hitherto unclimbed landmark. The prospective view from the summit probably did not actuate the climber, for in elevation and viewpoint the peak suffers considerably in comparison with the monarchs of the Main Crest of the Sierra. Boundless, youthful energy alone held this Alpiner to his purpose, until the seemingly impossible was accomplished. Time and again, according to witnesses, his life hung in the balance. It would seem that the Guardian Spirit spared him or the law of gravitation did not apply.

Is this mountaineering? Yes, stripped bare of its ethical trappings and with the winning cards often in the hands of Death. Still, so are many of our difficult mountains conquered. Alone, the pioneer invites chance after chance, that the tiny cairn may commemorate his, the first ascent. And so we pay tribute to the fire of youth, which knows no such word as failure.

ALPINE SPIRIT. While the Club name and its fortnight among "the far lone mountains" gives one an impression that the California Alpine Club is devoted exclusively to mountaineering, and while this idea may be fostered by this issue of Trails, it must not be forgotten that fifty-two Sundays and numerous holidays of each year are spent among neighboring scenes in local haunts. The average citizen of the Golden Gate City is liable to meet Alpiners more often on the slopes of Tamalpais than anywhere else. One of our most successful attempts at a pleasurable outing is the Annual Campcraft Show. This year six hundred visitors registered. The list of events demonstrated that our members are well equipped to enjoy the out-of-doors, and able to make themselves and others comfortable, The recent Campcraft Show introduced to the assembled multitude the work of the Forestry Service, so little known to the many who benefit by it, and to the wonders of modern Radio Telegraph and Telephone. It was noticeable that the majority of the people who gathered to see the show had merely heard of the wireless telephone, but had never listened to one. The interest and pleasure shown more than repaid the Alpiners who labored over the trail with the necessary heavy equipment. These Campcraft Shows are the result of a tireless enthusiasm and willing co-operation that seem to be ever evident among out-of-door people.

PUBLICITY There is no greater factor in the growth of an organization such as the California Alpine Club than publicity of the right sort. The Bay region newspapers, particularly the San Francisco Call, through the weekly "Hikers" column edited by Harold French, have throughout the past

year forwarded the cause of the local clubs devoted to out-of-doors. The activities have been placed before the newspaper-reading public of the Bay region in a manner which presents them as organizations of real public spirit, with laudable aims and ambitions. For this we express our appreciation and gratitude.

ASSOCIATION During the past year we have benefited greatly through affiliation with the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America. We have received several excellent additions to our library from the Bureau, for which we are duly grateful. Daily the mail brings data and periodicals from members in the Association that are of deep interest. We want to particularly thank The Colorado Mountain Club, The Prairie Club, The Klahanees, and The Mazamas.

May this copy of "Trails," which will go to every Associated Mountaineering Club, act as an invitation for closer relationship between us, for we believe this to be the principal reason of our being banded together.

PATRONIZE THEM. Advertisers of last year who offered their wares through the columns of Trails have expressed themselves as well satisfied with the returns from their investment. Alpiners have carried out the proper program, by informing the advertisers that their ads have been an influence in inducing patronage. Let us do it again, and we shall, in years to come, be able to issue an Annual the size of Webster's Unabridged, which may be large enough to contain all of the unchanged contributions of literary members and perhaps a larger percentage of photographs of our camera experts.

CLIMB AND GROW

Trails

YEAR *of*
1922

CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

This book is presented by the

CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

535 Pacific Building

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The purpose of this organization is: *To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out into the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid in every way possible the preservation of the woods, streams, game and the natural features of the country.*—Article I, Section 2, Constitution of the California Alpine Club.

The Alpine Club invites anyone interested in hiking to join it on its weekly excursions. For your information the Club furnishes a schedule of trips, or you may phone the Club office, Kearny 1969, between 7 and 9 P. M., or during the day, Douglas 5836, for information.

The Club also maintains a "Club Lodge" on Throckmorton Ridge, Mt. Tamalpais, where members and their guests may spend a delightful week end.

PLEASE DO NOT CARRY THIS BOOK AWAY!

Trails

DEVOTED TO MOUNTAINEERING

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY

THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

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YEAR OF 1922

VOLUME II NUMBER I

Photo by Wm. P Halliday

ON THE JOHN MUIR TRAIL

To City Dwellers

By Helen Wild

How long is it, O City Dweller, since you have seen the sun rise?
Seen the gray night-sky grow scarlet, golden,
Flecked with clouds of chameleon colors that defy a mortal
To express them,
While across the calm expanse of morning
A lone gull soars on widespread wing,
A paeon of thankfulness to God?

How long is it, O City Dweller, since you have felt the hard
Trail of an upward path beneath your feet?
Breathed the brown freshness of the loam
After a rain
And felt the springy earth give back resilience
To your step, so long accustomed to the dull,
Dead shock of pavements?

How long since have you felt the wind's caress at evening,
In the serene stillness when the sun's last rays
Withdraw themselves, and night sets friendly in the sky
One twinkling star?
Do you remember the bracing breath of sea-fog
Gathered by singing winds and lashed to curling billows
At the foot of some high hill?

O City Dweller, have you forgotten—all the earth is not fastbound,
Held sterile beneath pavements? Not everywhere
The blue horizon's line is marred by ponderous piles
Of man-made concrete—
Out on free hills the brown earth smiles forth life
In flowers; the trees against the sky's wide blueness
Wave welcome, and the trails call.
Will you come?

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Mount Everest

THE history of man and our present civilization is one of continuous effort to bring together the nethermost parts of the earth. He has used every aid of science, invention and mechanics to bridge the gap of time. The furthermost ends of our sphere now under his politic or economic control, he is urged by his indomitable spirit to explore and conquer by his own physical agency, heights which, but a generation back, were commencing to interest his curiosity.

There are those who question that any degree of real benefit can result from pitting skill, fortitude and endurance against the dizzy summits. No answer could be more fitting than the introductory remarks of Sir Francis Younghusband, traveler, explorer and mountaineer of worldwide fame, contained in that splendid and enthralling account of the scouting expedition to the world's highest mountain—"Mount Everest, The Reconnaissance of 1921"—(Longmans Green & Co., New York):

"It stands to reason that men with any zest for mountaineering could possibly allow Mount Everest to remain untouched. The time, the opportunity, the money, the ability to make the necessary preliminary preparation might be lacking, but the wish and the will to stand on the summit of the world's highest mountain must have been in the heart of many a mountaineer since the Alps have been so firmly trampled under foot. The higher climbers climb, the higher they want to climb. It is certain that they will never rest content until the proudest peaks of the Himalaya are as subdued and tamed as the once dreaded summits of the Alps now are.

"Men simply cannot resist exercising and stretching to their fullest tether the faculties and aptitudes with which they each happen to be especially endowed. One born with an aptitude for painting is dull and morose and fidgety until he can get colours and a brush into his hand and commence painting. Another is itching to make things—to use his hands and fashion wood or stone or metal into forms which he is continually creating in his mind. Another is restless until he can sing. Another is ever pining to be on a public platform swaying the audience with his oratory and playing on their feelings as on a musical instrument. Each has his own inner aptitude, which he aches to give vent to and bring into play. And more than this, he secretly owns within himself an exceedingly high standard —the highest standard—of what he wants to attain to along his own particular line, and he is never really content in his mind and at peace with himself when he is not stretching himself out to the full towards this high pinnacle which he has set before him.

"Now fortunately all men are not born with the same aptitudes. We do not all want to sing or all want to orate or all want to paint. Some few want to climb mountains. These men love to pit themselves against what most others would consider an insuperable obstacle. They enjoy measuring themselves against it and being forced to exercise all their energies and faculties to overcome it. * * * It is only on the mountain side, breathing its pure air, buffeting against its storms, testing their nerve, running hair-breadth risks, exercising their intelligence and judgment, feeling their manhood and looking on Nature face to face and with open heart and mind that they are truly happy."

THE SILVER DIVIDE

Photo by Edward P Weeb

Sierra Outing of 1922

Goodale Pass and Mount Ritter

By John C. Hogan

LATENT talents were unleashed and the germ of comradery was inhaled with every breath of clean mountain air at campfire, our first night in the open. Each soul was attuned, each spirit high, with a determination to overcome any difficulty singly or en masse.

Consideration of the unexpected incidents likely to occur on the first day's travel resulted in an early start Monday morning, July 17th, when forty-two congenial trail comrades commenced a twelve and a half day outing. For half of the first day industry of man was apparent about us. Though the chug of a high powered truck was audible high above on the road constructed by the power company, charm was restored in the wooded aisles when the hammer of a woodpecker was heard resounding to the echo. Noon found us with muscles well stretched by a climb to the 9000 foot level just below Kaiser Pass. Cooling waters to dusty feet and the unexpected delicacy of watermelon for lunch supplemented our material needs. A short walk to Bench Mark (9302 feet) unfolded an extensive panorama of a large portion of the territory we were shortly to traverse. The peaks and ridges to the north were enhanced in character and dignity by the expanse of low lying terrain that forms the basin drained by the South Fork of the San Joaquin River and its tributaries. The immense purple gorge of the San Joaquin, to the northwest, lay in sharp relief from this vantage point. The slopes of the Minarets and Mt. Ritter were observed, though their summits were capped with clouds. To the northeast horizon, Red and White Mountain appeared near the head of Vermilion Valley.

Through a series of perfect benches thick with majestic Jeffrey pines, red firs and daintily colored mimulus, we dropped to our camping place at Lower Hot Springs, on the west bank of the South Fork of the San Joaquin. Is it necessary to chronicle the appreciation of these natural hot baths by pilgrims of the trail? They revived natural good spirits, likely to be below normal at the end of a first day's journey. No one seemed to notice the late service of dinner. Dispatch and precision were the order in the kitchen when the provisions arrived. Our chef and his volunteer assistants accomplished noteworthy results under the handicap of darkness. The menu was so bountiful that we felt no need for the dessert, which had departed from its insecure anchorage for a cruise down stream.

The second day found us fit and eager to reach our objective, Vermilion Valley which had been described as a paradise, offering allurements both to the dry fly caster and to the aesthetic soul. The new bridge at Lower Hot Springs, built to replace the one which had been washed away the previous season, was a good illustration of the efficiency of the Forest Service in meeting emergencies. Fording at this point would have been difficult if not hazardous. Our trail led across this bridge and to the northeast, ascending gradually through high and well weathered rock formations which inclosed diminutive meadows of emerald hue. These ideal spots were pictures to be remembered a few hours later, as our path carried us over a long and sandy bench that seemed without end.

Fording the Mono, we came to the lower end of Vermilion Meadow and by forced march arrived at the upper end for a rather late lunch. The remainder of the day was devoted generally to making preparations to combat a wet night, for rain had preceded us and we appeared to be in a storm area.

Our schedule for the third day was changed to accommodate existing weather conditions, as proximity to camp and shelter was desirable earlier in the day. Torrents of rain and hail made our little community happy in their trespass under the protective shelter of the chef's domain. Periods of sunshine and calm permitted fly casters to bring in the limit of speckled beauties. The purling murmur and winding sweeps of Mono Creek through this level expanse blended in harmony with the bewitching peacefulness. Bear Ridge, the guardian on the south, projected its almost perpendicular spurs, quite devoid of trees and shrubs, to the rim of the meadow against which it stands in sharp relief. Unnamed cliffs, similar in contour and suggestive in coloring to the exquisite effects of Vermilion Cliffs, guard the upper reaches of this valley. A few of the intrepid, disregarding stormy conditions, explored these cliffs and found countless patches of greensward strewn with myriad flowers and delicious wild strawberries.

Away to an early start on Thursday morning, the fourth day on the trail, a clear sky with a few billowy clouds tempted us to feel secure, for we were anxious to have favorable conditions while going over Goodale Pass, 10,400 feet elevation. Silver Pass, our original objective, was declared to be impassable to pack animals. A scouting party, consisting of our leader, chief packer and one other, had reconnoitered Goodale Pass the preceding day.

Now we were climbing into high country, finding insecure footing along granite precipices of the turbulent North Fork which was leaping into space below. Farther up stream, we recrossed and wondered how our pack animals would make a ford in that madly rushing stream, strewn with huge boulders. A short, stiff climb to 10,000 feet unfolded a beautiful view of Volcanic Knob, of Recess Peak (12,841 feet) to the southeast, and to the northeast, the long and apparently easy contour of Red and White Mountain (12,840 feet), from the base of which start the headwaters of the North Fork of Mono Creek.

Lunch and an approaching storm added zest to our climb. As we approached the pass, to the southeast appeared the majestic peaks of Mt. Mills, Mt. Gabb and Mt. Abbott, all over 13,000 feet, pointing their icy shafts on high to catch the dazzling sunbeams as they filtered through the rolling, tumbling clouds showering splendor around their crystal domes. We were compelled to leave this magnificent conflict of the warring elements, as the storm was upon us in all its fury of rain, hail, sleet and wind.

The crest of the pass was rather difficult, particularly the north side where the trail is easily lost among the crumbling, jagged boulders and snow fields. If we needed compensation for our arduous travail, we had it in the knowledge that we were in the very workshop of nature at a time when her ramparts were attracting a barrage of icy shrapnel. A rift in the clouds, then appeared on our left the Lone Indian profile and on our right the rugged and forbidding walls of an unnamed mountain. The luminous glory of an overcast sky brought forth in accentuated detail peaks, crevasses and chimneys, in startling effects of black and white, replacing the vivid primary colors usual to the High Sierra under a clear sky.

THE MINARETS - LAKE EDISA

Photo by John C. Hogan

Extremely precipitous going was experienced in our endeavor to make a junction with the Silver Pass trail on the west side of Fish Creek. This was finally accomplished over a snow bridge, though under difficulties.

Speculating on the fortunes of our pack train in negotiating the hardships we had experienced, our leader determined it unwise to press on without knowledge of its location. Camp was established at 9500 feet. The speculative element attached to the arrival of food and dunnage was soon dispelled by the approach of night. Convinced that there was a community problem and a a social responsibility to be met, each was not only eager to meet the conditions without complaint but to add levity, zest and good fellowship to the occasion. Soon the comforting warmth of two large fires was felt through wet garments. Anticipation and forethought of chef and leader had made that worthy beast, our lunch hound, carry double. Sympathetic of his ordeal, forty-two grateful souls sung the beast's praises on high, for the sustenance contained in the extra pack of soup, beans and tea. A few, a very few, diligently and aggressively sought the soothing arms of Morpheus, among the boughs of firs placed in a large circle around the campfire. Many can testify that the god is not to be wooed and won by offering cold exteriors even though the heart be warm.

The night of discomfort and vigil was at last dispelled by the arrival of a new day, resplendent in an unflecked sky, offering new charms to life. The sun brought comfort, warmth and beauty to Cascade Valley, wild, rugged and rich in warm reds and deep purples, softened by a distant gossamer haze over the tall and stately pines and firs. Now initiated and hardened to the rigors of a mountaineer's life, the absence of breakfast was unmentioned if not unnoticed.

Our leader and one other, equally hardy, had set out on Goodale Pass trail and detoured to the top of Lone Indian Mountain to locate our pack train. As messengers of joy they sometime later brought us good news of its progress. The deails of the packers' misfortunes were spared us for recount at later campfires, when we were physically and mentally attuned to review their recital, softened by retrospection.

Three animals were lost, but all dunnage and supplies were recovered. With justice and appreciation let it be stated that it is our firm belief that our packers, under the wise and experienced leadership of their chief, deserve great praise and commendation for accomplishing, without a greater loss of animals, a hazardous journey made more difficult by inclement weather. A hot luncheon hastily prepared, upon the late arrival of our supplies, gave renewed vigor and now our caravan proceeded to the camping spot farther down Fish Creek in Cascade Valley.

The crisp stillness of the morning of Saturday, the 22nd, brought to our ears the soft, low ceaseless voices of a distant waterfall, the stream draining Lake Virginia and cascading down the cliffs, some 800 feet or more. Our trail took us through meadows of dainty pink, lavender, blue and golden flowers. The walls of Cascade Valley on the west and southwest are white, polished granite, having beautiful columnar lines often capped by miniature domes and pinnacles. The east side is not so picturesque, as the walls are not abrupt and run laterally, permitting full exposure to all weather conditions. Fording Fish Creek and crossing the ridge brought us near the head of Fish

Valley. Through groves of shiny aspens we picked our way over rich, black loam, rank with verdure. At 6000 feet we made our camp in a grove warm with the reds of pine and fir boles and abundantly furnished with the mountaineers' mattress, pine needles. Again the lure of the stream was on us, and our rods were swishing the air. The result was soon apparent in the happy faces returning to camp.

Although two days behind in our schedule, we made a late start Sunday, the 23rd. The day was extremely warm. Our travel during the forenoon was unprotected, but the mountains always offer a compensating factor. In this instance it was the stupendous view of the gorge of the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin. No more noble poem of Nature's everlasting perseverance could be imagined. From our luncheon spot our leader and one other started for Thousand Island Lake to make camp, preparatory to their dash to the peak of Mt. Ritter. Our main body proceeded to Reds Meadow, with a slight detour to Rainbow Falls in the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin. Though not so high, it resembles Vernal Falls in volume and by the even, uninterrupted flow.

Reds Meadow, 7700 feet elevation, offers an ideal campsite. Giant conifers, pointing high their cathedral spires, loom majestically at night, permitting the contented to rest on Nature's lap and gaze enraptured at the arching canopy wrought with jewels, until tired Nature calls and lends to drooping lids the sight of fairies draping iridescent lights in protecting boughs above. Here also is a valued hot sulphur spring. Close by it stands the famed Devil's Postpile, and not far distant are several exceptionally fine soda springs. Sotcher Lake lies within easy walking distance and, to the east, are Mammoth Pass, Mammoth Crest and Mammoth Lakes.

Our schedule called for a rest of two days, for those not desiring to make the side trip to Shadow and Garnet Lakes at the base of Mt. Ritter. Twenty-five venturesome and happy people started Monday, the 24th, for the higher reaches. Until the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin was crossed and the ascent along Shadow Creek was commenced, the travel was gradually up over pumice formation. A short, stiff climb brought us to the lower end of Shadow Lake and revealed the serried ranks of snow-clad Ritter (13,156 feet), Banner and the Minarets. Like white robed sheiks they spread their spell of adventure. Again the alpenglow. Camp was made at 9000 feet elevation, just below timberline, in the shadow of Volcanic Ridge. The memory of spontaneous spirit around that campfire will remain long and pleasantly. The promise of tomorrow's grandeur lured us reluctantly to our quarters.

Dawn was a revelation; morning, an actuality, for every one must share in breakfast preparations. The main party climbed the snow fields to Iceberg Lake at the base of Mt. Ritter; a few reconnoitered the ridges around Garnet Lake. Here one seeks to be alone in the vast amphitheatre of silence and mammoth grandeur. Here the toilsome trail is well repaid and the soul is born anew. Life's sore travail is cast aside and new courage to strive is given. Silence mocks the human strife, and tall peaks inspire us to be unmoved and strong in storms of human fate and destiny. But mortal man does not thrive on the heights alone. Heights inspire, but valleys sustain him. Returning to our base, Reds Meadow, we were welcomed by our friends to an unusual

SHADOW LAKE - MOUNT RITTER - BANNER PEAK *Photo by L. R. Kessing*

mountain menu of lamb stew served with piping hot biscuits and peach pie. Our feast was a manifestation of man's appreciation of his material needs.

Our objectives accomplished and the Club Register installed on the peak of Mt. Ritter by our leader and his companion, the return journey to Huntington Lake was commenced Wednesday morning, July 26th. Through rugged Snow Canyon, we reached a high and beautiful meadow of great expanse at 9000 feet lending a pastoral setting for the grandeur of the distant peaks toward the north. This, our longest day's travel (twenty-one and a half miles) was through a series of meadows. A precipitous trail at the close of day ended in a campsite on the North Fork of the San Joaquin. Our king fisherman again caught the limit.

Revision of schedule and plans was made necessary to permit a safe crossing of the waters separating us from Huntington Lake. Thursday, July 27th, instead of continuing due south from Soldier Meadow by way of Cassidy and Bear Meadows to Miller Bridge, which had been washed out by the San Joaquin, we continued southeast on an elongated detour to Jackass Meadow. Morale and spirit were well maintained by marching Indian file, paced by a saddle horse. Space was annihilated on our way to the lower and warmer levels. We camped at Forked Meadow.

To the adventurer, the chief charm and lure of the mountain is the unexpected. Friday, July 28th, was full of surprises. A hot, arid and dusty trail

led us to a rock rimmed basin of tranquil waters, clear and deep and as sparkling as the wine of Hebe. Though it seemed sacrilege to defile their purity, temptation to feel their electrifying contact was too great for the will to control. This junction of Chiquito Creek with the San Joaquin is a poem of loveliness in its deep hewn gorge.

Crossing the main stream on the new steel suspension bridge built by the Forestry Service, we were confronted with a hot trail leading up and over granite cliffs and barren sandy stretches. We were delighted to find untrue a prediction that Dalton Creek would be dry. This charming stream offered its lifegiving flow to willowed banks shadowing its gentle cascades. Repose and shelter from torrid rays was an invitation all accepted. Here was accumulated energy for an arduous and trying climb of 3000 feet in less than two miles. Camp and bed were well earned at Aspen Meadow, 4000 feet above our crossing of the San Joaquin, but unwillingly we left the cheery blaze of our last campfire entertainment and the spontaneous fellowship of its circle, to feel the caress of Mother Earth as she soothed us to deep slumber. The realization that too soon we would again be in contact with the demands and restrictions of civilized organization, made our beds of pine needles like unto the magic carpet of Bagdad. Physically we were gravitating home, but spiritually we remained entranced by the stupendous beauty of cosmic nature.

Our last day was crisp and clear. After a lively scrimmage and a bristling hazing between the shorn "Shavers" and the unshorn "Bluebeards," eligibles were initiated into the mystic orders. Peace and everlasting friendship were cemented by our unity of mind and purpose. Within a few hours we reached Huntington Lake, the waters of which invited us to a refreshing swim before lunch and preparation for our long and dusty drive by auto stage to Fresno.

Another successful Sierra outing! In the annals of our Club will be recorded the surpassing leadership and management displayed by those on whom responsibility rested. Realization of their untiring service and devotion prompts our grateful expression of appreciation. If not the most eventful in heights scaled, it was incomparable in the diversity of scenic beauty and incident.

Could two weeks be used to better advantage? I hear forty-two cheerful voices answer "No!".

MOUNT FUJIYAMA

Courtesy "Japan"

A Pilgrimage to Fujiyama

By Ida Eyerley

AS FAR back as I can remember, I had seen pictures of Fujiyama. As a child I had a favorite mush bowl which portrayed a lovely snow covered Fuji, but I had never nursed even the fondest dreams of actually seeing Japan's sacred mountain, much less climbing to the summit.

It was early March when I arrived in Japan, biting cold after a year in tropic Hawaii. My first introduction to Fujiyama was from my bedroom window on the afternoon of my arrival. How thrilled I was at the first sight of her! Towering majestically 12,365 feet heavenward, Fujisan was still wrapped in her mantle of white, although the snow had long since melted in the valleys below.

Day by day I watched Fuji lay aside her white cloak. Four months slipped by with surprising rapidity. I had set July 29th and 30th as the days on which to make the ascent. Knapsacks were packed in true Alpine Club style and the evening of the 28th found all in readiness. Early next morning we were on our way to Gotemba, at the foot of Fuji, some sixty miles from Yokohama.

July in Japan is the most trying month of the year, and the Saturday we left Yokohama was the hottest I have spent in many a long day. As we rickshawed to the station, fanning furiously all the while, and as at last we settled ourselves for a three hour ride in the hot, overcrowded train, little did we realize that a few hours hence our teeth would be chattering and three sweaters prove far too scant for actual comfort.

The railways of Japan are narrow gauged, but the coaches are well appointed and the service good. We were the only foreigners on the train during the greater part of the journey and were the objects of much curiosity, especially as I was dressed in true Alpine style. Now I have always found the Japanese eager to learn English and this occasion was no exception. A friendly Japanese seated beside me remarked, in the usual English Spoken Here style, "Today is warm," to which I heartily agreed. Later, feeling encouraged at his success in making me understand, he ventured, "You have on a very brave suit."

The Japanese know nothing if not how to be comfortable. The day being exceedingly warm, many of them had slipped out of their kimonos and sitting in their light underwear, fanned themselves vigorously; the children, drowsy from the heat, slept at full length on the seats. At the various stations, small pots of green tea, together with box lunches consisting mostly of fish and rice which are eaten with chopsticks, are brought into the train. The Japanese remove their shoes and many furnish themselves with air pillows for the long trips, so that if one can travel in true Japanese style on the trains, there is little left to be desired in the way of comfort.

After a three-hour ride through green fields, sometimes pulling up at little stores along the track and again waiting on switches, we finally arrived at Gotemba, from which point we motored to Subashiri, some six miles distant. The populace of Subashiri, crowding the picturesque streets, turned out to welcome us.

Our car stopped at a little Japanese inn, the keeper welcomed us smilingly and, once we had rescued our various knapsacks from beneath the seat of the car, we entered and refreshed the inner man with sandwiches which we had brought with us and green tea, served, of course, in Japanese style. The tea, without sugar or milk, is sipped from small cups without handles. Up to this time I had never really learned to like Japanese tea, but before we had completed our journey, I was drinking it with as much relish as the Japanese themselves! Having rested about an hour at the inn, we made arrangements for the services of a guide, secured wide straw sun hats, straw raincoats and staffs, and were once more on our way.

At the end of the main street is a *torii,* leading to an ancient temple in a grove, where all Fuji pilgrims pray before beginning the ascent of the mountain. Here we secured horses to take us over the uninteresting stretch which precedes the actual climb. The trail was very dusty, for no rain had fallen for many days and we were glad we did not have to tramp it. All along the forest avenue, mossgrown stone posts marked the distance and at one place we saw the remains of a stone wall and lantern guarded gateway, setting the limit of the mountain's holy ground. From that point on, the soil is sacred, although horses are allowed to go somewhat farther. The first mat-shed known as Umagayeshi, translated, means, "Turn back horse."

A tall *torii* at the head of a stone staircase at Umagayeshi marks the beginning of the actual ascent, the holy ground on which only sandaled feet are supposed to tread. However, the censor passed us and we proceeded on our way in our leather shoes. Eight pairs of *waraji* (sandals) are needed for the ascent and descent of Fuji and from that point the trail was lined with worn out sandals, so that even had the path not been so well defined, we would have had no difficulty in following it.

The trail to Umagayeshi had been a fairly open, black cinder path through green fields, but now the forest closed in on us and for two hours we traveled steadily upward, without dip or zigzag, over the cinder and lava trail. In several places we saw huge trees that had been uprooted by the fierce typhoons which sweep the mountain side; we were later informed by a Japanese friend that often pilgrims and travelers are marooned for days on the summit, when typhoons are raging below. A telephone has now been installed on top of Fuji so that pilgrims may be warned in case of storms.

Three small Shinto temples in the woods invite the pilgrims to pray, pay tribute and have their staffs stamped with the sacred seal. Beyond these temples, ten rest houses stand at even distances along the trail, the first at the edge of the wood and Number 10 at the summit. Priests and station-keepers open their season late in June and close in September.

Every few yards we passed pilgrims coming down from the summit. In the midsummer the whole mountain side is musical with the tinkling of the bells which these men carry. Fifty thousand make the ascent during the short season. These pious palmers are chiefly from the agricultural classes. They travel in groups, each man furnished with his bit of straw matting for bed, raincoat and shelter. They carry also cotton towels marked with the crest of their pilgrim society, to be hung, after using, at the temple water tanks, or as advertisments of

their presence at the tea houses they patronize. At each shrine they visit, the priest stamps their clothing with the seal of the temple. The staffs are also stamped, and so at every shrine we passed, for a small charge, we had our staffs stamped. The fee varied from one to four sen.

Fujiyama is vested with legends which the pilgrims unquestionably accept. It is said to have risen up in a single night, over two thousand years ago when a great depression appeared to the southward, which the waters of Lake Biwa immediately filled. For a thousand years pilgrims have toiled up the weary path to pray at the highest shrine and to supplicate the sun at dawn. Fujisan, it is said, hated women, and stories of devils who seize women and fly off into the air with them, still deter all but the most emaciated Japanese women from making the ascent. It was after Fujisan had quarreled with all the other gods that she set up this lofty mountain of her own, where she might live alone in peace. Today Fuji lies dormant. Until the year 1500 she wore a perpetual smoke wreath and every century saw a great eruption, but there have been no signs of life from her since 1707. This last eruption, of which evidences are still to be seen on the mountain side, continued for a month.

A sloping expanse of bare lava and cinders stretched up before us endlessly, as we suddenly emerged from the forest. Above the forest line nothing intercepts the wide views in any direction and the goal is always in plain sight. From this point we found the trail steeper and, except for a few stunted mountain shrubs, absolutely devoid of vegetation. In short, the track was loose and progress was very slow. Our intention was to reach the sixth station and rest there for the night.

We arrived at the second rest house in time for sunset. It would be difficult to attempt to word-paint that sunset. Amid a group of worshiping pilgrims, the last red glow of the sun marked the close of another day. The afterglow appeared upon the three lakes, now visible below, and a hush and peacefulness stealthily crept over all.

The moon, which was in its first quarter, shone above us frostily, while far below were banks of white clouds covering the world beneath with a heavy mantle. Five hundred feet back along the trail, we could see the light from a Japanese lantern carried by a pilgrim anxious to reach the sixth rest house that night.

All about us deathly silence. It was now bitter cold and with our sweaters buttoned high, we bent doggedly to our task, arriving at the third station about half past eight. The hut was some 25 feet long by 15 feet wide, built of lava rock and lined with wood. In the center a charcoal fire was burning, over which was suspended a large cauldron filled with simmering water. At our entrance, the proprietor at once stirred up the fire and it was not long before he had a pot of green tea ready for us. We made a light supper from the remaining sandwiches in our knapsacks and then sat around the fire, warming our numbed hands. The illumination of the house came from two lamps suspended from the rafters. Around the fire were seated three or four pilgrims, apparently late arrivals, while the remainder of the party was rolled up in their *futons* on the floor. Some were sound asleep and those who were not, peered curiously at the foreigners who had set out to climb their sacred mountain.

The huge door of the rest house was closed tightly to keep out the cold and, as there was no chimney in the hut, we found ourselves rather stifled and our eyes burning after a short stay around the fire. Our host pressed us to spend the night at his hut, but knowing the distance we had yet to go in order to reach the sixth rest house that night, we once more braved the cold.

Up to this time, we had felt that we could give our guide some pointers on mountain climbing, but now we were perfectly willing to let him lead the way. There was no definite trail and we had to pick our way over the lava as best we could. We pushed on, stopping frequently, as we had begun to feel the altitude and experienced some difficulty in breathing.

At 11:30 our efforts were rewarded for, on rounding a bend in the trail, we caught sight of the welcome gleam from Rest House No. 6, and heard the murmur of voices. A few minutes later we were safely inside the shack, immediately flinging ourselves full length on the floor, exhausted. Mine host immediately brought *futons* for us to lie on. Later I counted the occupants. They numbered thirty-two and all were crowded into a 25 by 15 foot hut with the doors tightly closed. The smoke played havoc with our eyes. Although we were dead tired, it was nearly one o'clock before I fell asleep, not being accustomed to retiring at such an altitude and in such surroundings.

All during the night pilgrims arrived. As I lay drowsing, I could hear their knocks at the door, the voice of the station-keeper telling them that there was no room inside and their plea of *"Taihen osamu gozaimasu"* (It is so very cold), whereupon our host would fling open the door and admit them, shivering. I awakened at 2:30 to find the hut fairly bursting with sleepers. We were the only foreigners at Rest House No. 6. In fact, we saw but one other during the entire journey.

At 3:30 we were astir once more. I ventured to the door and looked out. Already in the eastern sky there was a long gray streak which heralded the approach of another day. Just outside stood a pilgrim dressed in snow-white, his face turned fixedly to the east, evidently praying earnestly to the fiery orb, who, in a short while, would light the world with his welcome rays.

Everyone was now getting up and preparing for an early departure. More green tea and sandwiches made our breakfast. We were soon on the trail again. The sky was now all aglow with beautiful tints of yellow and orange and a few minutes later the sun pushed above the bank of clouds and lighted the strange scene near the mountain top. Before and behind us, were long lines of pilgrims in single file. We could hear them chanting as they pushed upward. It seemed as though we had left the world behind altogether, and that this desolate trail was the link connecting it with regions unknown.

From the sixth rest house to the summit, the going was exceedingly hard. The loose cinders made progress slow and we found ourselves resting every few minutes, each time a little longer than the time before. However, at nine o'clock we were sitting outside of Rest House No. 10 on the edge of the black crater of Fujiyama, 12,365 feet above the sea-level. We were just as anxious as the pilgrims to have our staffs marked with the summit stamps, which put the finishing touches to our diploma. In one of the rest houses, of which there are several on the summit, we partook of more green tea and then rolled ourselves up in *futons* for a much needed sleep. It was high noon when we awakened.

Shortly after noon we started on the downward trail on the other side of the mountain. I shall never forget the glorious panorama of mountain ranges, valleys, lakes and plains that were stretched out at our feet. A snowy mass of cloud overhung the mountains to the south and here and there peaks broke through the mantle, like islands in a pure white, billowy sea. Over all was the blue sky from which shone the sun in all his splendor. We were loath to descend. We would have preferred to remain on top and do nothing but gaze upon that marvelous view.

The descent path was an easy one, entirely over loose cinders and far more direct than the ascent path. We made excellent time. The cinder trail, however, had its disadvantages, for tiny particles worked their way into our shoes and irritated our already tired feet.

Long before the forest was reached, we began to feel the effects of the trip and I had a similar wish to that of King Richard of old on the field of Bosworth, though I had no kingdom to offer, only some perfectly good specimens of Japanese coin.

Photo by Ida Everley

REDWOODS AND WOODWARDIA FERN *Photo by Mrs. E. E. Ayer*

Save the Redwoods Movement in California

By J. D. Grant

Chairman, Board of Directors, Save the Redwoods League

THE movement to save for posterity a fair representation of the finest stands of California Redwood or Sequoia sempervirens, has made distinct headway during the past year. Approximately half a million dollars has been applied to the saving of Redwoods in 1921 and 1922. This has resulted in the establishment in Humboldt County of the Humboldt State Redwood Park, a twelve mile stretch bordering the State Highway in the basin of the South Fork of the Eel River and comprising approximately 2000 acres.

The aim of the League is to save as complete a stretch of Redwood timber along the highways as is feasible and also to bring about the establishment by the Federal Government of a Redwood National Park, comprising at least 20,000 acres of primeval Redwood forest.

It is interesting to note that the original Redwood belt comprised, in round figures, 1,500,000 acres and that already approximately one-third of this area has been logged off. The timber has been cut at a rate averaging 6500 acres per year and it has been estimated that with the normal increase in cutting, the present Redwood forests will survive for only about 150 years. However, within a very few years from now, the finest of the Redwoods accessible to the public will have been cut, unless the plans of the Save the Redwoods League are carried out. In the twenty years prior to 1921, less than 1000 acres had been saved. In 1901 the California State Redwood Park in the Big Basin, Santa Cruz County, comprising 3700 acres, was established. In addition to this reserve, fine groves of Redwoods have been saved in the Armstrong Grove purchased by Sonoma County; in Muir Woods donated by Mr. Kent as a national monument; in the Bohemian Grove in Sonoma County and in the privately owned Santa Cruz Grove. The latter, although not publicly owned, is in little danger of destruction because it has been found that standing as an object of interest, these giant trees are far more valuable than they would be if cut into lumber.

The revival of activity toward the saving of the Redwoods was the result of the construction of the California State Highway through the northern portion of the Redwood belt. Particularly in Mendocino and Humboldt Counties, this highway made the finest stands of timber accessible to lumber operators and at the same time made it possible for Californians to reach these groves with convenience and comfort. The saving of the Humboldt State Redwood Park along the State Highway in the basin of the South Fork of the Eel River, is the beginning of a movement which has, as its ultimate goal, the preservation of timber throughout the stretch of highway that traverses the Redwood belt.

Immediately upon saving a considerable area of Redwood timberland and making it public property, we have come face to face with a problem just as serious as that of saving the trees. It is the question of keeping from damage and defacement the finest trees, the undergrowth, and the luxuriant carpet of ferns and wild flowers, with which the Redwood region abounds. For the call of the Redwoods has been heard by thousands of our citizens in ever-increasing numbers, and even now along the Redwood Highway the traveler sees numerous automobile campers enjoying the State Redwood Park.

This is as it should be. The Redwoods are for the people to enjoy. That is why we are saving them. But we have already found that this camping must be regulated, if the Redwoods and their attendant attractions are to be saved for future generations. Already some of the finest groves have been marred to a certain extent by unrestricted camping. In some of these ancient groves, inviolate for centuries, the automobile and the campfire have killed off practically the last vestige of undergrowth. Hundreds of trampling feet have stamped out fern and wild flower. And while this has happened in only one or two places, it is typical of what we may expect when the fame of the Redwoods, that are saved, has brought to their habitat, not the thousands of the present, but the

VIRGIN FOREST UNDER U. S. FOREST SERVICE SUPERVISION *Photo by U. S. Forest Service*

hundreds of thousands of the near future. For the new State Highway has made the Redwoods accessible to all.

It is not pleasant to be compelled to suggest that the state put up equivalents of the Keep Off the Grass signs, typical of the crowded city parks. And it is not necessary to post such notices if we now begin a process of education as to the proper use of our Redwood region for camping purposes. Damage, done by campers, is largely due to ignorance and carelessness. A positive, rather than a negative attitude should be taken toward the problem. Happily, the State Forestry Board, which ably administers the Humboldt State Redwood Park, is taking such an attitude. They are setting aside definite places for camping and plan to furnish ever facility to the citizen who leaves the noise of the city, or the sweltering heat of the valley, and seeks rest and recreation in the cool shade of the primeval forest. Camps will be plainly marked, and camping confined to them, under supervision of a forest ranger. These spots will be near the highway and yet not directly upon it. They will be so located as to afford privacy, and will take into account important questions such as water supply, sanitation, and nearby opportunities for hunting, fishing, swimming, and hiking over hillside trails.

For the most part these camps will not be located in the heart of large Redwood Groves. The Redwoods are not the best place in which to camp. There is too much moisture present. There is danger from falling limbs. And above all, the beauty of the marvelous groves is very soon impaired by their daily occupation. Yet all the camps will be near the Redwoods, and over them the spell of the Redwood forest, with its mystery and its ever-changing beauty, will ever be present.

Californians have not yet begun to realize how great a material asset these Redwoods are, especially since they have been brought so near to us by a splendid highway system. Travelers from all over the world are coming—many of them have already come—to see the oldest and grandest of living things.

PRIVATE OWNED LANDS, LOGGED AND BURNED OVER *Photo by U. S. Forest Service*

Photo by Matt Draghicevich

The Mountain Play

By Mrs. D. E. F. Easton

THE Mountain Play has completed the first decade of its history. There must be something very right about this Mountain Play of California. As the years have passed, the audiences have increased; those who first came for sport, have come again and again to worship; out of its success, was born inspiration for outdoor plays produced in other localities, such as The Redwood and The Desert Plays. The history of the ten Mountain Plays and the ten audiences, for the latter are just as much a part of the play as are the players, is the history of the attraction of the out-of-doors for all people.

The Mountain Theatre, a natural amphitheatre surrounded by a gallery of century-old redwoods, mountain oaks and madrones, is situated 2000 feet above sea-level, on Mt. Tamalpais. The back drop of the natural stage, no human hand could paint, no human mind conceive. It presents to the audience a panorama of the ship-dotted Bay of San Francisco, its islands and the cities about its shores, together with charming glimpses of the blue Pacific. In the words of a writer in the Theatre Magazine a few years ago, "There seems to be no limit to the scene. The whole world appears to be spread out behind the actors on the mountain side, placing the Mountain Play in a place of its own, in a God-made theatre."

The site of the theatre was presented to the Mountain Play Association by Honorable William Kent in 1915. Two acres were added through the generosity of the North Coast Water Company of Marin County. On this latter property is situated Pohli Rock dedicated to the memory of Ramon Pohli, the manager of the first play, who lost his life by a fall in Yosemite Valley. The installation of the water system and reservoir, designed by J. W. Dolliver, was made possible by Max Rosenberg, an enthusiast in the support of this endeavor. The Mount Tamalpais Railway, regularly, and the Northwestern

Pacific Railway, from time to time, have given material assistance to assure the success of the play.

On the third Sunday in May for the past ten years, from three to six thousand men, women and children have pilgrimaged by boat and train, to reach the two mile trail which leads to the Mountain Theatre. Each has carried his lunch, for it takes an entire day to go and to return by this route. All have walked these two miles, since it was not possible for a carrier of any description to approach nearer. Even the horseback rider has been barred from the trail on the day of the play.

In the vast cosmopolitan audience are found the professional man, the toiler, the merchant, the banker, the rich man and the poor man, the grandmother and the matron, the mother with the babe in her arms, the society girl and man, the school girl and boy, and the business girl. Year after year it shows the same characteristics, encompassing people from all walks of life and of many nationalities. Silently they sit through each act, and at its close all arise from the ground with one accord and remain standing for a change of position. Hurriedly and silently they seat themselves at the first appearance of a player on the stage. And at the last exit, the vari-colored crowd streams across the stage, congratulating the actors, cameras clicking as they preserve the picture of some group of players generously delaying their departure to pose again.

Surely this is an audience difficult to imagine outside of California, and so we must feel that the Mountain Play, its audience and its site, are not only right, but inspirational and a great community expression in every sense. The spirit of the audiences has been expressed by one of the players, Dan Totheroh, author of "Tamelpa": "Put on your costume, swing your pack, and come to play your part, for you are the play, you who gem the mountain side with ten thousand smiles have made it California's Maytime Festival. We play not for you, but with you. You have made this your own holiday."

Garnet Holme, the artist-director, actor and playwright, has directed nine of the ten productions. "William Tell," the 1916 play, was produced by Frank Mathieu, a director of many of the Bohemian Grove Plays, whose association with the Mountain Theatre is now a cherished memory.

The players, most of whom are amateurs, have been recruited from several sources. An integral part of the casts has been supplied by the California Alpine Club, whose members enter into the spirit with an understanding of the out-of-doors that others must acquire by contact and cultivation.

The San Francisco Daily News once stated that "It is as impossible to describe a mountain play as to describe the colors of some butterfly, for the colors of the play seem stolen from the rainbow." During the ten years, but one rainy Sunday has been experienced. In 1915 when the play chanced to be the story of Rip Van Winkle, the gray dome overhead shed a steady rain. The audience sat on the ground, seemingly unconscious of discomfort. When, after his slumber of twenty years, old Rip returned to his home, responding to his cue with: "Is this the village of Falling Water?", they laughed in sympathy with the player and his line. The San Francisco Chronicle, the day following,

stated that "The Mountain Theatre is one of Nature's great green play places, where amusement is found even in the showers."

Each of the ten plays has preached a sermon with a force commanding reverence. The motto of the Mountain Play has dedicated it to the gospel "Where you have mountains, there you shall have free men."

Chronologically the plays are as follows:

Year	Play	Scene	Author
1913	Abraham and Isaac	Ancient Miracle Play; Mountains of the Holy Land.	
	Scenes from Twelfth Night		Shakespeare
1914	Shakuntala	Himalayan Mountains, 400 A. D. Tr. from Sanskrit	Dr. A. W. Ryder
1915	Rip Van Winkle	Catskill Mountains, 1763	Washington Irving
1916	William Tell	Swiss Alps, 1307	Schiller
1917	Jeppe-of-the-Hill	Mountain of Denmark, 1721	Ludvig Holberg
1918	Robin Hood	Sherwood Forest, 1200	Alfred Noyes
1919	Tally Ho	California Sierra, 1849	Joaquin Miller
1920	As You Like It	Forest of Arden, 1599	Shakespeare
1921	Tamelpa	Mt. Tamalpais. No time in history	Dan Totheroh
1922	The Pied Piper	Hamelin on the River Weser, 1284	Josephine Preston Peabody

"Tamelpa," by Dan Totheroh, the only especially written play, is a story of the primitive American, and establishes a legand for Mt. Tamalpais, since research did not give an authentic one. It is the story of the purple maiden asleep forever on the slopes of the mountain, her full length figure outlined against the sky by the rock formation. Her life before time began is developed by the play. "Tamelpa" will be repeated at intervals of two or more years.

A group of twenty people compose the Mountain Play Association. Its members do not share in the profits of the productions, the sole aim of the association being the continuance of the Mountain Play as a community expression. Whatever profits may be realized are applied to the improvement of trails and other natural needs. The altruism of those who form the association, the vision of John C. Catlin, the first president, and the interest and untiring attention of the incumbent, R. F. O'Rourke, have made the Mountain Theatre a part of California tradition.

PAPER MILL CREEK

Photo by L. R. Kessing

Mountain Streams—Today—Tomorrow

By A. R. Tunzi

CAN you imagine our mountains without their rivers, waterfalls and cascades as many of them now are without their forests? Do you realize that not many years hence, beautiful scenes will not be so abundant and that those still existing will bear the scars of the advance of civilization?

No doubt most of you are to some extent interested in all the wonders of the great out of doors. You love our mountains with their valleys, their redwood groves, their streams, meadows, canyons and all that unites in the making of the Temples of Mother Nature. Especially do you devotees of the trail love those places which are well-nigh inaccessible. You find your reward not only in the ideal companionship of those of like tastes, but also in the quietness, the contentment, the bigness of the open spaces as yet unscarred by the hand of man.

The wilds move back. Gradually, with infinite effort, even as the measuring worm, civilization forges ahead leaving wherever it goes its mark. Perhaps small, but nevertheless a mark. You of the great State of California are exceedingly fortunate in the possession of your mountain ranges. The greatest of these, the equal of any in creation, is the Sierra Nevada. To the ruggedness and inaccessibility of a large portion of this range are due the many square miles of virgin territory on which no human feet have trod.

To appreciate the greatness and beauty of these mountains, you must go into them and become a part of them, lose yourselves from vaunted civilization. Upon your return, you see how small and uninteresting are the works of man in comparison with those of Mother Nature. But man, though his achievements are small, points with pride to his acres of producing land which had been a blazing desert, and to his tunnels which have been cut through solid rock to make his home miles closer to his engrossing business. Volumes are filled with the things he has done to keep up with the demands of the times; but in some cases these advances are likened unto that of a flock of sheep, who nibbling the choice bits throughout the field destroy what they do not consume.

A parallel of this we can see today in the skeleton remains of many forests, cut down before our government realized the necessity of the conservation of natural resources. There are desolate wastes of timberland which bring to mind battlefields, the dead lying all about awaiting an act of Providence to wipe out the signs of the past and give Nature an opportunity to heal the scars on her bosom. Those who see nothing but possible dollars in our out of doors cannot appreciate the beautiful; cannot conserve it.

The greatest present menace to the beauties of your mountains lies in the *unrestrained* development of our mountain streams for hydroelectric purposes. Picture to yourself the waterfalls, cascades, and roaring rivers which have fascinated you with their beauty, so that you have watched for hours as they, leaping and roaring, find their way to the sea.

Make a trip to one of the many localities where the hydroelectric interests have been at work. Where once there was a rushing torrent, you now see a small stream. Following up the river bed, you come to a large white building where the seething water for which you are looking, is in evidence as it pours

in a brownish flood from the tail races of the giant turbines, only to disappear again into tunnels connecting with the next power house. Look upward. Where once was beauty unrestrained, a giant tube of steel now imprisons the waters that in their freedom had joyously leaped about.

More and greater transformations are now taking place.

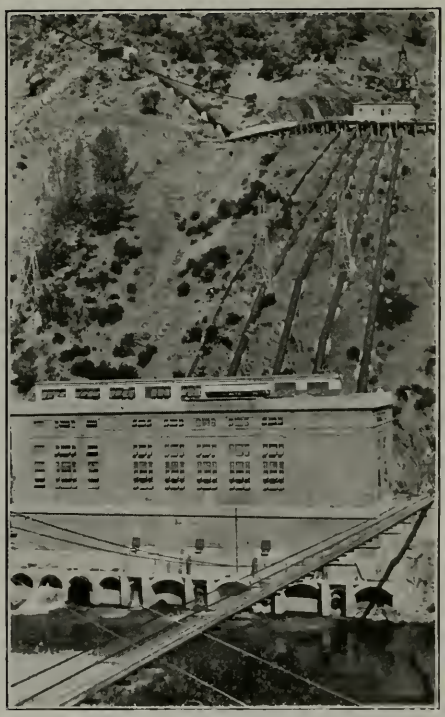
It is selfish and unprogressive to even attempt to interfere with *all* hydro-electric development. However, by laying out our National Parks to include some of our most beautiful rivers to their sources, you can preserve, unspoiled, some of our great scenic regions for the generations to come. This is the aim and ideal of the various outdoor clubs holding membership in the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America.

There is one way that you can help. Each and every one of you should become conversant with the various measures affecting our natural resources, as they come before our Congress, and actively support every movement for conservation. Write to your congressmen and senators at the psychological moment. How do they know where you stand unless you express yourselves?

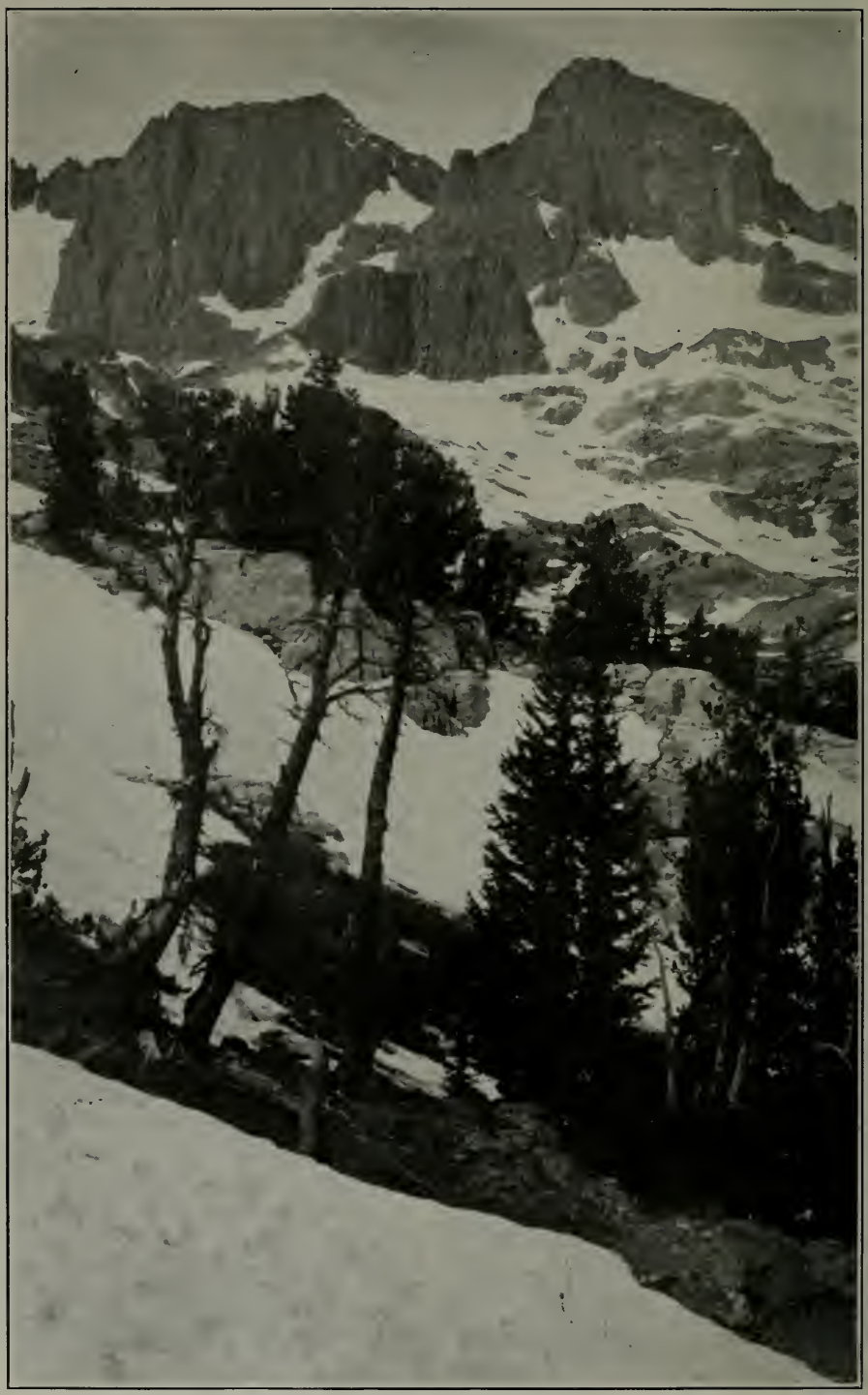
Let the rapidly diminishing supply of standing timber serve as an example of the heedless waste resulting from unrestrained special privileges.

Practical development and conservation of natural resources can live side by side, each serving a noble purpose.

TODAY *Photo by U. S. Foret Service*



TOMORROW *Photo by U. S. Forest Service*



MOUNT RITTER- BANNER PEAK *Photo by John C. Hogan*

A Dash up Mt. Ritter from Crater Creek

By M. F. Murphy

TIME was short. To reach the summit of Mt. Ritter from the Fish Valley Trail crossing of Crater Creek, and then to return to the vicinity of Red's Meadow in two days, had been whispered about as a long, hard grind. However, knowing well that my companion, James Wright, was in excellent physical shape and having full confidence in mine own spindle legs, we were not in the least dismayed at the prospect which confronted us. Rather we gladly accepted the opportunity to prove that "it takes a lean horse for a long race."

At 2 p. m. on July 23, 1922, we detached ourselves from the main party, the cheery words of our Alpine friends following us. Our burdens of food and covering weighed approximately thirty pounds apiece, but the loads were well balanced in our knapsacks and we heeded them not. Warming up to our task, we threw the gears into high, reaching and passing the Devil's Postpile and Pumice Flat at better than a four mile per hour gait. The trail was familiar to the writer.

A ten minute rest at Agnew Meadow provided an opportunity to "nose" around the deserted cabin and to drink from the gurgling brook nearby. Across the canyon of the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin River, the Minarets began to rise to view and before long we were gazing upon one of the most beautiful scenes in the Sierra Nevada. Banner Peak, Mt. Ritter, the Minarets and the lovely Shadow Lake, captivated our admiring gazes, whenever the trail underfoot permitted the delightful diversion of a side glance. Meanwhile daylight faded rapidly, so we made haste to select our camp under a friendly fir.

Hardly had we kindled our fire, when a prospector sauntered down the trail toward us, from his camp just two hundred yards above. He greeted us and extended the invitation that we stay at his encampment. We ate and then accepted his proffer of hospitality. At the prospector's temporary abode, we met his partner, a venerable gentlemen of at least three score summers. Together they explained that they were delving for silver and seemed to be delighted with prospects of a good strike. While the portals of the mountains were closed with snow and ice, they worked at the famous Randsburg Mine in the Mojave Desert, but each summer they betook themselves to their highland claim, in quest of riches that ever lure. The prospectors were curious as to our object, and when we told them what we intended to do, they shook their heads, but wished us luck.

Before a cheerful campfire, the younger man promised to see us on the trail at the first crack of dawn. When we inquired as to whether he relied upon an alarm clock, he winked knowingly and said; "Don't worry boys, daybreak will find you on your way." Upon the ground, a few feet from their smaller tent, we spread a quilt which our new friends had loaned us, and then two slender humans wiggled into one sleeping bag lined with three blankets.

About 1 a. m. a baritone voice emanated from the small tent, warbling "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." Some two hours later, strains of another old time favorite floated out upon the chill air and promptly at 4

a. m., reveille was sounded to the tune of, "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning, but it's Nicer to Lie in Bed." We were thankful that crude jazz had not polluted the singer's soul, for he apparently entertained no liking for its barbaric raspings. While not varied, his repertoire was entirely in keeping with the wonderful setting of our camp. The older prospector appeared, greeted us and said, "My partner there is quite a nightingale, ain't he." We laughingly agreed. A light breakfast put us in fine fettle and bidding goodbye to our prospector friends, we again started out on the trail at 5 a. m.

Left oblique was executed a short distance below Agnew Pass and at 7 a. m. we were feasting upon a perfect lake reflection of Banner Peak, from a vantage point near the outlet of Thousand Island Lake. We again ate lightly of our refreshments on the west shore of the lake and, hanging most of our impedimenta in a deadwhite bark pine, well out of reach of a possible foraging bear, we commenced our actual ascent of Mt. Ritter at 8:25 a. m.

Over huge drifts of snow, we made for the gap to the north of Banner Peak. On reaching the summit of the gap, we swung to the south as the snow fields became deeper and deeper. Occasionally we encountered rocky stretches and finally the saddle between Mt. Ritter and Banner Peak appeared before us. Below, to the right, a nameless lakelet nestled in a rockbound basin. Huge chunks of frozen snow and ice floated about upon the surface, while here and there the deep cobalt blue of the waters fascinated us, as we proceeded drunkenly over the pitted snow field to the saddle. Farther up, a smoother surface demanded caution.

Directly in front, Mt. Ritter rose serenely, its black forbidding cliff challenging our further approach. The only possible route of ascent seemed to lead up a snow-tongue to two steep chimneys. We reached the lowest point of the saddle. As we progressed, the surface of the snow tilted so dangerously that we roped together and started our step cutting. Jim swung a small hatchet and I wielded a trusty entrenching shovel. The latter article proved to be by far the better tool, so we relieved one another, using the shovel to excellent advantage. Near the top of the snow-tongue, we clung to the treacherous surface like two flies, mindful of the terrific sweep to the frozen lake, now far below. The deliberate and methodical caution characteristic of the English alpinist here manifested itself, and our success no doubt depended considerably upon the slow but sure assault recommended by my companion.

We breathed a sigh of relief after the forty minutes of step cutting had passed and a rocky buttress of the mountain furnished a scant ledge for our accommodation. Unroping, the chimney to the right was selected and we made rapid progress up the steep incline, wary of the danger of falling rocks. Stray missiles were still tight in the grip of frost however, and it was not until we later essayed our descent, that we were troubled by miniature avalanches of loose material. As we reached the top of our chimney, the summit appeared about three hundred feet above. We bore to the right and proceeded very carefully. Zigzagging back and forth, a point was reached some fourteen feet below the actual summit. Here we paused, neither willing to poke his head over before the other. An agreement was at last reached and we separated, Jim going to the left, I to the right. As I cautiously peered over the summit

Photo by Edward P. Webb

LAKE OF THE LONE INDIAN

rocks, my fellow climber's head appeared simultaneously and apparently from the opposite side of the mountain. We hoisted ourselves to the summit and laughed somewhat childishly at our antics.

In three hours and forty minutes we had made the ascent of over 3000 feet from Thousand Island Lake. We had climbed carefully and leisurely and were by no means fatigued. In a cairn of rocks, we discovered the Sierra Club register, placed on the summit in 1897 by that intrepid climber, Professor Joseph N. LeConte. And to the lady mountaineer who accompanied Young Joe, we silently bowed acknowledgments and congratulations.

From the summit of Mt. Ritter, we gazed upon mountainous scenes of striking grandeur. To the north, beyond the rugged outline of the nearby Banner Peak, Mono Lake shimmered ghostily in the desert haze. Northwesterly, the lesser summits of the Ritter Group piled up in reckless abandon. To the east, Garnet and Shadow Lakes, more than three thousand feet below us, reflected the clear blue sky with which we were favored. Southerly we saw the serrated ridge known as the Minarets and beyond, across the blue canyon of the Middle San Joaquin, the snow burdened giants of the range rose from out many massed ridges, to tower above their fellows. Mt. Humphreys, Mt. Abbott, Mt. Goddard, the Palisades, Bear Creek Spire and the far culminating high peaks of the Kings and Kern regions, we recognized. Off to the west, the San Joaquin-Merced Divide stood out prominently. Through a gap in this divide, we discerned the Half Dome, a striking feature of a certain world-famous valley.

At an altitude of 13,156 feet above the sea, a delightful calm prevailed, but on our high perch certain disturbing thoughts would persist. Formerly silent forests through which we had passed, had rung jarringly with the detonations of dynamite, clash of steel against tree and rock and struggling whirr of motor engine, all stridently sounding the advent of human development. Gaugers were stationed here and there, measuring the flow of virgin mountain streams, presaging the havoc shortly to follow. Perfection (Jackass) Meadow is doomed; then follows Vermilion Valley. Even to lovely Simpson Meadow, the tentacles are reaching out.

The passing of virgin forests and peaceful meadows, together with the halting of the natural flow of our mountain torrents, which latter are the very life of the thirsty plains below, is akin to an irreparable tragedy. As highways with the attendant high speed juggernauts open up the highland fastnesses to the general public, adjacent scenes lose their chief charm, wild sublimity. Far from the crush and scurry, seeing and understanding Nature in her untarnished robes, man is a better creature, appreciative of God's great gifts, accepting them as they are, with no thought to the almighty dollar, the pursuit of which perchance overshadows the grind of his routine, urban existence. These are the thoughts that arise, as we pondered. For the generations destined to follow after us shall we tame our heights, or shall we set aside a rough and rugged region, into the confines of which the greedy money-mad shall never enter?

While the writer photographed, Jim hammered away with the hatchet and drill on the surface of a hard summit rock, preparatory to placing the Club

register. When the job was finally finished, the small star drill was a sight to behold. Instead of many points, but one remained and that in reality was no point at all. The business end of the drill presented a dejected and battered surface. Of such hard conglomerate as the register rock, is the mass of Mt. Ritter composed. In the register we entered our names, data relative to route of ascent, weather conditions, etc. Two hours passed ere we even considered our descent. When we at last faced that unpleasant necessity we decided to retrace the course of our climb as closely as practicable. A traverse of the mountain would throw us off our path and the eastern and southern faces of the peak did not look at all inviting. However, with considerable time, such a crossing may be considered an entirely feasible undertaking.

We dropped down rapidly. The heat of the midday sun had loosened many rocks and several small avalanches of free, hard material cautioned us to use the utmost care in our descent. Within arm's reach of one another, the long steep chimney was negotiated and finally the steps, which we had cut in the ice and snow of the southern saddle slope, appeared below. Arriving at the base of the chimney, our descent was enlivened and momentarily halted by the discovery of a set of mountain sheep horns. Weather beaten but intact, the specimen carried us back to the days when *ovis canadensis* and his tribe ruled the crags and jagged slopes of Mt. Ritter.

Facing the surface of the snow-tongue, again roped together, we descended with groping feet first, down our stairway, somewhat in the manner of two cautious, but pugnacious crabs. When the easier going of the pitted snow was reached, we unroped and gazed upward at Banner Peak. Here we were greatly tempted to climb its simple southwest rock slide. However, the afternoon was now well advanced and we were a long way from our cache. We lost no time in retracing our way directly to our base at Thousand Island Lake.

With a few short cuts, we reached the skeleton tree which protected our gear, ate heartily and then struck out for Garnet Lake. Upon reaching the upper end of this lake, we were surprised to find that many talus slopes and rocky cliffs precluded rapid progress. We held to the north shore and as the outlet was reached, the sun had set and darkness momentarily threatened to fall. Camp was hastily made. We built a huge fire and then crawled into our cocoon which we had deposited under a dwarf pine, upon a delightful, springy bed of bryanthus. The lap, lap of the breeze disturbed waters of Garnet Lake, together with the cheery crackle of our fire, lulled us into a refreshingly sound slumber.

Shortly after daybreak and breakfast when Jim, as usual, had bathed his feet and numerous scratches in a freezing solution of permanganate of potash, we found ourselves again on our way. Some difficulty was experienced in locating the Shadow Lake Trail, but we lost no time when once upon the correct route. We proceeded downward from the divide and were soon following Shadow Creek to the lake of like name. Hardly had we gone one hundred yards on the level floor of the creek basin when we scented smoke. Voices reached us. Laughter and shouts followed. Someone had caught a golden trout and great was the excitement. Then we entered the realm of a score of our fellow club

members. They were encamped on the shore of Shadow Lake, enjoying to the utmost the realization of this promised side trip. Just to be sociable we drank of their delicious coffee. Conversation was cadenced to vicious strokes at hordes of tiny famished mosquitoes.

We bade the Shadow Lake detachment goodbye and proceeded along the splendid down trail to the Middle Fork of the San Joaquin River. The central camp at Red's Meadow was our destination. On the last leg of our journey, the now visible accomplishment of our object gave surprising speed to our limbs. Almost unnoticed, at 11 a. m. on July 25, 1922, we reached the end of our jaunt. As we arrived, legs of lamb were roasting before an open fire, while our packers were casting dice for the possession of the highly prized, fresh pelt of the late departed quadruped. And so, as our statistician, Matt, informed us that the above date was correct, we realized that we had turned the trick in a few hours less than the forty-eight allotted.

To any person in fair athletic condition, a duplication of this trip is indeed feasible, provided of course weather conditions permit of continuous travel during the daylight hours. Too much time must not be consumed in making or breaking of camp nor indulging in hearty repasts, although one should not stint in laying out fuel in the shape of concentrated and nourishing food. Everything must be carried out with dispatch and while Nature's flower gardens may be crammed with priceless gems along the way, one should not tarry to gather daisies, however great the temptation. Plenty of blankets must be provided to insure refreshing slumber. As for the actual climb of Mt. Ritter, suffice it to say that while not exceedingly difficult to ascend, the Black Giant commands the respect of any mountaineer.

MINARETS, FROM PEAK OF MOUNT RITTER *Photo by M. F. Murphy*

RAINBOW FALLS IN MIDDLE FORK OF SAN JOAQUIN *Photo by A. R. Tunzi*

Recreation in the National Forests

By Paul G. Redington, *District Forester*

TO THE camper, sportsman and seeker after health, rest and recreation, the National Forests in California offer unrivaled opportunities for outdoor life and enjoyment, and the popularity of these great mountain playgrounds is evidenced by the fact that over one and one-half million people visited them last year.

The National Forests are open freely to the public for all proper and lawful purposes. On them you may camp where you like and stay as long as you please, if you comply with the simple regulations that have been made to insure equal privileges to all in the use of these properties of the nation.

Roads and trails, largely built or maintained by the Forest Service and marked by signs of the automobile clubs or of the Forest Service, make the Forests reasonably accessible.

There are countless secluded spots along the banks of streams and lakes where the camper may pitch his tent. In the more popular camping places free public camp grounds, equipped with sanitary conveniences, tables, fireplaces, etc., are being provided as rapidly as public and co-operative funds are available, while in localities frequented by large numbers of people, recreation areas with provision for public camp grounds, resort sites and summer home sites are being established.

Wherever you camp on the National Forests, deadwood for the campfire is free, as is forage for pack and saddle stock of those traveling through the Forests in oldtimer's fashion. In return for these privileges the camper is asked to be careful with his campfire and to leave a clean camp ground for the next party that comes along.

While the records show that a majority of those who visit our National Forests are prepared to camp, the number who prefer the conveniences of a mountain resort are legion, and to care for this travel, hundreds of resorts are found scattered through the National Forests of California and all of them are well patronized during the season. Many of these resorts are on private lands, while others, including some of the best known mountain resorts in the state, are on lands leased from the Forest Service. Many people who visit the National Forests desire to return year after year to the same locality for a summer vacation. To meet this demand, Congress authorized the issuance of term permits to responsible persons or associations to use and occupy not to exceed five acres of land within the National Forests for the construction of summer homes, resorts or other structures needed for recreation.

This use has proven most popular and now there are over 3000 of these recreation permits in effect in the National Forests of California alone.

In every Forest from one to thirty or more tracts have been surveyed out into summer home sites and at many places in the mountains there are now thriving little summer communities with resorts, stores, public camp and numerous summer homes.

A recent recreational development that originated in California is the establishment of municipal camps on the National Forests. The Forest Service fur-

nishes the land free of charge and the camps are operated at cost by the recreation departments of various municipalities.

Los Angeles was the pioneer in this work and now has three camps in operation on the Angeles National Forest, that accommodate about 7000 guests annually at an average cost, including transportation, of about $2.00 per day. Oakland, Stockton, Sacramento, Berkeley, Riverside, San Bernardino and the county of Riverside now have camps of this kind in operation, while permits for similar camps have been issued to San Diego, Los Angeles County and Fresno.

Closely related to the development of recreational facilities is the use of the National Forests as the habitat of fish and game. Big game is to be found in the more secluded parts of the mountains and there are many excellent trout streams and lakes, yearly re-stocked with young fish, which offer keen sport to the angler. The only restrictions are those imposed by the fish and game laws of the state. Co-operation of all Forest officers with the state and local authorities in the enforcement of the fish and game laws has contributed in no small degree toward making the National Forests more attractive to visitors and conserving one of their valuable resources.

Full information about routes of travel, points of interest, fishing, hunting and camp grounds, as well as information regarding the administration of the National Forests, can be obtained from the District Forester, San Francisco, California, or from any forest supervisor or ranger.

While this enormous summer travel to the National Forests is gladly welcomed by the men of the Forest Service, visitors should remember that these Forests are the property of all the people and that very visitor has a duty to perform in helping to prevent fires from starting and in doing everything possible to extinguish those that do start. The records of the Forest Service show that for the past twelve years there has been an average of 1300 fires each year in the National Forests of California and two-thirds of these fires are due to the carelessness of man. Every year careless hunters, campers and smokers are responsible for several hundred fires, some of which do great damage, are costly to extinguish, and destroy some of the beauty spots of nature.

Photo by L. R. Kessing

THE SPHINX

Photo by Matt Draghicevich

Over Glen Pass with Animals

By Dr. John W. Leggett

"SH," said Tom, the packer, as we moved quietly about our camp in Junction Meadow, in the early dawn, stepping lightly so as not to disturb the slumbers of the four forms wrapped closely in blankets. I tiptoed closer.

"Let's chain harness 'em. Ever chain harness anyone? Here, take these tin plates and when I yell, bang 'em together and yell for all you're worth."

Tom walked stealthily to the pile of saddles and bridles and selected a bridle chain and pack saddle belonging to Rosie, our wildest mule. A signal of readiness from him, and then dashing at full speed, with chain and pack saddle dragging behind, Tom bolted for the sleeping group.

"Whoa, Rosie, Rosie, whoa, Rosie," he yelled, while I rattled the tin plates and added my vocal efforts from the rooters' section. A cloud of dust rose above the fir bough beds as Tom tore past; then settled slowly, disclosing four upright forms in negligee, from whose astonished eyes sleep had suddenly vanished. The packers' rite of chain harnessing the tourists had been accomplished, and our party cast aside the odious appellation and laid claim to the cognomen of mountaineers. We conceded the point, since our tenderfeet had made a good ride the day before and then reposed on fir bough beds, at an altitude of 9000 feet.

While we surveyed the ruined order of our sleeping quarters, the day sent forth its advanced message of welcome. Towering above us to the east, the battlemented crest of the West Vidette challenged the rising sun. Cold gray granite walls rose sheer to the summit, serrated by alternate, frost carved pinnacles and embrasures. Scarcely a touch of color glowed to give a suggestion of warmth to the chilled and silent landscape. Then the sunlight, glorious, golden, glowing, streamed slantwise through and about the ragged summit to gild each towering minaret. "Let there be light, and there was light." The daily miracle of sunrise, usually unseen or unnoticed in our routine city life, had been performed here in this mountain amphitheatre. We were back with Nature.

Henry and the girls, Ann, Al and Dot, rose quickly and all were soon enjoying breakfast, in spite of the fact that the mush was unsalted. A visit from a predatory cow during the night accounted for the unseasoned porridge. Her call had been heralded by the rattling of overturned tin plates and cups, and shouts from Tom, tending to convey the idea that visitors at that unseemly hour were unwelcome. The morning gave proof that her devastating visit, while short, had paid her well. Almost a total wreck, our sugar sack lay in the dust, with glistening white crystals issuing from an opened end. Our only sack of salt had disappeared entirely.

Breakfast over, we packed and saddled. Rosie did her usual war dance, which, in this case, she ended with her feet well tangled in the hitching rope, and completely surrounded by the balance of our animals, rearing and tugging away at their halters. Order was finally restored and, in a few minutes, we mounted and began our long climb to Glen Pass.

The morning passed quickly and without incident, giving us full opportunity to feast our eyes upon the ever changing vistas of magnificent, rugged, snow-chased peaks, bare granite amphitheatres and deep wooded canyons, sinking down into the blue haze that floated over the foothills and the San Joaquin Valley.

At 11:30 a. m., the still blue waters of Bullfrog Lake reflected the beautiful, symmetrical cone of the East Vidette as we paused in our journey on the north shore of the lake. One of the ladies who had noticed some discomfort from the altitude, decided to rest by the shores of this gem of mountain lakes, and Tom took this opportunity to replace a lost shoe on Beauty before attempting Glen Pass. A side trip to Kearsarge was planned and the rest of us were soon on our way. We expected to return to the lake for lunch.

Kearsarge is an inviting pass from Bullfrog Lake. Flanked by rugged peaks that rise close to 13,000 feet, it lies in plain view for almost the entire distance. One who is familiar with the trail can follow its snakelike windings with the eye, up the regular slope of granite, past the last scattering dwarfed trees at timberline, to the very crest of the ridge. It is a deceiving view, for in traversing the two mile path of apparently simple travel, our round trip consumed two and one-half hours instead of the hour and one-half we allotted. Our horses labored up the steep ascent, plodding a few yards and then stopping with heaving flanks, to regain their breath in the thin air.

The view from Kearsarge Pass more than repays the traveler for the trials of the ascent. Nine thousand feet below, the Owens River Valley swelters in the thin blue heat haze. Across its bare, flat expanse of brown, run tiny straight ribbons of roads that mark out geometrical designs on a colossal scale. Beyond, rising ridge after ridge, the desert mountains extend over into the State of Nevada, blending at last into the blue haze. Above the most distant ranges, floated the weird high-piled cumulus clouds, tinged with the mystic hues of the desert.

A thousand feet directly below the pass, lies Pothole Lake. Indian legends describe it as being haunted. Well may we understand this belief of a simple and superstitious people, for this lake is surely a strange sight. It lies in a miniature crater of broken slabs of granite, an inky pool, desolate, abandoned, an exiled tarn of great depth. No ripple stirs the dead glazed black of its surface. It seems as if even the venturous breezes shrink from descending into that silent pit. On the crater slope, a few dwarfed trees at timberline seem to accentuate the desolation which predominates.

We signed the register placed in the pass by the Cailfornia Alpine Club, two years before, and urged on by that compelling mountain appetite which makes one weak with hunger, we retraced our steps to Bullfrog Lake and lunch. Never did Triscuit and cheese, sardines, chocolate, nuts and raisins taste better. Let me here add, as a hint to fellow mountaineers, that Triscuit is a most satisfactory bread substitute, far superior to hardtack or even Grant's Crackers. Lunch occupied a short time only and we were soon on our way to Glen Pass and Rae Lake.

The trail we followed from Bullfrog Lake was the new stretch of about three miles, built by Mr. Knapp who is doing such splendid work in this locality. The ascent from the lake is a series of zigzags, which rise rapidly for seven

ON THE WAY TO GLEN PASS

Photo by Matt Draghicevich

or eight hundred feet, running due north. Having gained this elevation, the trail follows the contour high above the eastern margin of Charlotte Lake, which presents a charming picture of placidity, nestled among the stern and lofty peaks.

Leaving Charlotte Lake behind, the trail turns sharply to the right and enters the narrow canyon leading up to the pass. The stunted trees that mark timberline become more and more gaunt and gnarled, and soon are left behind as the trail enters the rock-walled defile.

Of one thing I am certain: No written word will ever convey the grandeur and impressiveness of the approach to the narrow knife-edge that marks the pass; no image, canvas or film will ever do justice to its majesty, sublimity and awe-compelling mightiness. It is a thing to be experienced, lived, felt and then always to be remembered. I have stood on Mt. Whitney's highest crest and looked down into that frozen amphitheatre, thousands of feet beneath, and on out over the sweltering desert, over 10,000 feet below. I have stood on the snow-piled crest of Harrison Pass, halted as night fell, by the sheer cliffs that drop away to East Creek. Yet never have I felt the gripping thrill that passed over me in waves of heat and cold, with a sensation of weakness that is not fear and yet is akin to it, as in the presence of this spectacle.

The trail worms its way along the left wall, in and out among the frost shattered debris of granite that has toppled from the cliffs above, loosened by a thousand winters' weatherings. Across the defile, which is here only a few hundred yards wide, rises a gaunt cliff of gray granite. It pierces the blue, a thousand feet above. So sheer and high it is, that it seems to threaten to crash down upon the traveler, should he but dare to break the sacred silence. The defile sweeps majestically around in almost a semi-circle, so that a friendly view backward upon more hospitable forested ridges is shut out. Here one is prisoner in a granite labyrinth. Below, at the base of the opposite cliffs, lies a dead lake. Like the rocks that hem it in, it is gray, the gray of death. Lifeless and ashen it is, with none of the blues and greens that sparkle in happier waters. As on a body that is cold and stark in death, the sun strikes down upon this lake, but seemingly cannot warm it.

Glorious desolation! Awe-inspiring majesty! Yet who that has felt your power to chasten and inspire, can come away unmoved?

The delay of riding back and looking for my revolver and holster, which had slipped from my belt in mounting, put Henry and myself some half mile behind our party. Due to the curving of the defile, they were now out of sight. Onward we rode in silence, I thankful that such glories should be granted to my vision. Climbing over a little point where a shoulder of virgin granite jutted out, we saw our party.

The trail ascended a chimney in the opposite wall of the canyon which we had been following. Its zigzags became shorter and shorter, as the chimney's width diminished toward the top. So steep was the slope of loose rocks, the figures of horses and riders seemed almost to cling to a vertical wall. Narrower and narrower grew the chimney, steeper and steeper the zigzags that appeared to reach up to a hopeless, vertical cliff. Up, up, where were they riding? Surely there was no way beyond. Then, when the wall rose sheer above the cavalcade, they swung off to the right on an easy grade across the curling slope

of the amphitheatre. On up to the crest of the pass, they proceeded, where the declining sun cut sharp silhouettes of horses and riders against the sky. A shout proclaimed that they were at the pass and a sense of profound relief came over us.

Henry and I mounted steadily, pressing our horses as fast as the altitude would permit. It was a snail's pace. The sun had dropped behind the pass, and the chill of night was beginning already to settle on the heights. A few paces of travel and our horses would stop with heaving sides, to regain their breath, while we shivered in the icy breeze that swept the chimney. We gained the summit at last and enjoyed the cheering rays of the fast setting sun, although it imparted to us but little real warmth.

The crest of Glen Pass is the width of the trail and no more. We dismounted, and our reunited party gloried in the view below and beyond us, to the north. A score of mountain lakes, set in the all encompassing granite at timberline, reposed below in a most delightful setting. Dotted with little granite islands and hemmed in by rugged peaks, Rae Lake beggars description. While we snapped pictures of our new timberliners on one of the snow patches in the pass, Tom began the fearful descent.

A clatter of steel upon the rocks roused us with a start. It was Beauty off the trail, heading straight down the slope, riderless. She leaped headlong over the wild confusion of shattered rocks and at each bound miraculously landed on all fours.

"Whoa, Beauty, whoa, girl, whoa Beauty."

The sound of a human voice, appealing, encouraging, helped to check that reckless headlong dash. Those who have ridden, well know the wonderful interdependence of horse and man, the reliance of each upon the other for help in emergency, the man urging on or restraining where his intelligence prompts, the animal responding in magnificent effort, or tensile in action, each feeling the need of the other and thankful for a comradeship that bridges the gap between. This is especially true in the mountains.

Where Beauty had dashed on apparently unheeding, she began to make an effort to stop, and in a few decreasing bounds, came to a halt, trembling like an aspen leaf. Sweat stood out upon her and blood ran from her badly cut legs.

The trail followed the slope gradually for a short distance to a ridge, down which it plunged in steep short zigzags in the loose rock. The horses despised the going and, even when in line, would not move unless we led them separately or pelted them with rocks. It was ticklish business, this leading under such circumstances. A horse poised above on slippery, rolling rocks, threatening momentarily to leap or fall upon his hapless leader. The horses held back as we tugged at their bridles, then suddenly lurched forward, sending down rocks that struck us on the feet and shins.

It was a case of lead one or two horses a few yards, then climb back and lead another, pelt the lower ones with small rocks and try to keep the bunch moving. Sometimes the horses would stand in the trail and refuse to budge, unless we were within close chastising distance. The pack mules, more confident, would champ and bump against the horses and then work around alongside, with their bulky, awkward, swaying packs, threatening to topple both over the edge, as they crowded past.

For the first mile of the descent, this was the story of our progress. This, over and over again, until the physical work of tugging, climbing and driving, together with the tension of keeping constantly on the alert to avoid serious harm to ourselves or damage to the stock, almost exhausted us.

The first smooth bit of virgin granite, where we found Tom waiting with Beauty, was a welcome sight. The first soft soil in a little meadow was a delight, the like of which we had never before experienced. But when the waters of Rae Lake were reached and camp made in the chill twilight, that ecstasy was ours that comes only to those who have conquered the heights and found repose after accomplishment.

Whoa!!

By Helen Wild

Whoa there Molly, whoa ol' hoss,
  I'm speakin' gentle t' yer,
I don't dare cuss
  Fer there's ladies in th' party,
Steady ol' girl whoa!
  I gotta teach yer manners,
This trip rough stuff don' go.
  Get under this here load o' junk,
Easy ol' girl whoa!
  One more cinch-up an'
Off we go!

Hey there Molly!
  y' cantankerous ol' cuss!
It's the third day out
  an' yer actin' wuss and wuss!
Ladies er no ladies,
  they gotta have their chow.
I'm boss o' this here outfit
  and yer gotta learn it now!

If all yer know is cussin'
  Blink blank yer piebald nose!
Hey cut out that rushin'!
  W'y cussin' fer me goes.
Blink blank yer blanky peskiness!
  Git down on yer four laigs,
An' git it in yer blanky dome
  That half this here load's aigs.
Blink blank yer blanky hide,
  Do yer take me fer a fool?
Git over there, yer weazel-eyed,
  Lopeared ol' blanky mule.

I otta be a gent with girls about,
  Gawd knows I aint laid by my manners
Back in town with my best clothes.
  But I asks yer straight now,
What's a fellow goin' ter do
  W'en he's handlin' of a blanky blank
Ol' blank packhoss like you?

LAKE LAGUNITAS - MOUNT TAMALPAIS *Photo by W. E. Havard*

Mt. Tamalpais and Its Guardians

By A. PINTHER

TO the north of San Francisco, overlooking the far famed Golden Gate, stands Mt. Tamalpais, rising 2542 feet above the breakers of the Pacific which lap its westward spurs. Its base being less than an hour's ride by boat and train from San Francisco, this beautiful mountain, with the surrounding wonderland, is indeed the Mecca for all local lovers of the out-of-doors. While trips to the various scenic points about San Francisco Bay, to Mt. Diablo, to Mt. St. Helena and to Mt. Hamilton are frequent, the great rallying point of thousands of out-of-door enthusiasts, every week-end in the year, is here in the secluded nooks and deep canyons of Mt. Tamalpais.

The majority of these people are real nature lovers who enjoy the country and help to preserve its beauties. There are, however, some who have wrought great harm on the mountain, scattering lunch refuse and destroying plant and animal life. Considerable trouble with this class culminated about ten years ago, when the late S. M. Houghton, an ardent lover of Tamalpais, R. F. O'Rourke, commonly known as the father of the mountain, and several of their friends came upon some hunters dressing the carcass of a young deer in the vicinity of Rock Spring. So greatly incensed were these friends of the mountain by their discovery and the argument that followed, that they determined to secure authority to put a stop to this sort of vandalism for all time. William Kent, one of the prinicpal property owners of this section, was approached and

the idea received his hearty approval. Upon his invitation, a meeting of all the lovers of the mountain was called at Kentfield on February 18, 1912. The attendance surprised even the most enthusiastic, and immediate beneficial results followed.

The Tamalpais Conservation Club was organized and officers elected, J. H. Cutter being the first president and Ernest J. Mott, secretary. By-laws were adopted wherein the object of the organization was outlined as follows:

"The purposes of this Club are, generally, the conservation of things animate and inanimate in Marin County, California, and particularly the preservation of the scenic beauties and fauna of Mt. Tamalpais and its spurs and slopes, and its ultimate acquisition as a public park. Members of this Club should feel themselves personally obligated to exert every influence in their power to the accomplishment of these purposes."

Immediate steps were taken toward organizing parties of volunteer workers for the purpose of clearing trails and removing from lunch places, tins, papers and other debris. With a steady increase in the Club's income, it was eventually found possible to hire a man for this purpose. Sign work was also begun and soon the familiar yellow arrow of the Tamalpais Conservation Club appeared at all trail junctions.

One of the purposes of the organization, namely—to make this district a public park—was practically accomplished by the voters of Marin County, upon the formation of the Marin Municipal Water District with a bond issue of $3,000,000. A large portion of this sum was used to take over a great section of the Tamalpais country, including roughly, Lake Lagunitas, Phoenix Lake, the present site of Alpine Lake, and all that country extending from its most westerly ridge, including Rock Spring and Potrero Meadow, to the towns of Mill Valley, Corte Madera, Kentfield and Ross. All this great watershed is for use as a public park so long as the rules of the district regarding the pollution of streams and protection of trees and plant life are observed. These rules are not onerous. It is toward safe-guarding this privilege that the Tamalpais Conservation Club is constantly working.

In the summer of 1913, a devastating fire that swept over almost the entire southern slope of the mountain, awakened the officials of Marin County and its various towns to concerted action. The Tamalpais Fire Association was organized and systematic program for fire prevention was undertaken. Work was begun on the present system of fire trails, which follow the summits of all the important ridges. In 1917, the Governor of the State approved an act creating the Tamalpais Forest Fire District. Careless building of fires in dangerous localities was no longer allowed, but certain spots were designated where fires could be safely made, and then only after a written permit had been secured from a patrolman.

Through its Fire Protection Committee, the Club also was continually cooperating with the Tamalpais Forest Fire District toward the desired end. With the establishment of campfire sites, it undertook the construction of adequate fireplaces. These were built wholly by volunteer work, the material used being chiefly natural rock with iron pipes and bands to support the cooking

utensils. In this way, danger of fire through carelessness of the uneducated camper has been eliminated to a great extent.

At the same time the above mentioned act went into effect, July 27, 1917, another act was passed creating the Mt. Tamalpais Game Refuge, whereby hunting of all game animals and the carrying of firearms is prohibited, violators to be punished by a fine not to exceed $1000 or imprisonment not to exceed one year, or both. Since the passage of this bill, the wild life on the mountain, which was threatened with extinction, has increased remarkably. Deer, particularly, have become a common sight.

In the spring of 1920, when tramping had become more popular, an element of rowdyism and vandalism arose among a certain class frequenting the trails. Disturbances in the towns, disregard of private property and violations of the rules of the Marin Municipal Water District, resulted in meetings between the Conservation Club and property owners. The Club was given authority by Mr. William Kent, the Water District and various property owners to act as agent in evicting or arresting violators of the law. Toward that end, about twenty members of the Club were sworn in as deputy sheriffs. However, the rough element soon subsided under the weight of public opinion, leaving the trails to those who really enjoy them.

Photo by Wm. P. Halliday

The activities of the Tamalpais Conservation Club have been financed chiefly by the dues of members, whose number at present is 1200. Dues of active members are $1.00 per annum and of contributing members, $5.00. These funds have been supplemented from time to time by contributions from Messrs. William Kent, B. F. Schlessinger and the late Washington Dodge. During the past year, generous donations have been received from a number of San Francisco commercial institutions who realize the benefit of Mt. Tamalpais as a recreation spot for their employees.

The results accomplished by the Club have been almost wholly due to the unselfish devotion of those who, week after week, have spent their leisure hours on the slopes of their beloved mountain. Among those who have made history for the Club must be mentioned the names of a few: the late S. M. Houghton and F. J. Murray; E. J. Mott, W. C. Fankhauser, Jonathan E. Webb, H. A. Boese, Fred Parker and J. C. Currier. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the beloved white haired secretary, R. F. O'Rourke. Year after year he has given his time and effort toward furthering the Club's interest. To see this veteran of the trail still setting a pace diffcult for younger men to follow, is to understand the spirit of energetic guardianship that typifies the Tamalpais Conservation Club.

Photo by L. R. Kessing

Photo by L. R. Kessing

Retribution

By Helen Wild

About me, ferns and flowers grew,
  Waving bright pennants, gold, purple and green,
Above me glistened the white dappled blue
  And sparkling below me, the breakers' sheen.

Afar strayed fancy, a pirate gay,
  Pillaging dreams from the clouds on high,
Rioting free midst the breakers' spray,
  Hoarding up memory's jewels for aye.

But uncontent with the fancies
  Though I garnered them all that day,
I must needs steal from the plants and trees,
  And I broke them, and took them away.

Flowers and ferns soon withered and drooped,
  Died horribly, all shrunken and brown;
Beauties that free o'er hillsides had trooped,
  I scorned them and threw them down.

Across the clear, sweet memory
  Of Nature's gifts, so freely willed,
Ever there drifts in retrospect,
  The marring smudge of things I have killed.

Through Glacier National Park

By Thos. W. Jones

As we stood on the shore of beautiful Lake McDonald, the western entrance to Glacier National Park, instinctively we lifted our eyes to the lofty peaks in the background, which enticingly called us to explore their hidden charms. We gazed in happy anticipation of what was in store for us beyond those rugged walls. Entranced by the beauty about us, we boarded the launch which wearily chugged its way across the ever changing mirror that reflected the overcast sky and the mountains of rare beauty. The waters of the lake were at first a deep indigo changing to sapphire and green and as the sun peeped out for a few moments, the sparkling ripples appeared as myriads of diamonds. The eleven miles were covered all too quickly and, as we approached the upper end of this wonderful body of water, we envied the old skipper who had traveled the lake for nearly thirty years. What vivid pictures must be imprinted upon his mind, for he has seen it in its placid beauty of sunshine and in its thrilling uproariousness of storm!

Hotel Lewis, ideally located at the head of the lake, is of rustic style of architecture, the interior appropriately decorated with wild animal skins and heads of Rocky Mountain sheep and goats. It is a restful and excellent place to spend a vacation. Our itinerary allowed us to stay only one night, and the time was much too short.

The first rays of the sun found us lingering along the trail through the thick forest of pines, stopping to pick huckleberries and enjoying the fresh morning air. The shrubs were still moist and sparkling with morning dew. Wild raspberries tantalizingly invited us to slacken our pace. Flowers of every hue brightened the path and seemed to make the trail shorter. Thus, in a buoyant frame of mind we reached our first objective, Sperry Chalet. A rather strenuous side trip to Sperry Glacier was taken in the afternoon and the scenic beauty well repaid us for the effort. Peering over the brink of the glacier, we saw a lake reposing serenely in the shadowy depths of the seemingly boundless Avalanche Basin.

From the veranda of the chalet, we watched the sun as it slowly sank behind the horizon. Evening spread its dark, shadowy cloak first on the marvelous Blackfeet Forest far in the distance and creeping closer and closer, obscured the Apgar Mountains and McDonald Lake. Gradually the afterglow on Mt. Lincoln and Mt. Edwards faded into darkness. With new found friends from various parts of the globe we sat far into the night discussing other beauty spots far and near, hearing strange and interesting tales, until the storm clouds had gathered and compelled us to retire.

Next morning, under a storm-cleared sky, we slowly but steadily climbed to the top of Lincoln Divide, in the shadow of the gray granite pinnacles. Looking backward and below, we could see the green wooded foothills and peaceful valleys still in slumber. Glistening before us lay Lake Ellen Wilson, deep in the chasm of the mighty ranges the walls of which rise almost perpendicularly. The peaks of Gunsight and Mt. Jackson were indistinct, the dark clouds still hovering over them. The trail rapidly descended and before we again

commenced our upward grind, we traveled along the shores of the emerald lake we had seen from the summit. It was here we had our first real thrill. High above us on a ledge, wholly unaware of our presence, browsed a lonely Rocky Mountain goat.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, we moved on. Under different weather conditions the zigzag trail would have been more irksome, but the day was cool and we made the climb to Gunsight Pass feeling fresh and untired. Gunsight resembles somewhat the passes of our great Sierra, yet each has its individual charms. In the vivid coloring of its rock formation, it is perhaps unexcelled. The veil of clouds were lifted for a few short moments, and we saw the peaks in all their glory with permanent rainbows reaching heavenward, pillared in the waters of Gunsight Lake. At the base of these iris-like monuments a V-shaped cavern, presumably hollowed by a prehistoric glacier, contains the glimmering waters of the lake named for this pass. Fragments of a mighty glacier were strewn along our downward path. The ever changing scenery and excellent trails made climbing here a pleasure. Through meadows mantled with flowers of gold and crimson, and heavily timbered with pines entwined with vines and berries, we sauntered on. An elongated mass of shimmering whiteness extended along the mountain sides, intensified by the dark green in the foreground and the nimbose clouds that concealed the horizon. This we recognized as Blackfeet Glacier. Fascinated, we watched this silent yet imperceptibly moving thing until the dismal rain descended and hid it from view. The thunder pealed its warning as the lightning intermittently played hide and seek on the lofty peaks. Oblivious of bodily fatigue, we covered the intervening six miles to the hotel in silence.

Going-to-the-Sun is a friendly sort of place and the people carefree and cordial. The crackling fire in the spacious lobby was exceedingly inviting. In the evening as the storm was raging, we sat at the large windows, awed and inspired by its fierceness and wondered how many centuries these glorious mountains had withstood the ravages of such storms.

We were early to rise next morning and anxious to go on to Many Glacier Hotel, but this was contingent upon the weather. However, a guide informed us that if it rained before seven, it would clear before eleven and we willingly but unwittingly accepted his dictum. From the Sun to Many Glacier Hotel, via Piegan Pass, there are two routes. We chose Mt. Siyeh, the harder but more scenic. It is a continuous climb and the going becomes quite monotonous. The average timberline is at 6500 feet and we were soon above this. Mt. Siyeh is reputed to be one of the most picturesque passes in the Park, but the weather conditions were such as to greatly limit the radius of our vision. The trail proved to be lonely and desolate. The queer, whistling marmots were our only friends. Even the big, black bears were fearful of us, but you may be assured that their apprehension was unwarranted.

Dimly outlined along the western horizon, majestically rises Going-to-the-Sun Mountain. On a huge shelf in the upper recesses, overlooking the colorful slopes of Baring Creek and the mountains of St. Mary Valley, sublimely rests Sexton Glacier, its whiteness sharply contrasted with the surrounding brilliant colors. The divide was completely enveloped in rain clouds, and

we again felt the chill of the frigid gale. We pressed on to Piegan Pass which proved much easier than we had anticipated.

Anxious to reach the lower levels before darkness should overtake us, we fairly ran. What a contrast there was between the bleak, harsh, jagged peaks we left and the green and inviting forested glens we now entered. Here the columbine, larkspur, clematis, and hundreds of other wild flowers bloomed in profusion, gardens kissed by the spray of Morning Eagle Falls cascading its way abruptly down the precipitous walls. In these well protected haunts swift-winged grouse and high flying ptarmigan abound and are quite friendly. By a thicketed trail we made our way past the now ebon-like waters of Lake Josephine and on to Many Glacier Hotel.

From Many Glacier there are numerous side trips, but we satisfied our inward longings, rusticating on the verandas of that magnificent hostelry. A day thus spent hath its charms. The weather was ideal and there is a lasting imprint upon our minds of the ever changing picture of fleeting clouds and mighty mountain peaks mirrored in the azure waters of McDermott. It seemed almost a sacrilege to have built such a mammoth resort in this wild setting of virgin forest and unpolluted atmosphere. However, without its conveniences, this wonderful panorama would be lost to the view of thousands of sightseers each year.

Before the sun was high next morning, we took up our burdens and moved leisurely toward Swift Current Pass. Our bodies moved mechanically, for our thoughts were afar. The previous day at the noonday service we had heard Crow Feathers, descendant of a mighty warrior, tell fascinating Indian legends. These were the mountains, lakes and valleys christened at the birth of these sacred legends. He told us of old customs and ideals of his people; how they hunted and fished only for food; how they reverently asked the Good Spirit to protect the wild game, safeguard the sacred rivers and preserve the beauty of the landscape. What an inspiring thought! Why should not we in this same spirit strive to preserve the natural beauty of all our parks? Centuries before the advent of white men into the sacred confines of this paradise, the Blackfeet enjoyed the boundless freedom of this Garden of Eden. Swift Current Pass is strategic; silently and zealously she watches over the peaceful valleys below and guards them from invasion.

Granite Park is a wide plateau at the verge of timberline, slumbering on the western slope of the Continental Divide. Quaint rustic chalets built of stone are all that impair the natural beauty of the landscape. Below is the deep green, heavily timbered valley of McDonald. From this Alpine setting we watched the incomparable sunset, as it illumined the sky from the snow covered Heavens Peak to the far reaches of Mt. Cleveland and Belly River.

Under the shelter of the Garden Wall, overlooking the heavily timbered slopes of McDonald Valley, a precipitous trail wends its way toward a deep depression in the mountains. Next morning we watched the lonely tavern fade from view as we pressed on toward Logan Pass. The quietness of the morning was occasionally shattered by falling boulders, dislodged by mountain goats fleeing in their anxiety to reach a place of safety. The threatening clouds were hovering over the wonderful array of peaks that form the western guard to the

great divide, as we crossed the crest of the pass. Though we hastened our steps it was not long before peals of thunder forewarned us of a storm. It overtook us about four hours from shelter. This was our second entrance into St. Mary Valley, and likewise into another storm. This one, however, was more severe; the thunder more deafening and the lightning more luminous. The quiet little rivulets soon became mighty torrents as they madly dashed down the mountain sides. The sacred mountain, Going-to-the-Sun, was again engulfed in black rain clouds.

Hardly had the pink shades of dawn brightened into sunlight before we boarded the launch which bore us eastward toward St. Mary Chalet. Gradually the picturesque setting of Going-to-the-Sun vanished in the distance, leaving only fond memories. As we swiftly glided over the blue waters of St. Mary Lake, surrounded by those friendly mountains, we could not but feel that Lake McDonald, our first love, was now to share with her sister lake our ardent devotion.

About three hours of travel by stage from St. Mary Chalet brought us to Glacier Park Hotel, the rustic architecture of which is in delightful keeping with its surrounding. The interior is artistically and fittingly decorated with local finery. In the evening, around the indoor campfire, with melancholy wails the Indians danced to the monotonous tones of the tom-tom.

The following day our pilgrimage terminated with a motor trip to Two Medicine Lake, a gem set in the midst of an amazing group of mountain peaks. Before returning to Glacier Hotel, there yet remained for us a delightful cruise upon the lake.

Memory, with her magic wand, transports us often to this wonderland and the experiences of a summer's outing enrich our lives immeasurably.

Photo by L. R. Kessing

SOUTH FROM MONO PASS

Photo by W. C. Faukhauser

The Ascent of Mt. Abbott

By Wm. H. Staniels

IT IS during the long winter evenings when one's thoughts turn to grassy meadows, foaming brooks and outcropping granite and the smell of the campfire comes stealing back, that the next summer's trip is planned. Down come the maps from their dusty seclusion and many a wonderful trip is taken, in imagination, through deep canyons and dense forests to the summits of Sierra monarchs. On one of these trips the eye caught names of interest, Mt. Abbott, Second Recess, Lake Italy, Seldon Pass and many others around which clung the romantic haze of the unknown. Forthwith the resolve was made to visit this lofty region.

June 28th found three of us getting breakfast in a steady rain on the shore of Huntington Lake, our sleeping bags and provisions snugly reposing under stout tarpaulins. And for three days, showers made life interesting. Having toted our sixty pound packs up and over Kaiser Pass and down to Mono Crossing, we found the South Fork of the San Joaquin a roaring torrent over the ford. This necessitated a gruelling all day fight up the river to the bridge at Lower Hot Springs. A hot bath and a good meal eclipsed the hardships of the day and all were forgotten in blissful sleep on a bed of pine needles.

We then traveled the Mono Trail through Vermilion Valley up to the Second Recess. Crossing the creek we found the remains of an old sheep trail which led us, after a short climb, through verdant meadows to the foot of Mills Creek, cascading from a series of small lakes on the bench above. Here we stopped to watch the formation of clouds, shooting out from a nucleus in the cooler atmosphere above us. Then up the steep bank of Mills Creek to timberline, where, under the lee of a massive granite slab protecting us from the wind, we "dug in" for the night. And such a night! A huge fire roared at our feet, intensifying the numbing cold of the hard granite beneath. The gleaming of the stars seemed to diffuse a penetrating, icy chill. Between fitful snatches of sleep we tossed and rolled, watching for the first faint glow in the east.

Up at four-thirty and with a hearty breakfast to speed us on our way, we shouldered our packs and climbed through the desolate canyon of Mills Creek. Nothing but snow around us, with here and there a bare patch of broken rock! The sky seemed black in contrast with the glaring whiteness. Ahead loomed the huge bulk of Mt. Gabb with its snow covered glacier and at its feet a tiny frozen lakelet. At the left a long stately ridge, culminating in Mt. Abbott, hemmed us in. Two hours of plotting over hummocky snow brought us to the pass between the two mountains. Our maps showed us that we had reached the 12,200 ft. contour. With our glasses we searched the serrated face of Mt. Abbott for a favorable chimney and a possible way to the top.

Our route decided upon, at nine o'clock we started over a long snow field and by dint of hard work reached the chimney. Then it was a scramble over broken talus and around huge boulders. At times bad places were encountered, necessitating the use of finger and toe holds. We were very careful to place "ducks" on prominent points to guide us back. Two hours of such work brought us to the crest of the divide. We worked our way over an overhanging snow cornice, negotiated another sharp climb, and were on top, 13,736

feet. A cairn of rocks indicated that others had reached the summit before us. In a crevice we found a small glass jar containing a statement that on July 13, 1908, Joseph LeConte, James Hutchinson and Duncan McDuffie had made the ascent. For twelve years almost to a day, the jar had held the record intact, waiting for a second party to inscribe its names. This we did dutifully and sealed up the holes in the rusty lid, as best we could, with sticky chewing gum.

An icy wind swept the bare inhospitable rocks. We sought shelter between two granite blocks and contemplated our surroundings. All about a wilderness of snow capped peaks, bare granite gorges and frozen lakes. To the east we looked down into the Little Lakes Valley and across the bleak form of Mt. Morgan. Faintly in the hazy distance loomed the White Mountains and, between, the Owens River Valley.

To the north we picked out the strikingly colorful Red and White Mountain and the nestling lakes in the Pioneer Basin. Westward the eye swept the lower mountains of the Mono Divide and across to the Vermilion Cliffs and to the Silver Divide. South of us lay the backbone of the Sierra, mass upon mass, rearing hoary heads skyward. From the map we distinguished many friends of previous expeditions.

For an hour we endured the buffeting of the winds and then descended, with the help of our marks, to the pass below, where our packs were cached. After a light lunch we dropped down over talus slopes to Lake Italy. At 11,135 ft. elevation its rockbound shores are bleak and desolate and it bears small resemblance, except in shape, to its namesake. Dragging our feet around its seemingly interminable shores, we at last reached the outlet of the lake and made camp in a clump of foxtail pines a few hundred feet below, at timberline.

The next day we followed an old sheep trail down the Hilgard Branch of Bear Creek to its confluence with the main creek and, by following this through mosquito ridden meadows, came to beautiful Marie Lake on the John Muir Trail. Following a short climb next morning over the snows of Seldon Pass, we dropped down past Heart Lake to Blaney Meadows, and our mountain trip was over.

Photo by L. R. Kessing

A Visit to Volcano Agua

By W. O. Granicher

FROM the city of Guatemala and from a great portion of the Pacific coast of that republic, the extinct Volcano Agua stands out in bold relief against the sky. Each time I viewed its changing moods or passed nearby on the little narrow gauge train my desire to see the top was strengthened. This wish was fulfilled in the latter part of February, 1922, when I made the climb in company with two Americans and two Britishers.

So that my Sierra mountaineering friends will not scoff at our preparations and equipment, I hasten to explain that outdoor life in the tropics is vastly different from that in the temperate zone. Diseases, insects and pillaging Indian bands are not to be feared in the Sierra, whereas here they must be given consideration. Thus it was that we went on muleback, with three armed Indian guides.

We motored thirty-five miles to Antigua, the ancient capital of Guatemala, from which city we set out on mules at 8:30 p. m. A muleteer on a horse preceded us and, in the black darkness under an ominous sky, we went toward our objective which loomed dimly before us. Several hours later the barking of dogs announced our arrival, at the quaint little Indian pueblo of Santa Maria, to the curious inhabitants who held candles aloft the better to stare at us.

We made the acquaintance of the Commandante and waited until he had settled a Saturday night brawl, which ended in his throwing an old woman into a cell. He provided us with three *mozos* who directed us to the schoolhouse, a primitive hut with a straw roof. The benches were of hewn logs and of all heights and thicknesses. I selected two that were of about equal height and stretched out for a nap. The others did likewise. The *mozos* lay down on the stones outside while the mules cheerily proceeded to nibble away the roof.

We arose at 2 a. m. and prepared for the real ascent. Black darkness covered the plaza at Santa Maria as we started, and the rain fell in a dismal downpour. We strung out along the steep trail and started to climb at once. One Indian, carrying a rifle, preceded us and the others, armed with their machetes, followed. I used my flashlight continually, it not being possible to see the white shirt of the Indian walking five feet ahead.

Frequent halts were necessary to rest the mules and *mozos*. Having the only flashlight in the party I had to show the way and warn the others calling out continuously, "Rock on the right," "Tree on the left," "Branches overhead." The trail became slippery and muddy and the rain quickly drenched us. Up and up through the darkness we zigzagged and longed for the day. Far below us, the lights of Antigua were dimly discernible through the clouds.

At about 5:30 the rain stopped and the first streak of dawn showed in the east. It became rapidly lighter and as we traveled upward Lake Amatitlan, Antigua, and volcanoes nearby became distinguishable below us. The clouds, tinted with exotic colors, heralded the approach of day and soon the entire sky was suffused with rose and purple. The sun burst forth and the volcano assumed a saffron hue that was ghastly and unreal. Each twist and turn of the narrow winding trail afforded wonderful vistas through the pines.

Cold and wet we still ascended into the hovering clouds anxious to reach the crest soon, but not until seven o'clock did we enter through the cleft in the crater, the floor of which is perfectly level. We were now some 12,350 feet above sea-level and the air was rare and piercing.

After getting the "kinks out of our system," we scrambled up the rocks and skirted the rim, which was irregular, and at no time more than 500 feet above the floor of the crater. A marvelous view of land and ocean repaid us: 7000 feet below spread the fertile country around Antigua and, to the west, the broad fruitful plain that sweeps down to the Pacific Ocean. With no intervening foothills or ridges, the effect of height was increased. Towns and farms made a huge crazy quilt of green and brown, through which rivers snaked their way to the sea. The volcanoes of Fuego and Acatanago thrust their lofty crests into the clouds.

Wisps of cloud, like so much fog, started to gather about us as we descended into the crater and assembled our party for the return. The trail was muddy and slippery and frequently my mule put all four feet together and all but sat down and slid. Three and a half hours of rough going brought us back to Santa Maria.

Photo by L. R. Kessing

THE WHALEBACK - CLOUDY CANYON

Photo by Edward P. Webb

A Day's Tramp From Vancouver, B. C.

By Nadine Berton

THE name of the westernmost province of our neighbor nation always brings to the imagination a picture of a land, "hard, iron-bound and cold," a country of rocks, ferns and giant firs, scaling mountains that lose themselves in the clouds. This is true enough of the eastern part of British Columbia especially in the Rocky Mountain region, but in the western half the climate is made milder by the warm winds and currents of the Pacific Ocean.

The city and harbor of Vancouver, on the south side of a long, narrow arm of the sea, Burrard Inlet, are a paradise for the lover of sea, forest and mountain. The Coast Range stops almost abruptly at the north shore of the inlet, and mountains which remove their snow blankets only during a few of the very hottest summer days are within easy reach of the city.

One very warm day at the end of the month of May, forty of us left Vancouver at 8 a. m. Our objective was Grouse Mountain (a rise of 3500 feet in elevation), one of the most popular tramps of the region. A twenty minute ride in a small ferry-boat across Burrard Inlet brought us to the growing city of North Vancouver which still struggles against the forest. The trees and the houses encroach upon each other. In spite of the fire which some years ago denuded the lower slopes and left tall charred sticks and jagged stumps, a matted second growth invades the city to its cement sidewalks.

We followed the streets from the water front across the city. The rise is at once pronounced. After a mile or so along a deep rutted wagon road, we decided to cache our surplus luggage and found a huge log a short distance from the road, well hidden among thickly growing young evergreens. There we left what would not be needed until evening, as all wanted to travel light. The road twisted as the incline grew and finally turned sharply to skirt the mountain.

Now the real work began. A rough trail leads first through the thick second growth, affording no shade overhead and permitting a good view of the two cities and the inlet between them. Then suddenly we plunged into the forest. In single file we climbed steadily, turning around high tree trunks through a veritable tunnel of matted undergrowth and under a roof of branches a hundred feet above our heads. Great rocks made occasional gaps for moss grown clearings in a setting of ferns and, where the forest darkness was not too deep, the pastel tints of masses of rock plants in bloom splashed against the deep green of their background.

Up and up we continued. The air became cooler. The trail was more indistinct every moment, at times only a thinning of the underbrush. Nature quickly takes possession of what she claims as her own. This tangle of growth has its limits. When we came to the spot where we were to rest, the bushes freed the bases of the tree trunks, whose shafts rose clean and straight. Douglas fir, hemlock and pine towered above us, their branches struggling on high for air and light, allowing only glimpses of blue sky. Suddenly someone shouted, "snow!". Everybody was up in a moment looking for it, but the shout had come from a restless one who had gone ahead. All wanted to reach the snow-

line as soon as possible, anticipating great fun and forgetting the hard work involved in tramping through it.

When we did see snow, it was in melting patches only, on the lee side of the tree trunks or under the bushes. Nevertheless it was time to prepare for it, so all proceeded to cut and smooth long sticks for alpenstocks.

We went on. The patches of snow became gradually larger and more frequent. They circled the trees, they spread from one to the other of the thinning bushes. At last a continuous sheet, virgin of footprints, rose before us between the wide brown masses of the tree trunks.

Our single file had to be reorganized. The strongest, the men wearing the biggest and the heaviest boots, took the first places to break the trail, with a solemn promise that the leaders would be relayed. They needed relaying, for the wind had seen fit to drift the snow into a gigantic stairway and we had to zigzag up the face of those steps. There were occasional stumbles and someone would offer involuntary comedy by rolling or tobogganing down to the next snowy ledge, making great efforts to avoid the trees, and again plodding up the long way.

We were getting wet, after a good hour of trudging over snow made heavy by the summer thaw and were glad to reach the top, a rounded brow emerging from a fringe of timber. A rocky cliff free of snow turned to the southwest and, warm in the noonday sun, was big enough for us all and a huge campfire.

We dried our clothes, rested and talked, but all the while our eyes wandered over the magnificent relief map stretched before us, with its every detail, its every tone and color emphasized by the clear atmosphere and the brilliant sun. Below us, wooded slopes rolled to Burrard Inlet, to the sea, and to the Narrows, the entrance to the inlet and Vancouver Harbor, choked against the north shore by the Stanley peninsula, a bit of primeval forest, and yet a city park. Its blue black trees set off the waters of the Narrows, churned white by the rip of the incoming tide. A graceful liner, white and yellow, below a smudge of gray smoke, swiftly breasted the rip. Half way through, a puff of white burst from her funnel, but only when she had passed the Narrows did we hear the distant shriek of her siren.

Beyond the city and Stanley Park, was another headland, Point Grey and, more distant, the silver scroll of the Fraser River, its wide mouth broken by the fertile islands of the delta. Sixty miles to the south rising above the hills that come between, we saw the cone of Mt. Baker, which seemed like Fujiyama transported across the Pacific. Farther south, a gray haze extended on the horizon, showing streaks of land. To the west, the dark blue silhouette of Vancouver Island gradually melted into the mainland; toward the south another white peak was faintly discernible—Mt. Rainier, almost two hundred miles away!

The big peaks were not all to the south. Behind us, as well as to our right and left the mountains arose range upon range, greater and greater until, dominating all, towered the "Two Lions," twin sphinxes of snow, whiter than any marble, guarding the avenue of water below.

All this beauty, this majesty of height and space did not make us forget anything so human as appetite, made keener still by hard and long climbing. All gathered on two sides of the fire, the other sides being really uncomfortably

close to the edge. Several cans of "pork and" which had been placed in the ashes to warm, rolled and fell, steaming hot, down the face of the cliff, and buried themselves deep in the snow. Eating, taking pictures (long distance "shots" that every one knew would never show on the film) and a glorious riotous snowball fight kept us busy for two hours or so. Then a snowman competition began and several works of art were well under way and had to be abandoned when the time came to start the descent.

At first we faithfully followed the zigzag tracks, well packed by the noontime thaw into a firm path on the steep slope of the huge step-like drifts. But seen from above, these paths switching back and forth, sometimes lost in the timber, seemed uselessly long, so some bright person suggested jumping from one drift to another. We descended the mountain in leaps and bounds of ten or fifteen feet, landing knee or waist deep in the snow.

Photo by L. R. Kessing

A Pack Train Retrieved

By James Wright

THE forced camp of the California Alpine Club on Fish Creek above and to the south of Cascade Valley, on July 19, 1922, was made interesting by the non-arrival of the pack train.

A short rationed, wet and blanketless night at 9000 feet elevation has its discomforts, but morning came at last, as mornings invariably do. With its arrival, two of us set out in quest of the lost pack train. I still persist that we were not thrown out, although our absence at an impending slim breakfast was perhaps rather desirable.

We started up the trail, our party should have taken on the way down from Goodale Pass. The trail was well defined until we reached the summit of the ridge to the north of the Lake of the Lone Indian. Here the snow obliterated all signs for approximately a half mile, thus accounting for our switch to the abandoned lake trail, the previous day. We saw no sign of the pack train, so continued onward to Goodale Pass.

As we reached the pass, a glorious day was dawning. The heavy thunder showers of the previous day had swept the atmosphere clear and the sun, as he arose, tinged the surrounding peaks with golden hues. Wonderful shades of purple gave way before the genial warmth of the rising solar sphere. Placid lakelets nestled in shadowy amphitheatres, awaiting the searching rays.

Perhaps, when our leader suggested that we climb the peak which dominates Goodale Pass to the east, he expected to find our packers encamped upon its sharp summit. Nothing loath, I agreed to the proposed ascent and we were soon working along the ridge. Half way across we stumbled upon a monumented tungsten claim. In a cairn was a small can wherein the necessary papers were deposited. Imagine our surprise, when the claim papers informed us that some lady declared herself the claimant to all tungsten in the certain plot, Lone Indian Claim No. 1, upon which we stood. Here was a "War Baby." If tungsten ever again comes into its own, we may perchance hear that this good lady is removing a certain mountain ridge over Goodale Pass to some nearby stamp-mill.

After about an hour's stiff climb over loose boulders and talus, we arrived at the summit of our mountain, 12,211 feet above the sea. Here we discovered that someone had preceded us, for in a small rough monument we found an old rusty can. However, it contained no written record. We replaced the rusty container with a red enameled Prince Albert tobacco can. According to our map, the mountain was unnamed. We recorded our names, date of ascent and after due deliberation, bestowed the name of "Lone Indian Mountain" to henceforth grace the rugged height. Due to the fact that our summit was the highest in the Silver Divide and on account of its proximity to the Lake of the Lone Indian, we considered our christening appropriate. However, the Eighteenth Amendment made the baptism of an exceedingly dry order.

From the summit we scanned the surroundings for our pack train. No sign was visible. We started our descent in the direction from which the outfit would be most likely to appear. Avoiding a dangerous rock wall compelled us

Photo by John C. Hogan

ON THE FISH CREEK TRAIL

to cross an innocent appearing patch of snow. As the leader started to gingerly walk across the white surface, I suddenly sat down and instantly made wonderful progress over the icy slide, speeding over a considerable rocky stretch on the other side before necessary friction could be secured for a complete halt. A hasty inspection revealed nothing worse than two rather prettily carmine decorated elbows. After this experience, we used more care and avoided strictly anything that looked like frozen snow.

On reaching the Fish Creek Trail, south of Goodale Pass, we proceeded rapidly to our previous day's lunching place. Here, again, we found no sign of our train. But soon, in the lower end of the nameless meadow, we came upon our shouting packers, in the midst of getting under way, just in time to witness the efforts of a pack-mule trying to rid himself of his troubles in the creek. Unfortunately those troubles were in the form of our sorely needed provisions. With Robinson, our head packer, to the rescue, our foodstuffs were recovered and the mule induced to take a saner view of life.

While the other packers were energetically rounding up the straying animals in the meadow, Robinson briefly related his unfortunate experiences, the cause of his inability to reach our camp the previous night. Six animals had fallen from a ledge ford over the falls above the North Fork of Mono Creek. Three were rescued from a lower ledge, none the worse for their experience, but the other three fell hundreds of feet farther down and were in such condition that two were mercifully killed. The remaining animal had already passed on to greener pastures and packless trails. Robinson, a great lover of horseflesh, keenly felt his loss, the first in a lifetime of mountain packing, over rough passes, and through treacherous fords.

A few cheery words and reassurances that the worst was over, buoyed up the fagged spirits of our faithful packers. As the sun's rays waxed warmer, we proceeded onward to the pass. As we wound upward, one refractory mule started on a rampage and succeeded in decorating a considerable portion of the landscape with canned jam, *our* jam, tinned butter, and other delicacies, before he could be persuaded to desist.

From the pass, the descent to the headwaters of Fish Creek looked far from inviting for the passage of a heavily laden pack train. Huge fields of snow hid treacherous sharp rocks and our corpulent packer, Big Bob, regarded the prospect with dismal forebodings. But having convinced our champion consumer of kitchen delicacies that we had led three animals safely down only the previous day, we safely made the descent intact and without serious difficulty. In being forced to dismount and lead his tired horse over the rougher stretches, the degradation of Big Bob was complete. This large party declared emphatically that he would not again be among those present at Goodale Pass, though the funeral procession of his mother-in-law should make the journey.

The trail improved as we wended our way downward. At 2:00 p. m. we reached the main party and a hearty lunch put everyone in the very best of spirits.

Photo by L. R. Kessing

Up Seven Gables

By L. R. Kessing

ONE week after the California Alpine Club had entered the mountains, our party of five had followed the same trail as far as Goodale Pass. We had traced Mono Creek to its source at Mono Pass and had returned as far as the crossing of Mono Creek in Vermilion Valley, with the hope of traveling up Bear Creek through the high country and over Seldon Pass to Blaney Meadows, when our luck changed with the arrival of a heavy rain storm which lasted about three days.

With regret we gave up our plans of a high trip and took the lower trail over Bear Ridge, to Upper Jackass Meadows where we spent two delightful if somewhat rainy days, in the flower bedecked meadows of the San Joaquin. On the third day we moved to Blaney Meadows for another visit to the wonderful aspen groves we had enjoyed so much the year before. That afternoon the clouds broke, and Paul Thelen and myself determined to see the upper waters of Bear Creek via Seldon Pass on the following day, weather permitting. W. C. Fankhauser and our packer, E. S. Bondeman, planned to go with us as far as Seldon Pass, but no farther, as they desired to try the fishing in what is incorrectly labeled "Heart Lake" on the map.

A 4:30 a. m. call the next morning served to put us on the trail up Lost Valley by 5:30 a. m. A walk of a half mile brought us to the junction of the Seldon Pass and Piute Pass trails. Here we started to climb. Our companions, led by the lure of good fishing, soon outdistanced us. Knowing that we had eight miles to go and six thousand feet to climb, the Judge and I kept to our regular pace of a thousand feet of elevation an hour and felt no pangs at being left behind. At 8:30 we were at the two lower lakes after climbing about 2500 feet of the steepest trail it has been my lot to encounter in the Sierra—straight up with "nary" a zigzag to cut down the grade. Fortunately the trail was soft and springy under foot and in good condition.

We found the other men fishing in the northeasterly of the two lakes where we could see dozens of big golden trout swimming about as we walked along the bank. Crossing the stream joining the two lakes we soon came to Heart Lake, which is the smaller, near the last zero of the 12,000 foot peak on the United States Geological Survey map. After climbing the rise immediately back of the lake, we found the going very rough and the trail in poor condition. This continued all the way to the pass. In a little canyon we crossed our first snow, which was still icy in the cool of the morning. Here we also found clumps of the lovely cream colored, long spurred columbine or aquilegia, which is rather rare and always a source of delight with its fairy like beauty.

We reached Seldon Pass at about 9:30 a. m., a half hour later than our schedule. Here we had a wonderful view extending from Mt. Senger on our right to Mt. Hooper on our left, as far north as Mt. Abbott and Mt. Gabb and the neighboring peaks. Marie Lake was spread out below us, with all the appearance of being about to fall out of its basin into the canyon beyond. We took the usual pictures and sized up the lay of the land between us and the Seven Gables.

We left the trail and keeping to the right, followed around an easy grade to the top of the ridge between Marie Lake and the South Fork of Bear Creek. To cross the South Fork of this creek we found that we had to drop down abruptly fire hundred feet. The Bear is very rugged and beautiful at this point so we attempted several pictures, although the sky was dark and gloomy. While munching our cheese and crackers, we mapped out the best approach to the peak and ruefully contemplated another climb of 2500 feet over badly broken rock. The stream was too deep to be waded and too wide to be jumped and it seemed absolutely devoid of rocks which might be used as stepping stones. Finally we managed to jump to a ledge on the opposite wall of a little box canyon.

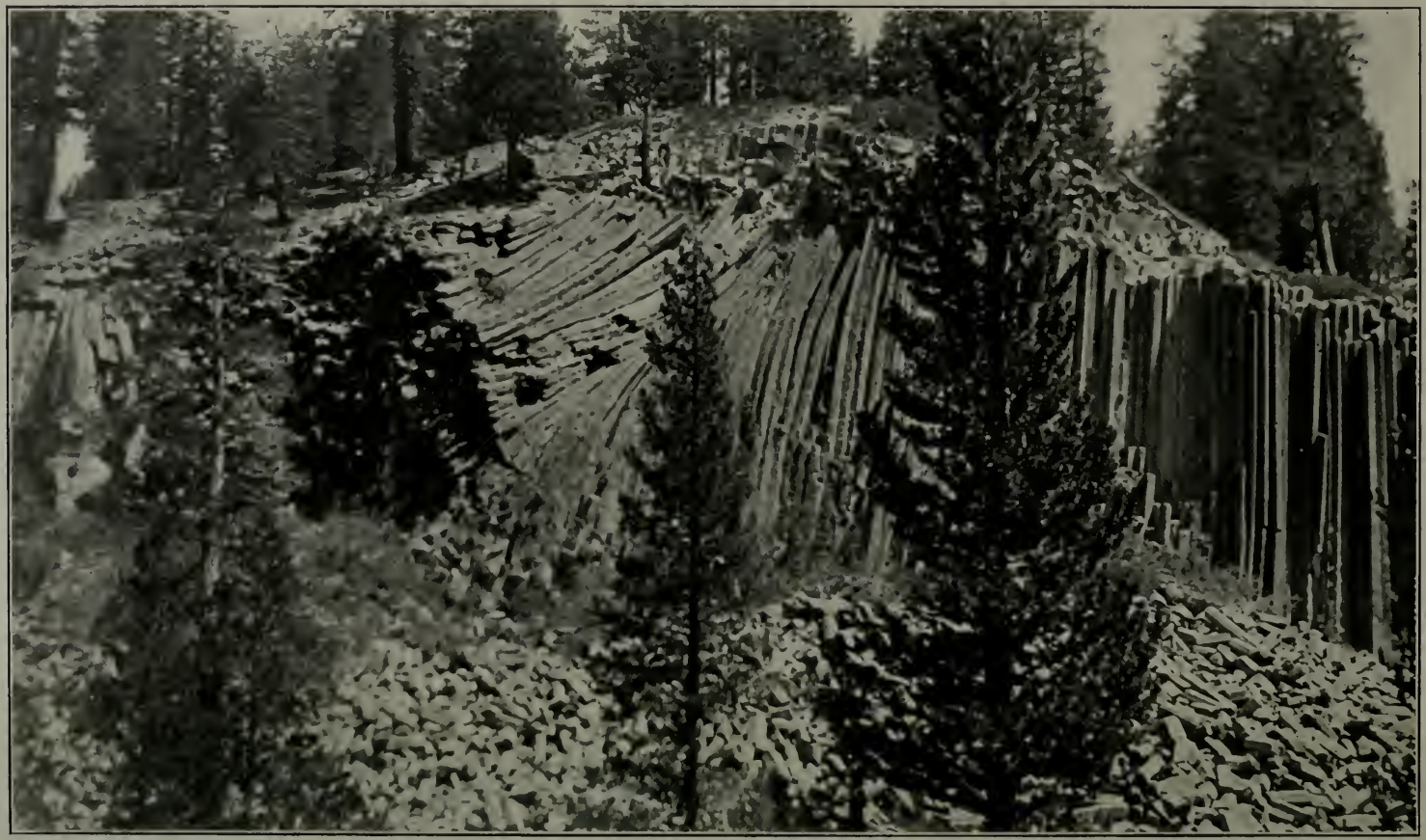
The contour of Seven Gables resembles the valley part of a hip-and-valley roof, with a peak at the easterly end of each ridge. A number of projections along each ridge, like dormer windows, justify the name. The ascent was simply a matter of endurance and of a race against the coming storm. The sky grew blacker and blacker and an icy wind arose. After we had passed the saddle between the two peaks, the granite blocks were too large for comfortable travel. Many of them were loose and resisted our progress with many a hollow groan, as they settled into firmer positions. Every twenty feet we rested as we approached the top. We reached the summit about 1:30, took a few hasty pictures, gazed over the precipice into the headwaters of the East Fork, took a general view from the Glacier Divide and Mt. Humphrey on the south to the peaks along Mono Creek on the north and "beat it," as the storm was enveloping all the surrounding peaks in dense clouds. On the way down, we found in the saddle of the peak the most beautiful plant of that lovely alpine flower, the sweet scented blue polymonium, that I have ever seen. It had fourteen perfect blooms.

Fortunately we left the peak just before the storm broke, but were caught in torrents of hail while climbing out of the South Fork toward Marie Lake. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared and then it hailed until the waters of the lakes danced. Occasionally we halted and watched from the shelter of stunted tamaracks, along with a vast army of mosquitoes which sought refuge in the same trees. They flew incessantly just under the thicker branches, did not attempt to alight on the needles to rest, nor did they attempt to bite until the storm was over. Between showers we hurried from tree to tree. On nearing Seldon Pass we saw that lightning had struck the unnamed peak just east of Mt. Senger and had hurled tons of rock down on the snow covered slopes.

The five hundred foot climb back to Seldon Pass proved as tiresome as we had anticipated, after such a heavy day. We welcomed the down-grade on the other side. A pack saddle and a horse half buried under a pile of talus near Heart Lake caused us to speculate over the details of his demise. The remainder of the trip to camp consisted in letting our feet fall out in front of us and stepping on them, while our thoughts ran to visions of hot soup and our pneumatic mattresses. We arrived in camp just as "Fank" straightened up and shouted, "Dinner."

There was no campfire that night, and how we did enjoy those mattresses which weigh only five pounds and make a rocky peak as comfortable as a bed at home.

Again we took our annual vow of no more peak climbing for us!



DEVIL'S POSTPILE

Photo by Paul Thelen

Famous Basaltic Columns

By Prof. Charles Frederick Holder

Excerpts from an Article Published in Scientific American

BASALTIC columns, wherever found, invariably arouse great interest and their presence has given especial significance to many localities. Some of the most famous are to be seen in Nova Scotia, at Bergen Point, New Jersey, and in various portions of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada. The Giants Causeway in Ireland is noted the world over and the Palisades of the Hudson are an example of this structure. Perhaps one of the most interesting examples of these singular columns is found on the small island of Staffa in the Hebrides group, which is undoubtedly of volcanic origin. The island appears to be built up of stone piles and, to the casual observer, it would seem that they had been placed regularly in position and the earth piled on top of them. * * *

The Giants Causeway has a rival in the basaltic formation in the Orange Mountains of New Jersey. This formation has been traced about one thousand feet along the face of the mountains and presents a commanding front of hexagonal columns, perfect in detail and ranging in height from thirty to one hundred feet, some being four feet across a single side while the smallest range from two to two and a half feet across the sides. The gigantic columns present a most impressive front and the contrast between them and those of the Giants Causeway can be realized, when it is known that the columns in the latter are hardly twenty feet in height and from fifteen to twenty inches across.

Among the most interesting basaltic deposits are those located in the Sierra National Forest. This deposit, now a national monument, is known as the Devil's Postpile. It is located on the middle fork of the San Joaquin River, in strange contrast to a rich green meadow above it. The columns crop out in various places; in some, looking like a vast honeycomb; at others, resembling a gigantic pipe organ. The finest group stands directly on the bank of the river, showing a mass of magnificent columns from sixty to seventy feet in height and from eighteen inches to three feet in diameter. Some are perfectly straight; others are twisted and bent, and at one place the entire mass has been so curved that it has the appearance of a cascade. Earthquakes have played havoc with the columns, broken them off, toppled them over so that in front of the array of upright piles, there is a talus resembling a huge mound of titanic bricks.

Nearby can be seen the flow of the ancient lava, suggesting the origin of this deposit. The rock is made up of feldspar and angite or hornblende and is generally dark green, gray, or black in color. The columnar form, which it takes, has given rise to much discussion. The prisms are five or six sided, and resemble crystals and are so considered by many. This is denied by other authorities, while others again consider the strange prisms to be merely the result of a tendency toward crystallization. Be this as it may, the great mass in the Sierra National Forest resembles a wall of crystals growing out of the earth. Undoubtedly, however, they are the result in past ages, of impeded contraction, the hexagonal shape being due to the fact or law that this is the only possible result of "the combined action of contracting forces acting in all directions on one plane."

MOUNT SAN ANTONIO *Photo by Putnam Studios*

The Sierra Nevada and the Coast Ranges in Southern California

By CHESTER VERSTEEG

"And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land——"

LE CONTE tells us that mountains are the glory of our earth. Geoffrey Young defines a mountaineer as "not only one who climbs mountains, but anyone who likes to walk, read, or think about them."

Legion, then, are the mountaineers in Southern California, both resident and tourist. To most of them the name High Sierra calls up no picture of glacier-carved cirques, of far-flung, battlemented divides. But distance, time or lack of funds have not prevented them from maintaining that contact with the unspoiled wilds of earth that the physical, moral and spiritual in mankind demand.

The mountain-system of Southern California is divided into two distinct ranges; one, now generally recognized as an extension of the Sierra Nevada batholith and consisting of the granite masses of the San Gabriel, the San Bernardino, and the San Jacinto mountains; the other, the Coast Range.

Professor J. D. Whitney drew an imaginary line starting midway between Tejon Pass and the Canada de las Uvas in the Tehachapi Mountains and running southeastward in the direction of the trend of the main Sierra Nevada Range, striking the Pacific at San Luis Rey in California. Those mountains to the east of this line, namely, the San Bernardino Mountains and the San Jacinto Mountains, he reckoned as extensions of the Sierra Nevada Range. Those to the west of this line, namely, the Santa Ynez, the Santa Monica, the San Gabriel, the Santa Ana, and the Temescal mountains, he identified as a continuation of the Coast Range into Southern California. Later geologists do not

identify the San Gabriel Mountains with the Coast Range but correlate them with the San Bernardino Mountains and the San Jacinto Mountains as outlying members of the main Sierra Nevada batholith.

The San Gabriel Mountains, their axis lying oblique to that of most of the other prominent ranges of California, extend in a nearly due eastward-westward trend from the head of the Santa Clara River of the south, and Soledad Canyon to Cajon Pass, being about fifty miles in length and twenty-five miles in width. The San Gabriel Mountains contain sixteen peaks over 8000 feet in altitude, the highest of which is San Antonio (10,080 feet), popularly known as "Old Baldy." San Antonio stands near the northeastern end of the range. Numerous streams empty into the Mojave Desert on the north, the largest of which are Rock Creek and Little Rock Creek. The San Gabriel River, cutting through the center of the range, is the largest stream emptying into Gabriel Valley on the south.

The San Bernardino Mountains extend eastward from Cajon Pass to San Gorgonio Pass and the Colorado Desert. But a few miles in width at Cajon Pass, they spread out to a maximum width of over thirty miles and extend fifty miles to the east of Cajon Pass—bastions and spurs extending even far beyond this into the Colorado Desert. The San Bernardino Mountains contain Arrowhead Lake, an artificial lake of great beauty located in Little Bear Valley and Big Bear Lake, 6722 feet high, a natural lake, raised by damming, which together with Baldwin Lake, is located in the beautifully timbered Big Bear Valley. These mountains contain fifteen peaks over 8000 feet in altitude, including San Bernardino Peak (10,630 feet) and San Gorgonio (11,485 feet) popularly known as "Old Grayback" and the highest mountain in Southern California. Numerous streams drain into the Mojave Desert on the north, the largest ones being tributaries of the Mojave River. A great number of streams also drain the east and southeast sides of the range, disappearing into the Colorado Desert on the southeast. Mill Creek and the Santa Ana River, streams of considerable volume, flow into the valley near San Bernardino and Redlands.

The San Jacinto Mountains, separated from the San Bernardino Mountains by San Gorgonio Pass, have a northwest trend, conforming more than its fellow-members to the trend of the main Sierra Nevada batholith. They have a maximum width between San Jacinto Valley on the west and the Palm Springs country on the east, of twenty-five miles and a length of thirty miles, merging into the Santa Rosa Mountains on the southeast. Five peaks over 8000 feet in altitude, including San Jacinto Peak (10,805 feet), are contained in this range. The view overlooking the abrupt drop-off of 10,400 feet from the summit of San Jacinto to the Colorado Desert is most impressive. Snow Creek and Tahguitz, Andreas, Murray, and Palm Canyons are the principal watercourses on the desert side of the range. On the southwest the principal drainage is down the various forks of the San Jacinto River.

Proceeding southward down the Coast Range from a line extended from the Tehachapi Mountains westward to the coast, we find a chaotic mass of mountain ridges. To the west is Frazier Mountain (8026 feet) and Mt. Pinos (8826 feet), probably the highest mountain in the California Coast Range after Shasta. Both of these peaks are beautifully timbered and well watered. South of Mt.

Pinos are the Topatopa Mountains and in between are the headwaters of the Sespe River and Piru Creek. Still farther westward is the long, narrow Cuyama Valley at the head of the Sisquoc River, the latter flowing westward through the San Rafael Mountains. South of these are the Santa Ynez Mountains, paralleling the Santa Barbara coast channel and emptying innumerable streams into the Pacific, some perpetual, others intermittent.

As the coast-line dips to the south the Santa Ynez Mountains become more of an inland chain, bounding the beautiful Ojai Valley on the north. The long ridge of Sulphur Mountain becomes the south boundary of the Ojai. The Santa Clara Valley here cuts the Coast Range practically in two, flowing westward from Soledad Canyon to the Pacific. The Coast Range as we proceed south loses much of its altitude, the Santa Susana attaining an altitude of only 3750 feet. Directly south of the Simi Mountains is the charming Simi Valley. South of the Santa Clara River and extending eastward from its broad delta plain, a part of the Coast Range continues as the Santa Monica Mountains, attaining a maximum altitude of 2836 feet at Saddle Peak, twenty-five miles southeast of Los Angeles.

The next mountains of the Coast Range as we proceed southward are the Santa Ana Mountains, located on the boundary line of Orange and Riverside Counties. Their trend is northwest-southwest. Santiago Peak, their highest point, is 5680 feet in altitude.

The Palomar Mountain group, attaining an altitude of 6126 feet, and the Cuyamaca Mountain group, attaining an altitude of 6151 feet, to the south of the San Jacinto Mountains, and the Santa Rosa Mountains, attaining an altitude of 8700 feet, to the southeast of the San Jacinto Range, have not been correlated by geologists with any mountain range.

Geology—Historical and Structural

Geologists have given us little of the history of the Southern California members of the Sierra Nevada batholith prior to the *Sierra revolution.* By this movement, the sediments accumulated along the then Pacific shore-bottom, yielding to lateral pressure, were mashed together and swollen up into the Sierra and Cascade Ranges and the Pacific shore-line transferred westward to the other side of these ranges.

Geologists have given us little with reference to the evolution of the San Bernardino and the San Jacinto members of the Sierra Nevada batholith, but the facts are more plentiful pertaining to the San Gabriel Mountains. Claypole says there seems "ample ground for believing that these ranges have existed from at least Cretaceous, if not earlier Mesozoic time. It is not otherwise easy to find a source for the enormous Pliocene, Miocene and Eocene accumulations of the Pacific margin so far from the Sierra Nevada." Fairbanks places the elevation between the Cretaceous and Jurassic periods. During Cretaceous and early Tertiary times these mountains must have been greatly reduced by erosion as was the Sierra Nevada.

In late Tertiary and Quaternary times uplifts varying from 7000 to 10,000 feet and culminating in great elevations during the Quaternary period gave birth to the present Sierra Nevada. Hershey states that in early Quaternary times the San Gabriel Range and the San Bernardino Range were differentiated from

Photo by Putnam Studios

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A RELIEF MAP OF CALIFORNIA IN POSSESSION OF U. S. WEATHER BUREAU

the country on the north by the formation of a great fault along the northern face of the mountains. Arnold and Strong differ with Hershey as to the time of this elevation, stating that the greater part of it took place during the late Eocene or Oligocene period. They base this conclusion on the finding of sandstone and shale of lower Eocene age at an elevation of 5000 feet in the vicinity of Rock Creek on the north face of the San Gabriel Range, showing the chain to have been elevated at least 5000 feet since the deposition of the lower Eocene.

In the Mojave Desert of today there is essentially the same topography as characterized the site of the southern Sierra Nevada area before the great uplift. The San Gabriel and San Bernardino Mountains are an elevated portion of this old lowland. This uplift converted the Antelope Valley area into a topographic depression. The Mojave River and its tributaries carried sand and gravel out of the high mountains about Cajon Pass and spread it over the floor of Antelope Valley to a maximum thickness of 2000 feet. Glaciers played no part in the sculpturing of these ranges. The main ice-sheet of Quaternary times, in its fullness, reached only slightly beyond 48° latitude. No glaciers, such as covered the main Sierra, formed in these mountains of a warmer climate and lower altitude.

The entire San Jacinto, San Bernardino and San Gabriel Mountains, to the Santa Ynez, are made up for the most part of the primitive rocks and consist chiefly of granitic series. They form most of the high ridges and more elevated peaks belonging to the range. Tolman states generally that "most batholithic masses have been found to be complex, consisting of rocks of varying ages, the older members of which have been caught up and fused into the later intrusives," and, specifically of the Sierra batholith in Southern California, "it is not improbable that the older gneisses and schists appearing within the less metamorphosed granites are of pre-Cambrian age, but until these are studied in detail, the entire complex is best classified as late Jurassic in age."

Claypole, describing the structural geology of the Sierra Madre or south ridge of the San Gabriel Range, says that it is composed of thick gneissic strata of two types which stand nearly vertical. "That to the south contains a large proportion of hornblende, weathers rapidly and deeply, and is eroded with comparative facility. That to the north is largely feldspathic, containing little hornblende. The former of these masses is between 2000 to 3000 feet thick but does not rise in the mountains to a greater height than 3500 feet. Of the wreckage from these two gneissic masses, the material filling the valley of Pasadena is composed. From great boulders at the foot of the range it gradually diminishes till it becomes a fine gravel and at last a fine silt. There has been a very extensive decay or kaolinization of the gneisses of the Sierra Madre."

Arnold and Strong, in their study of the composition of the San Gabriel Mountains, state that the Sierra Madra is composed principally of "granodiorite and gneiss, with some associated quartz-monzonite and gabbro and intruded aplite, quartz-hornblende-porphyrite and diabase porphyry." "Central portions San Gabriel Mountains consist of somewhat coarser grained granites and granodiorites with intruded aplite." In Cajon Pass may be found gneissic granite, talcose slates traversed by quartz veins, and trappean rock."

The Coast Ranges of California received their first and greatest folding during early Cretaceous times, only to be submerged by the advance of the Pacific to the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. The place of the Coast Range became then the marginal bottom of the Pacific. Probably at this time several islands were formed off the then coast. Cretaceous strata form a large part of the Coast Range. The thickness of the Cretaceous rocks in portions of the range has been estimated to be from 20,000 to 30,000 feet. At the end of the Miocene period of Tertiary time occurred one of the greatest events in the history of the American continent. As part of this event the sea-bottom off the then Pacific coast was crushed together into the most complicated folds and swollen up into the Coast Range. Quaternary time was inaugurated by the further upheaval of the continent, and mountain-making by crust-block tilting occurred on a grand scale. While the Sierra Nevada assumed its present form and height there occurred another elevation of the Coast Range, a folding and an outpouring of lavas. From this period began the last change in both the Sierra and the Coast Range, the fine sculpturing that we see today.

How seldom do men in the rush of modern cities far below ponder on the staggering cycle of time taken in the evolution of our mountain ranges. Here only the last few periods have been enumerated. Yet the scene was completely set thousands of years before man had made his appearance on this continent and had viewed here its intricate and matchless beauty.

The farthest south register of the California Alpine Club was placed on the summit of Old Baldy—or more properly—Mt. San Antonio (elevation 10,080 feet) in the San Gabriel Range, on Sept. 9, 1922, by F. E. Briggs and Harry A. Hayes. The register was securely fastened to one of the slabs in the rock monument marking the boundary between Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties.

VALLEY OF THE LYELL FORK OF THE TUOLUMNE

Photo by L. R. Kessing

The Annual Outing for 1923

Yosemite National Park, July 14 to 29, 1923

YOSEMITE VALLEY! The mind conjures up incomparable scenic marvels at the mere mention of the name. Thundering waterfalls and sheer, ethereal, reaching cliffs are the outstanding features of that lovely valley in the Yosemite National Park. Description is wholly inadequate.

Yet of the millions who have actually visited the Yosemite Valley, how few there are who really know the country above and beyond where the Merced River heads, in the snow fountains at the crest of the Sierra. From adjacent lofty sources, the turbulent Tuolumne also draws its flow. These glorious uplands entice only those who eagerly seek the more unfrequented regions of the Reservation.

The Annual Outing Committee of the California Alpine Club is now formulating plans for a delightful two weeks' excursion into the heights of the Park, during the month of July, 1923. From Wawona, a visit will be made to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Fernandez Pass will be crossed and the rugged headwaters of Granite Creek will be traversed on the march toward Iceberg Pass. Upper Tuolumne Meadows will be reached via the McClure Fork of the Merced River and Vogelsang Pass. A base camp will be established near the junction of Ireland Creek and the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River to afford those of the party who desire to make the ascent of Mt. Lyell, sufficient time in which to accomplish this end.

The party will then move down to the vicinity of Tuolumne Soda Springs for the central camp. Here interesting side-trips may be taken to Waterwheel Falls, to Matterhorn Canyon, to Conness Creek and to Young Lake. When camp is broken, the route of travel will lead over Cathedral Pass via the Sunrise Trail to Little Yosemite Valley. The Half Dome will be climbed for the splendid and comprehensive view of the Yosemite Valley that its summit affords. The final day's travel will take the party on the down trail, along the Merced. It is intended that at least one day will be spent among the wonders of the Valley.

The Yosemite National Park is especially noted for its floral and forest growths. In exquisite settings, charming lakes abound. The abundance of well preserved meadows will be noted in the region to be traversed. Tuolumne Meadows with the nearby spirelike peaks of granite and dome shaped landmarks, is a region that for scenic grandeur cannot be equalled. Splendid opportunities will be presented for intimate studies of the small Sierra glaciers of Lyell, Conness and Dana which are within easy reach of Tuolumne Meadows.

The charm of countless changing vistas and the many streams tempting to the fisherman, added to the fact that the trails are excellent, will make this outing of 1923 in the glorious Yosemite region most enjoyable.

Trails by the Seas

By J. Z. Goldberg

When "Los Amigos" sailed out of San Francisco last October, it was hard to say goodbye to the many friends who came to see us get under way. Harder still it was to wave adieu to those few braver souls, who insisted on accompanying us through the Gate, but hardest of all was seeing old Tamalpais, for what may be the last time. Do you wonder that we sailed miles out of our way that afternoon, right into the setting sun, in order to properly bid the old friend farewell; to receive Tamelpa's benediction for a pleasant trip, and a safe return?

Primarily it was to be a yachting trip, but the old hiking spirit must assert itself and opportunities are never lacking. There is always a trail, be it over mountain ridge or through jungle swamp. In countries where railroads are few and animal hire expensive, it's the hiker alone who sees the interior and the real native life. Also there is no pack to worry about; a native shack for the night requires only a pleasant word or two, and what food one must have, is readily obtainable.

A short resume must suffice for the present, to give just the barest idea of what a part hiking has played in the enjoyment of our trip. At times I have had my brother Aaron as companion, but more often I have had only a newly made friend among the natives, for companion and guide.

Opportunity for hiking presented itself before we had sailed far. A trail that leads out of Johnson's Cove on Santa Catalina Island had to be explored. It takes one up over the backbone of the island and around the coast, past the lonely grave of one of California's pioneers and back to the beach at the cove.

San Diego came next with trips to Old Town, Coronado and Point Loma and a chance to view, from comparative safety, the expanse of water where for four days, during a terrible December storm, we had been at the mercy of the waves and wind.

Then came trips over the ridges of Guadaloupe Island, a hiker's paradise, with camping spots in valleys an hundred yards wide and five miles long, at elevations up to three thousand feet, with peaks towering a thousand or two feet higher. The wild goats by the hundreds of thousands roamed the bare mountain sides and seemed to laugh at the feeble efforts of us humans to imitate them.

The "best water on the Pacific coast of Mexico" is to be found at Chamela, one time hot bed of revolution. There was not only the opportunity for good hiking, there were also excellent leaders to be had—an exiled family, the only ones to escape the firing squad of the evacuating horde. Given virgin country and such able guides, what more need I say?

Once at anchor at Amapala, Honduras, in the Gulf of Fonseca, the hiking began in real earnest. Here is the ideal location for a base for an inland tour of Salvador, Honduras, and a part of Nicaragua. Best of all is the wonderful oportunity afforded to visit the numerous islands in the gulf itself. Every island has its place in the history of the surrounding republics and each trip afforded us tales of the old Spanish and pirate days in the Gulf of Conchagua, as it used to be called.

There was no thought of hiking while we were at anchor at Corinto, Nicaragua. A broken mast collar, at sea, forced us to harbor in a disabled condition and our entire attention was focused on getting ready to put to sea again. Temporary repairs were possible only with the help of the good hearted officers of one of Uncle Sam's "go-getters," that fortunately followed us into port. We arrived at Punta Arenas, Costa Rica, after a spell of exasperating and interminable calms, over a stretch of water where, only two weeks previously, we were being buffeted about by the worst storms we had yet encountered on the trip.

As soon as repairs are made and "Los Amigos" gets her annual overhauling, we expect to go up one of the rivers and give the boat a few weeks in fresh water. Meanwhile? Well! They do say as how there is some good hunting hereabouts and that means good hiking, I hope.

To Boots.

Oh, how I remember
With thoughts fond and tender
The wish to possess you
That made my heart swell.

Your cost was mere nothing,
Eighteen or something.
Why reckon the cost
When you fit me so well?

Neither gay nor yet gaudy
Stout—surely not shoddy?
Just sturdy and strong
For our wonderful climbs.

Now your laces all knotted
And stitching all parted,
You've paid with your sole
For all my good times.

Your use is now over,
No more can I bother,
Patching and tying and making you do,
You dirty old boots,
You worn-out old boots,
You crumpled old boots,
Here's a goodbye to you!

MA TAYSUM.

On the Glaciers of Mt. Rainier

By Caroline Borkman

In discussing the climate of our Northwestern Coast with inhabitants of that section, one learns that there are two distinct seasons of the year: First, August, a month of clear sky and sunshine, and second, "the rest of the year" which brings with it an abundant quota of rain and uncertain weather. Fortunately I was able to be in the Northwest during the former period, and as a consequence, enjoyed a very delightful excursion to Mt. Rainier National Park, about 96 miles distant from the city of Seattle. My object was not to ascend Mt. Rainier, the chief attraction of the Park, but rather to experience the delights of alpine climbing and tobogganing on the snow fields below the glaciers.

The start was made by motor from Seattle early in the morning and at midday we found ourselves winding through glorious long avenues of noble firs and cedars, which afforded welcome shade from the noonday heat. Sudden turns in the road disclosed tumbling waterfalls and turbulent streams cascading down the mountain sides.

Pangs of hunger were satisfied at the hotel at Longmire Springs. Leaving the Springs we passed through the Silver Forest. A ravaging fire had swept through the great grove and had been quickly extinguished by one of the frequent rain storms. The dead cedars still stand intact, so weather-worn that they resemble hosts of tall, silent spectres clad in silver raiment, their silhouettes sharply defined against the dark forest beyond. The effect was uncanny.

Another turn in the road and Mt. Rainier was in sight, a majestic and awe-inspiring peak, standing alone in its glory, entirely separate from the Cascade Range, its snow cap towering 14,408 feet above the sea.

Paradise Inn, which is all the name implies, was reached in mid-afternoon, and we retired early to prepare for our glacier climbing in the morning.

Our climbing equipment consisted of a heavy shirt, thick wool socks, stout shoes studded with heavy, pointed calks in soles and heels, a soft hat, colored glasses, and most important of all, a pair of very serviceable breeches reinforced with large patches of leather, thereby furnishing us with our own toboggan! Our faces were smeared with grease paint to prevent snow burn and we were given long and sharply pointed alpenstocks to assist us over the precarious places.

Leaving the Inn, 6000 feet elevation, we struck a winding trail which led through bright fields of wild flowers, and then up to timberline at 6800 feet. Our real experience in snow and icebound heights now began. Seemingly only a few feet from us stood the summit of Mt. Rainier. In the distance, Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Adams were easily discernible, as we wound our way with crunching step, ever up and on. We were headed toward Paradise and Stevens Glaciers and soon accustomed ourselves to planting our feet deliberately and using our alpenstocks effectively.

At last we reached our goal and looked down into the bottomless blue-white depths of the crevasses. Care must be exercised in crossing these huge fissures and a rope is an invaluable asset. Soon the entrance of the ice cave at the snout of the glacier yawned before us. The sun was hot above and the

melting drops fell on us as we passed in. Arched walls of ice encompassed us, and the boulder strewn floor of the cavern gave evidence of the power of the glacier in its movement downward toward the base of the mountain. Fine, gravelly residue, fantasically streaked the milky white walls about us.

Awed by the crushing power evident, and chilled by icy falling drops, we were glad to move out into the open and discover our first toboggan slide. What a thrill of fun there was in shooting down the snowy hillside! There is no more exhilarating sport. Continuing slowly we descended the mountain. On the way, our guide picked up from the surface of the glacier a tiny fir seedling which had sprouted a tendril about an inch in length, trying to find its way to Mother Earth through 25 feet of ice! Such is the courage of nature. Along the trail, we gathered luscious blue berries growing in profusion, on bushes about six inches high.

Finally we were led like docile children down the long trail to the Inn, tired but rejuvenated in spirit.

WATER WHEEL - TUOLUMNE CANYON *Photo by L. R. Kessing*

California Alpine Club

Our Aims: "To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out into the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid, in every way possible, the preservation of the woods, streams, game and natural features of the country."

Officers and Committees for the Year 1922-1923.

President.....Wm. P. Halliday
Vice-President.....Jules A. Sigrist
Recording Secretary.....J. Louis Callaghan
Corresponding Secretary.....Helen Wild
Treasurer.....Leon Castel

Directors.

Harry A. Hertenstein — John C. Hogan
Vernon M. Taylor — J. Clyde Williams
Oscar R. Cook

Committees.

Entertainment:	J. Louis Callaghan Irene Heyer	E. J. Patterson A. R. Tunzi	J. Clyde Williams
Reception:	Harry A. Hertenstein Alma Schirmer	Chas. A. Delves Norma Pinther	W. T. Plevin
Finance:	A. C. Mauerhan	Charles C. Cavanaugh	Henry Funck
Walks and Trails:	V. E. Haun Wm. J. MacKay	H. I. Sharman Herman Lindlow	Walter E. Scott
Accommodations:	Jules A. Sigrist Henry W. Lidley	Leroy Wilkie Dan G. Genther	J. Clyde Williams
Annual Outing:	Oscar R. Cook Herman Lindlow	A. Pinther Wm. P. Halliday	M. F. Murphy
Publication:	John C. Hogan Helen Wild	Wm. J. MacKay Arthur Richter	Myron Grotyohn
Editorial:	Helen Wild Florence Brown	M. F. Murphy W. C. Fankhauser	Norma Pinther John C. Hogan

REGISTER PLACED UNDER DIRECTION *of* CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

	Elevation Feet	Register Placed
Mt. Diablo East Peak	3,563	June 11, 1916
Mt. Whitney	14,502	July 15, 1916
Loma Prieta	3,790	June 10, 1917
Lassen Peak	10,437	June 21, 1917
Mt. St. Helena	4,343	July 1, 1917
Mt. Shasta	14,380	Sept. 2, 1917
Mt. Tamalpais West Peak	2 604	Jan. 13, 1918
Pico Blanco	3 650	Sept. 9, 1918
Pine Mountain, Big Basin	2,214	Sept. 9, 1918
Mt. Keddie	6,600	Sept. 9, 1919
Mt. Wilson	5,200	June 20, 1920
Kearsarge Pass	11,823	July 16, 1920
North Palisade	14,254	July 25, 1921
Muir Pass	12,059	July 25, 1921
Mt. Ritter	13,156	July 24, 1922
Mt. San Antonio	10,080	Sept. 8, 1922

TREASURER'S STATEMENT
of RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS *of the* CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

FOR THE FISCAL YEAR OF APRIL 1, 1921 TO APRIL 1, 1922, INCLUSIVE

RECEIPTS.

BALANCE ON HAND BEGINNING OF PERIOD.		
Cash in checking account, Union Trust Co.	$141.50	
Savings Account, Union Trust Co.	50.50	
Club Pins	25.70	
War Savings Stamps	22.50	
Liberty Bonds	100.00	
Trails No. 1 (advance)	220.00	$ 560.20
Membership Dues received		766.00
Initiation Fees received from new members		180.00
Furniture owned by Club entered on books		20.00
Donation		3.00
Interest		
Interest from Savings Account	2.02	
Interest from Liberty Bonds	5.73	7.75
Profit on Midsummer Reunion, 1921		34.65
Sales of Post Cards		14.25
Profit from sale of Club Pins		13.60
Profit from New Year's Reunion, 1922		11.04
*Annual Outing, 56 persons		3640.00
		$5250.49

DISBURSEMENTS

*Annual Outing Expenses: Subsistence, Packing, Transportation, etc.		$3577.00
Muir Woods Patrol, eight months at $4.00 per month		32.00
Club Pins and Cash stolen from Club Office		13.45
Loss on Trails Issue No. 1		18.65
Postage Stamps and Envelopes		92.78
Printing		43.61
Rent, 12 months at $15.00 per month		180.00
Schedules		
2500 copies of No. 17	$ 45.00	
2000 copies of No. 18	40.00	85.00
Miscellaneous General Expense		
Scrap Album	3.00	
City and County Taxes	5.03	
Baseballs	8.00	
Loose Leaf Minute Book	3.00	
Lantern Slides	5.00	
Register Boxes and Books	12.50	
Medical Kit	7.85	
37 Copies of No. 1 Trails sent out	27.75	
Camp Craft Show	17.40	
Loose Leaf Ledger	4.40	
Post Cards, nomination of officers	4.50	
Dues 1922, Save the Redwoods League	2.00	
Dues 1922, Mountaineering Association	15.00	115.43
BALANCE ON HAND CLOSING OF PERIOD.		
Furniture and Fixtures	20.00	
Cash in Checking Account, Union Trust Co.	10.71	
Cash in Savings Account, Union Trust Co.	620.96	
Club Pins	25.75	
Midsummer Reunion, advance 1922 rent	25.00	
Trails No. 2, Balance due	133.50	
War Savings Stamps	22.50	
Liberty Bonds	100.00	
Subscription Susp. account, Trails No. 1 on hand	71.15	
*Balance on hand account, Annual Outing	63.00	1092.57
		$5250.49

*Administered as separate fund by Chairman, Annual Outing Committee.

Editorials

Have you noted the similarity between books and people? They both possess a physical impress that denotes their individuality. These outward signs classify the subject as readily as would a formal introduction. Character or the lack of it in books or people places them in their proper sphere of literature or society, depending on the strength or weakness of their standards. Their characters are moulded by the faithfulness with which they adhere to fundamental truth.

By its presence you are introduced to our third annual magazine. If its dress and individuality interest you, acquaint yourself thoroughly with its character. If its character is commendable, cement friendship with it. If it is lacking in qualifications sufficient to earn your everlasting friendship, its youth justifies your tolerance and patience.

Future editions will grow in strength and influence as they merit your interest and esteem.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE HOSPITALITY BUREAU. We are always glad to welcome new outdoor organizations into the Bay Region. Last summer, the Hospitality Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce conducted short walks in San Mateo, Marin and Alameda Counties for the especial benefit of out of town visitors. Noonday talks with reference to the section visited were features of the trips. No more ideal manner of arousing interest in the Bay District could have been devised, and we hope that the summer of 1923 will see this organization again on the trail.

AN OPEN DOOR. What a heritage we have in California. Millions of acres of mountain lands in the Federal Forest reserves and thousands of acres in national parks. The finest of our mountain scenery is today publicly owned and administered by the Forestry and Park Service. Trail building is going on continuously, so that the visitors may travel in greater comfort and with less hazard. During the summer season, patrolmen are scattered throughout the mountains to protect them against fire, and to assist those who seek recreation in the high places. No entrance fees are exacted, but quite to the contrary a welcome is extended to all. The few simple common sense rules of the Forestry Service, and of the National Park Service are not promulgated for the benefit of their employees, but for the protection and preservation of the public reserves and public health. To these aims we gladly adhere and hope that those who may visit the mountains during the coming years will help to banish the careless and indifferent camper.

REFORESTATION Great areas in our mountains have been cleared of their forest coverings. Countless pines, cedars, firs and redwoods have been felled from their firm and noble moorings to find their way into the marts of trade. The gentle slopes of their former habitat have been swept by fires which, in most instances, have killed the sapling growth. Stream flow has suffered as the friendly and protective shade of the conifers has disappeared. Erosion is now fast removing the fertile soil so productive of rapid and extensive growth.

The time is ripe for the establishment of more seedling nurseries to replenish these losses. Transplanted, the young tree, after a few months of care, can shift for itself. Nature's prolific tendencies are remarkable and her desire to heal old sores knows no bounds. In most of the lumbered sections, Nature sorely needs our aid to recover her protecting forest robes. Sutro Forest, within the limits of San Francisco, is an index of what may be accomplished through intelligent planting on a large scale, in regions devastated by the ever-consuming mill.

The State Board of Forestry sends us the encouraging news that the lumber interests in the state are at last awakened to the fact that their best policy is one of conservation: "The co-operation given the State Board of Forestry by the lumbermen of the state is noteworthy. The majority of the timber owners have pledged themselves to do everything in their power to keep fires out of their standing timber and to so protect their cut-over lands that they may be left in a condition to produce a new crop of timber. This attitude of the lumbermen has had much to do with the increased amounts which have been made available by the government and state for fire protection. The redwood lumbermen in particular are agreeing with the Board that it is *good business* for them to *practice forestry*. Two of the largest redwood operators have established nurseries to raise trees for planting on their cut-over lands and steps are now to be taken whereby a large percentage of the redwood lands will be managed with a view to a sustained yield."

MARIN COUNTY. A comparison of the aims of the outdoor enthusiast who depends upon his two good legs to carry him over well traveled or rough trails, and of he who goes by motor seems to reveal but one note of similarity, enjoyment of the out-of-doors. As to the method of attaining that one point they differ violently. The regions to be reached exclusively by trail are growing more and more scarce as road building advances. Our own beloved Tamalpais, for so many years the exclusive field for the man on foot, has now been invaded. Ridgecrest Boulevard is a reality. The love of the automobilist for the open places is too often the careless passion that enjoys and destroys. The time to test those who really love the mountain, is now here. It is our privilege to prove that we have been worthy of the guardianship entrusted to us by continuing our efforts to preserve the natural beauty of the hills we love.

FIRE PREVENTION. "One of the first activities of the State Board of Forestry was to perfect a fire organization in order that fires outside the boundaries of the National Forests might be more effectively controlled. The Board was successful in getting the fire appropriation of the state increased from $25,000 to $75,000 for the biennial period. In view of the appropriation made by the state, the federal government has allotted $22,750 per year to California under the terms of the Weeks Law. In addition, co-operative monies to the extent of over $17,000 have been received from various counties co-operating with the state in fire prevention work." These are some of the results accomplished during the last year by this Board. There is just one more phase of co-operation necessary to the success of the work, the co-operation of camper, automobilist and tramper.

THE PALM CANYON NATIONAL MONUMENT The impression seems to prevail among the uninitiated that the purpose of outdoor organizations is merely the bringing together of congenial friends for the enjoyment of the out-of-doors. This is true also of too large a majority of the members of these same organizations. However, the evidences of real work of lasting benefit being done by them are becoming more and more numerous. A southern correspondent tells us of the recent creation of the Palm Canyon National Monument, for which, in no small measure, one of these clubs is responsible: "The Palm Canyon National Monument has been very recently created by Congress. To be effective the law is provisioned upon the raising of funds from other than federal sources to purchase Indian lands covering most of the area designated. The area included is located in the eastern foothills of the San Jacinto Range near the town of Palm Springs, Riverside County. It includes the lower reaches of Andreas, Murray and Palm Canyons, all of which contain remarkable groves of the fan palm, *washingtonia filifera,* the native palm of the desert. The area is far-famed, also, for its distinctive desert flora."

IN MEMORIAM

Frank J. Murray

MOUNT TAMALPAIS WITH ITS UNUSUAL SNOW BLANKET

Photo by Gabriel Moulin

Camp and Trail Notes

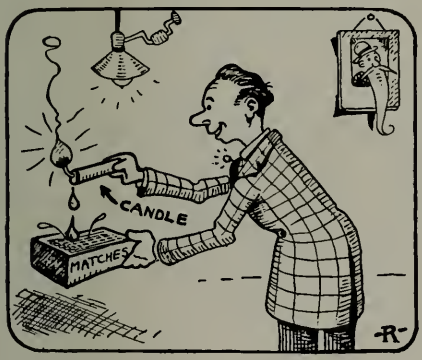
Compiled by H. A. Hertenstein

Cartoons by Arthur Richter

Have you ever balanced a coffee pot on two or three rocks, set up for a fireplace, and then just as the coffee was about to boil, had it topple off, put out the fire and make you "hot" all over? Moral: Get a pair of fire irons. These are so well known that it seems superfluous to mention them. However, here's the way to make them:

Take four pieces of ½ inch by 3-32 inch or 1-8 inch band iron, 14 to 18 inches long, depending upon how many pots you want to set upon them. Mine are 16 inches long. Drill one hole 1-8 inch or 5-32 inch, one-half inch from each end of each of the four pieces and rivet two pieces together with soft black iron rivets; locate the middle on the flat sides and with a hack saw cut diagonally across one piece of each set only, thus forming four legs which, when swung out at right angles, can be driven into the ground. Place the two finished bars three or four inches apart and you have a set of fire irons. These have been on the market for some time and are known as the Stuart Stove.

The irons just described are of convenient size for carrying in a knapsack, but if you are figuring on using a pack animal, the size and weight of material can be increased. On our Sierra outings we have used them, 28 to 30 inches long, made of 5-16 by 1. 1-4 inch iron. In windy weather it is necessary to build a barrier of rock to prevent the fire from being blown everywhere but where you want it. Another method is to dig a trench.



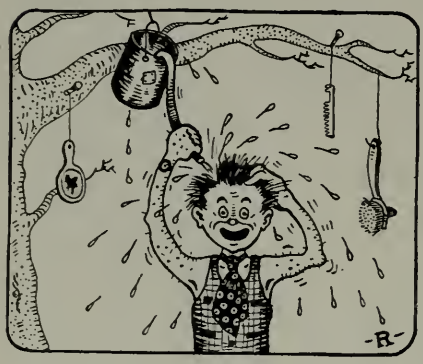
The Boy Scout is taught to light fires by friction, and rightly so. We cannot all be Boy Scouts, and probably have not the patience to try the friction method, therefore matches serve us. A simple method of keeping matches dry and ready for use is practiced by the Forest Service. Simply pour melted paraffin over the matches as they rest in the tray. When the paraffin hardens, each match is encased in a thoroughly waterproof coat.

A method used by Don Tripp is of great assistance in visualizing the high mountain country. The United States topographic maps have all contours printed in brown, lakes and streams in blue, and the works of man in black. By outlining, say, the 9000 foot contour in yellow, 10,000 in red, 11,000 in green, 12,000 in blue, 13,000 in black, or using any arrangement of colors desired, these contours are made to stand out above the others, and high places can readily be visualized.

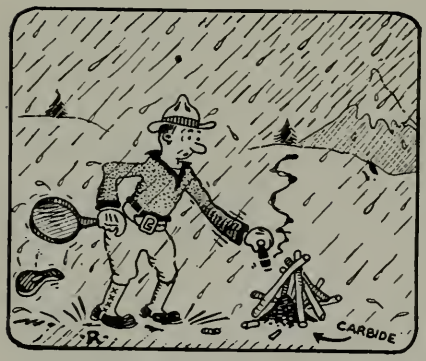
An acetylene lamp should never have the carbide container more than half filled. Never allow all the water to drain through the lamp into the carbide container as this will make a slushy mixture which clogs the burner.

Throw your tin cans into the campfire and burn off the tin coating. This allows the can to rust and disintegrate more quickly than if it were thrown into the bushes.

At a Campcraft Show at Rattlesnake, while I was demonstrating "Fires and Fireplaces," a gentleman inquired if I had ever used a Wet Wood Burner. Forthwith he proceeded to demonstrate, saying that he had read of it in one of Stewart Edward White's books as being used by cattlemen. The device is nothing more than a piece of soft rubber tubing about one quarter of an inch in diameter and two or three feet long. Into one end of this, is inserted a brass, long rifle shell, or any piece of brass or copper tubing, flattened to leave a slit. Holding the brass end at the fire and blowing through the other end makes a forced draft which persuades a fire to burn one hundred per cent faster than fanning it with your hat.



My friend, Bill Horsfall, is a plumber by vocation and an out-of-doors man by inclination. Naturally enough, Bill is always trying to improve the sanitation of a campsite. Here is the way that Bill works his sanitary camp wash basin. Taking a pail or can (one of the cooking pots will do), he fills it with fresh hot or cold water and hangs it from a tree at about the height of his head. He puts the brass end of a wet wood burner in the water and sucking the other end, starts a syphon working. He has an ideal wash basin, as the water may be turned off at will, by lifting the tube above the level of the water in the pail! No soapy polluted spring or creek, which inevitably occurs when a great many people use the streams for preparing their toilet.



In Vermilion Valley last summer, Al Tunzi turned the tables on those who challenged him to start a fire immediately after a thunderstorm had ceased. He threw a few lumps of carbide on the wet ground and lighted the gas generated from its contact with the moisture. Feeding the small blaze with dry wood chopped from the centre of a log and adding more carbide, Al soon had a roaring fire. Boy, page the Prest-o-lite Company!

In olden times baking was done in reflector ovens set in front of fireplaces. Today such ovens placed before fires in the open, are used by campers. Made of bright, heavy tin, these ovens fold compactly when not in use. Leonore G. Cook tells us that with them we can make many appetizing delicacies not usually included as "camp grub" in the mountains:

"We have successfully baked hot biscuits, cakes, fruit cobblers, pies, cornbread, and macaroni with cheese, in reflector ovens. Any standard recipe can be used. Success in camp cooking depends much upon the fire and the skill with which it is controlled. Care should be taken to place the reflector as nearly level as possible, with the open side facing the blaze, which should be rather high. The bright surfaces of the oven reflect the heat rays both upward to the bottom of the pan containing the food and downward to the top of the food, thus baking evenly on all sides. The reflecting surfaces must be kept clean and bright."

Local Walks and Leaders, 1922

Date	Destination	Leaders	Distances
Jan. 1	Baltimore Canyon, Phoenix Lake	F. W. Estold - Val Salmon	9 miles
Jan. 2	Annual Reunion, Kentfield	Entertainment Committee	
Jan. 8	Little Carson and Lily Lake	Hortense Sullivan - Irene Heyer	12 miles
Jan. 15	Round Top and Camp Cinderella	Arthur D. Flint - W. T. Plevin	15 miles
Jan. 22	San Geronimo and Warm Spring	Leon Castel - A. L. Bonnevier	12 miles
Jan. 28-29	West Point and Potrero Meadows	Alice Henry - Howard Henry	16 miles
Feb. 5	Pine Canyon	Walter E. Scott - F. M. Cornell	12 miles
Feb. 12	Mt. Tamalpais	Vernon M. Taylor - John Topp	12 miles
Feb. 19	Cataract Gulch	Margaret Williams - Jas. C. Williams	16 miles
Feb. 22	Nicasio Ridge, Lucas Valley	Myron Grotyohn - Oliver Knight	12 miles
Feb. 26	Claremont, San Pablo Valley	Wm. Staniels - M. Lustig	14 miles
March 5	Lake Lagunitas	Claire Schirmer - Hedwig M. Rupp	9 miles
March 12	Steep Ravine	Wm. Horsfall - John C. Hogan	16 miles
March 19	Palomares Canyon, Stony Brook	Daniel G. Genther - B. H. Boehmer	15 miles
March 26	Surprise Trip	Accommodations Committee	12 miles
April 2	Rattlesnake Camp	Alma Schirmer - Minnie Mannerberg	10 miles
April 9	Redwood Canyon	J. A. Nielson - R. A. Patrick	10 miles
April 16	Devil's Gulch	Geo. Randolph - Henry Lidley	9 miles
April 23	Colier Spring	F. E. Briggs - Herbert Mauerhan	12 miles
April 30	Pilarcitos Canyon	Al Pinther - Norma Pinther	12 miles
May 7	Bootjack Camp	Mrs. M. E. Lovegrove - Mrs. A. P. Nielson	12 miles
May 13-14	Mt. Diablo	Oscar R. Cook - Jas. C. Williams	14 miles
May 21	Mountain Play	Amanda M. Barker - Bernadette Barker	12 miles
May 28	Gallinas Valley	Harold Robinson - C. P. Feathers	12 miles
May 30	Cahill Ridge and Redwood Park	H. A. Hertenstein - J. Louis Callaghan	14 miles
June 3-4	Bolinas and Ridgecrest	George Randolph - Henry W. Lindley	16 miles
June 11	Barth's Retreat	Matt Davis - Wm. Horsfall	15 miles
June 18	Midsummer Reunion	Entertainment Committee.	
June 25	Little Carson Falls	H. I. Sharman - N. A. MacLean	14 miles
July 2	Sawyers Camp	Helen Wild - Dorothy Taysum	10 miles
July 4	Lagunitas Canyon and Big Carson	Anna Lindlow - Herman Lindlow	14 miles
July 8-9	Potrero Meadows	Katherine Beck - Leon Beck	9 miles
July 16	Willow Camp	Clara Holroyd - Claire Schirmer	17 miles
July 23	Camp Tucker	Ben Buck - Emil Zweirlein	12 miles
July 30	Pilarcitos Canyon	E. B. Sharman - G. B. Sharman	12 miles
Aug. 6	Cataract Gulch	John C. Hogan - M. B. Cormier	17 miles
Aug. 13	Lake Lagunitas	Alma O. Wilken - Gertrude Herlihy	9 miles
Aug. 19-20	Bear Valley	LeRoy Wilkie - Chas. A. Cavanaugh	16 miles
Aug. 27	San Rafael Ridge	Chas. A. Delves - Arthur Richter	10 miles
Sept. 2-3-4	Russian River Trip	W. P. Halliday - Jules A. Sigrist	22 miles
Sept. 9-10	Mt. Hamilton	M. F. Murphy - A. Pinther	18 miles
Sept. 17	Tennessee Cove and Big Lagoon	Wm. H. Staniels - Alan Critcher	12 miles
Sept. 24	Pinehurst and Redwood Canyon	Arthur Mauerhan - Herb. Mauerhan	12 miles
Oct. 1	Warm Spring and San Anselmo Canyon	Claribel Van Horne - R. J. Van Horne	12 miles
Oct. 7-8	Old Timers' Trip, Rattlesnake and Frank Valley	Samuel Deal - Leon Castel	18 miles
Oct. 15	Mussel Rock	A. R. Tunzi - Wm. MacKay	12 miles
Oct. 22	Mt. Tamalpais	Daniel G. Genther - Walter E. Scott	11 miles
Oct. 29	Halleck Creek	F. E. Briggs - B. H. Boehmer	12 miles
Nov. 5	Shanty Camp	Mr. and Mrs. H. Lindlow	16 miles
Nov. 12	Town Trip	Victor E. Haun - Daniel G. Genther	8 miles
Nov. 19	Bolinas Ridge	N. A. Maclean - H. Mauerhan	18 miles
Nov. 26	Follow the Leader Trip	H. A. Hertenstein - Chas. A. Delves	13 miles
Dec. 2-3	Willow Camp	Vernon M. Taylor - John C. Hogan	17 miles
Dec. 10	Cypress Forest	E. B. Sharman - H. I. Sharman	12 miles
Dec. 17	Boundary Ridge Trip	Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Marra	12 miles
Dec. 24	Phoenix Lake	Gertrude Herlihy - Alma Wilken	12 miles
Dec. 31	Hoo-Koo-E-Koo Trail Trip	Mrs. Repp - Alice Repp	8 miles

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Trails

Year of
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CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

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535 Pacific Building

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

The purpose of this organization is: *To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out into the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid in every way possible the preservation of the woods, streams, game and the natural features of the country.*—Article 1, Section 2, Constitution of the California Alpine Club.

The Alpine Club invites anyone interested in hiking to join it on its weekly excursions. For your information the Club furnishes a schedule of trips, or you may phone the Club office, Kearny 1969, between 7 and 9 P. M., or during the day, Douglas 5836, for information.

The Club also maintains a "Club Lodge" on Throckmorton Ridge, Mt. Tamalpais, where members and their guests may spend a delightful week end.

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Trails

DEVOTED TO MOUNTAINEERING

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY

THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

535-536 PACIFIC BUILDING
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YEAR OF 1923

VOLUME II NUMBER II

CROSSING THE LYELL GLACIER *Photo by Oscar R. Cook*

"In the mountaineer are bound up the poet, the painter, the thinker, the citizen; in him are a heart open to all fine feelings, a mind thirsty for all knowledge, an observer who on the mountains sees far into a thousand things around him and within him that most men do not see, and which serve as food for his own mind and create a living and bright subject for the thoughts of others. In him, too, there is the writer."

—Edmondo de Amicis

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Telling Yosemite's Story

by C. P. Russell

Yosemite Park Naturalist

THE story of Yosemite Valley goes back millions of years to a period when the entire Sierra Nevada region formed the floor of an ocean. While thus submerged there was deposited upon it a great quantity of silt and sand. Later this ocean bottom was lifted up and formed a land mass. The silt and sand hardened to form shale and sandstone. We know that the region was once submerged, for there is yet some of the sedimentary rock to be found.

In the lifting process the crust of the earth was broken into elongated folds. The Sierra block is the most westerly of this series of northward trending folds. This section of elevated earth's crust, a block four hundred miles long and eighty miles wide, may be considered as having been rotated on its long axis, rotated in such a way that its eastern edge has been lifted high above the general level, while its western edge has been brought below the original level. The present elevation of the eastern edge of the block was not reached in one great upheaval, but the lifting process extended over a great period of time. Indeed, there is evidence that the tilting is yet progressing.

Waters falling upon this inclined plane acquired great velocity in their journey to the sea. The original cap of sedimentary material yielded to the action of the water, was eroded, and carried again as sand and silt to the lowlands. In few places in the Yosemite region can any of the metamorphic schists (the original cover) be found. The underlying granite was thus uncovered.

The new drainage system of the tilted block soon organized itself into master streams and tributaries. The master streams, flowing directly down the slope, cut and ground into the granite over which they flowed, until well-defined canyons were formed. With each successive elevation of the land, new energy was given the streams, and their canyons became narrow V-shaped gorges of great depth. The Merced River was one of these master streams, and Mr. F. E. Matthes of the U. S. Geological Survey has found that its water deepened the canyon to two thousand feet. The side streams, running at right angles to the slant of the mountain range, received no new impetus as the inclined plane was tilted; consequently they flowed as slowly as ever and were unable to deepen their gorges as rapidly as the master streams. They were left "hanging" then, on the rim of the ever-deepening main gorge, and from their lips poured raging cataracts to the stream below.

Then came a change in climate. The snows of winter failed to melt in summer, and on the crest of the mountain range the snow accumulated to depths of thousands of feet and compacted to form ice. When ice forms in great masses, it may be considered plastic—like tar rather than like the brittle substance we ordinarily consider it to be. Slowly from the great ice fields on the peaks and in the high valleys, there crept mighty tongues of potent ice. Yielding at first to the irregularities of the surface over which they moved, but yielding only long enough to gain full power over the canyons into which they entered, they ground, plucked, and gouged their way, soon forcing the canyons to yield to them. For hundreds of centuries the ice held sway.

IN THE WAKE OF THE GLACIERS

Photo by A. F. Hall

The Merced Canyon was one of the gorges invaded by the ice. One great glacier came down through the Little Yosemite; a second came through Tenaya Canyon. They united at the head of the Yosemite and filled the gorge to its very rim. Plucking the solid granite from the sloping walls of the canyon and grinding with tremendous force at its V-shaped bottom, the river of ice brought about a great transformation. About 20,000 years ago the ice melted and revealed the changes. East and west of that part of the Merced Canyon, known as the Yosemite, the granite is chiefly solid and uncracked. Here the ice did not accomplish so much in the way of wonderful sculpturing. Within the Yosemite, however, the many series of joints and cracks in the granite made it possible for the glacier to cut away the sloping sides to form towering vertical cliffs. The waters that had cascaded down the former slopes were freed to leap off into space—the world's most wonderful falls. In such places the ice was unable to quarry so extensively, and buttresses are left projecting into the valley. El Capitan stands as it does because it is unbroken by open cracks. The many domes of the Yosemite are likewise monoliths—nearly impervious to weather and ice.

The walls of Yosemite may be seen today in very much the same condition as they were left by the ice recession. But the floor of the valley? It is a flat plain of forests and meadows, a delightful place for human habitation. Is it as the glacier left it?

The floor of Yosemite has undergone a great change since the Ice Age. The ice in pushing down the canyon scooped out a series of basins. One of these basins was made in Yosemite. When the ice melted, the water backed up behind the moraine at El Capitan, which the nose of the glacier had pushed before it. The beautiful lake thus formed filled the glacial basin of Yosemite. The streams pouring into Lake Yosemite were burdened with sand, and rapidly this was deposited in the Lake, and the lake filled up. Perhaps three hundred feet of sediment has thus been put down in the rock basin of Yosemite to form the pleasant parklike floor.

This briefly is the story of Yosemite as deciphered by Mr. Matthes.

*Contributed at the request of the California Alpine Club.

LAKE SEBRINA

LAKE TENAYA

Photo by Walter E. Scott

Sierra Outing of 1923

by B. F. Garrett

THE tragedy of a Sierra outing is the inevitable account that we write of it when we get home. On the trip we relax completely, call Tom and Bill and everybody else, including the girls, by their first names; talk of nothing but "chow" and how we hate the odor (we call it smell) of gasoline; tell about the blisters on our feet and have a good time generally, free from the artificial restraints that hedge us about in the city. Returning home we first satisfy our craving for strawberries and ice-cream; then we get out the trusty dictionary and forthwith write up a learned account of the trip, putting in many Alpenglows, and proceed generally to do a lot of high and lofty tumbling amid the beds of flowery persiflage.

Now the real way to tell about a fine mountain trip is to write about it in the language we use in the woods (when the ladies are present). Then the casual reader who did not make the trip will feel that here must be a bunch of regular out-of-door folks, true sons and daughters of old John Henry Hike, for whom it would be a pleasure to do "kitchen-police" as often as it couldn't be avoided.

So this, then, is a sincere and modest attempt to give to a waiting world, in simple words, some idea of what a snappy and enjoyable outing the California Alpine Club had in the Sierras in 1923. Another tragedy, if you please; more dirty work at the cross-roads!

At two o'clock of a July afternoon the first half-hour of the Ledge Trail out of Yosemite Valley is hot, believe me. Probably some of us had eaten too much lunch and the stillness of the air among the trees at the foot of the cliff made the heat seem very oppressive. The hardened and experienced leaders, nevertheless, started off at a sharp pace and after trying to keep at their heels for fifteen minutes not a few begin to wonder whether, after all, maybe they weren't a little too old for this sort of outing. So we sat down to mop our fevered brows and still the beating of our racing hearts. Other cheery souls of the party passed us and comfortingly reminded us that the first fourteen days are the hardest. However, the higher we climbed on the Ledge Trail at that time of day, the more enjoyable the experience became. We were more and more in the shadow of the cliff, and the wonder of Yosemite's chasm unfolded itself as we climbed.

We reached Glacier Point Hotel about four o'clock and for an hour divided our attention between watching the less favored folks who were seeing the mountains from automobiles, and gazing in pleasant anticipation at the skyline over in the direction of Mount Lyell. Could we ever get to the top, or even to the base of that peak so far away that although the highest point in sight, it seemed dwarfed by its very remoteness when compared with nearer, lower eminences?

The lengthening shadows warned of the approach of evening. We started on the pleasant two-mile stroll the Outing Committee had described as all that was required to bring us to Bridal Veil Meadows, our camping site for the first night. Gentle reader, this is where the trip really began. It seems that the Committee, in calculating this distance, had put the decimal in the wrong place or made some other arithmetical error. Instead of the distance being two miles it was somewhere

between ten and twenty, according to the condition of the estimator's liver. Much of the way we had to follow the automobile road. After we had covered what we considered a generous two miles, we began to inquire of the merry motorists if they had passed our leaders and if so how far ahead. Oh yes, they were just a couple of miles down the road. Fine! Two miles, thirty minutes, supper—rest! But our informants failed to state that these same leaders whom they had passed were still drilling along so that they were increasing the two-mile gap as fast as we were reducing it.

However, the walk through the woods at dusk was not without its compensations. Deer were out in numbers, for their evening promenade. We had seen a civilized and gentlemanly bear at the garbage dump near Glacier Point Hotel—that is, he was gentlemanly enough until one of our daring young gallants hit him (the bear) on the snout with a peach, whereupon he gave some evidence of temperament.

Bridal Veil Meadows, although most alluring as a name for a camping place, proved to be somewhat disappointing, owing to the countless thousands of automobile campers who had preceded us and used up all the wood. Pine needles and fir boughs seemed to be missing too, and beds had to be made on the hard ground. The pack train had had its own troubles and did not reach camp until well after the polite dinner hour, thereby greatly delaying the meal. Really, friends, that bear at Glacier Point had a pretty good disposition after all.

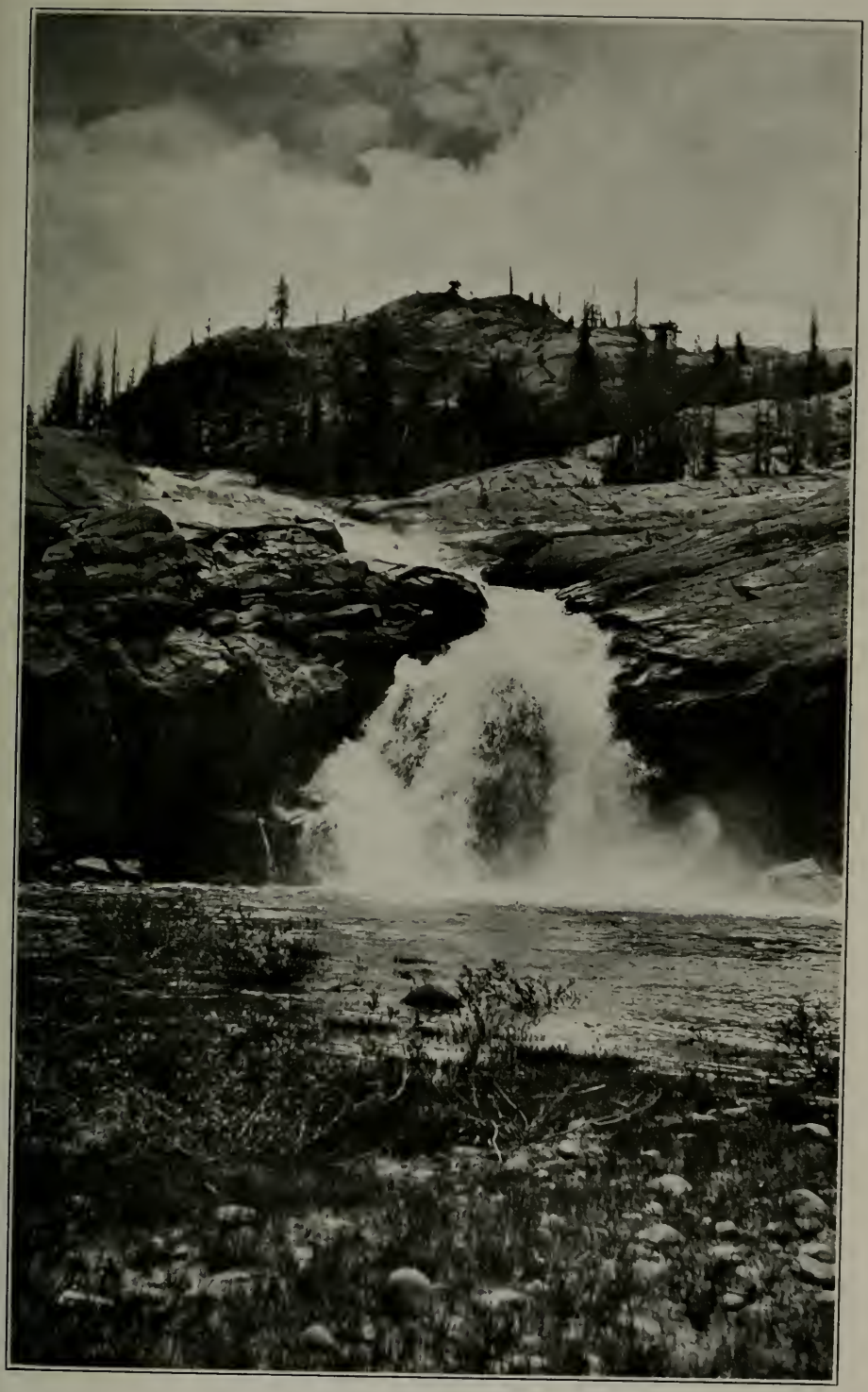
Monday, July 16th

For a mile or two along the highway we retraced our steps of the day before, and then bade farewell to the honking horns and grinding gears, to follow the trail towards Johnson Lake. Nothing thrilling happened during the day except that a couple of girls became mislaid for a few hours. It was the same old story—they fell for the usual handsome man in the usual attractive automobile and rode beyond the point where the trail left the highway. They overtook us at lunch time and, of course, were gently rebuked by the Chaperon-In-Chief for accepting a motor ride from a strange gentleman. Thereafter throughout the trip it seemed that some of the fair members of the party were always lost, strayed or stolen. On fine moonlight nights they would be missing from camp fires and unaccounted for. The uniforms of the efficient Park rangers had an irresistible attraction for them and when we were in the vicinity of rangers there were many missing faces.

Johnson Lake under more favorable circumstances might have been a delightful campsite. However as it proved to be the home town of several millions of mosquitoes who hailed us with wild acclaim and as the pack train didn't arrive until midnight, we were not all of one mind as to the attractions of the place. The long evening hours were spent around the camp fire and although we fain would have eaten and slept we sang right lustily until the food and blankets arrived.

Tuesday, July 17th

Our gentlemanly and obliging *pater familias* permitted us to sleep late the following morning and the day's march was not started until noon. This afforded opportunity to make a leisurely survey of the lake or seek such other recreation as



THE WHITE CASCADE

Photo by Samuel F. Deal

fancy dictated. Some of the ladies took advantage of the opportunity to have a bath in the lake, which diversion made a great hit with the mosquitoes.

The start from Johnson Lake was made at noon and we had a pleasant, easy trail all afternoon. We passed Buck Camp which proved to be an ideal mountain meadow and by its sheer beauty almost beguiled us into tarrying there for the night. But no, we resolutely pushed on and as evening shadows fell we came to where our caravan was to rest for the night—Moraine Meadows. This camping place was constructed along apartment house lines. In a dozen places among the rocks, spaces sufficient for one or two beds were available, and as the available spaces were at different levels, going from one's sleeping place to the campfire was much like going upstairs or downstairs in the dwellings of the city.

Here, again, the pack train was late in reaching us with the result that supper and bedtime were later than was pleasant. The Outing Committee carefully explained that these little annoyances were necessary in order to develop our characters and make us really tough mountaineers.

Just at bedtime fire was discovered in the ladies' dormitory, but was quickly extinguished without loss of life or reputation. We understand that the Chaperon-In-Chief conducted a searching investigation of the affair to determine whether or not the fire had been caused by a careless cigarette smoker.

Wednesday, July 18th

The discomforts of previous days and nights were completely forgotten in the few hours of refreshing sleep vouchsafed to us. Everybody appeared at breakfast happy and eager to be on the way to our first important objective of the trip—Fernandez Pass. It proved to be a moderate climb and the view afforded from the heights just above the pass held us enthralled for several hours. The portion of the main Sierra range drained by the North Fork of the San Joaquin River lay spread out before us in a mighty panorama. We had much argument and discussion as to the proper location of the various mountains and valleys. Finally we arrived at the usual unanimity in such matters—48 persons, 48 opinions. The majesty of the view seemed to grow with the passing moments. We fairly reveled in the visual feast spread for us, until someone casually inquired where and when lunch was to be served. Thereupon the entire party stampeded back to the trail, the sublimity of heaven-kissing peaks forgotten.

The afternoon march took us through fine parklike forests to a long, low ridge running longitudinally up the valley leading from the southern slope of the divide under Post Peak. This camp at 10,000 feet elevation, was altogether delightful. Sunset and sunrise were entrancing, and all members of the party gave evidence of the exaltation of spirit that comes to carefree souls in high altitudes.

However, the incident that most marked this camp was the herculean spectacle of one of our members lifting a horse. Honest, he did! We had with us several fellows who could throw the bull with one hand tied, but there was only one who could lift a horse. The unfortunate beast had become bogged in the wet meadow and was rapidly sinking from sights and sounds mundane when our young Jean

Valjean removed his B. V. D.'s and nonchalantly lifted the animal out of the mire. Here was indeed a man of strength! Surely the blood of the Vikings must course in his veins. On looking up his ancestry, after he had resumed his clothes, it was found that there was considerable "Scotch" hop-skipping through his arteries. Seriously though, it was about as intelligent and unselfish a piece of work as you could ever hope to see done.

Thursday, July 19th

Again we broke camp, filled with the delightful anticipations one experiences on a fine Sierra morning. We had camped just under Post Peak and before the day was well advanced we were in the Pass gazing with rapture at Triple Divide Peak, Merced Peak, Red Peak, Gray Peak and Mount Clark as they stretched away to the left. To the right Banner and Ritter Peaks, our friends of yesteryear's trip, reared their forbidding yet alluring heads and dominated the view. Mount Lyell, whither we hoped to attain, hid its head from us behind intervening ridges.

Leaving the heights we wended our way through a long barren flat, past sparkling lakes and then through pleasant forests on our way to the Lyell Fork of the Merced River. It would be a subject worthy of the best efforts of a master to describe the impression one receives of the chasm of this stream as he first glimpses it from its south rim. It is fairly appalling.

The party strung out along the trail during the morning period and when lunch time came "the last were first" because they had the lunch with them and refused to move farther until fed. This was quite agreeable to the "lunch hound" which stopped for rest and food more enthusiastically than it did anything else; but it was a bit rough on the Three Oldest Members who had proceeded ahead to the lunch place designated by the leader.

The climb down to the river is one long series of steep zig-zags. The cleverness of the Outing Committee in so arranging matters that it was necessary to descend rather than ascend at this point, deserves much commendation. All members made the descent in good order. But the packtrain decided to call it a day, a mile or so back from the top of the trail with the result that we spent the night without blankets. Wood was plentiful, we had food with us, and the weather was mild so even without bedding we could sleep by short stretches. The following morning was—

Friday, July 20th

and each and every member of the party was up in time to see the sunrise. Also as a special mark of respect to the Outing Committee, everyone was on time for breakfast. Official statistics show that there was more help volunteered in the kitchen at that breakfast than at any other meal on the trip. Thus does adversity ennoble our characters!

The wait for approaching dawn; the eager search for the first ray of sunlight on high peaks; the watch for the welcome sunshine as it creeps slowly down the mountain sides; the luxurious enjoyment as it finally beams into your canyon and drives away the dampness of night, is an experience that must be undergone to be appreciated.

MOUNT LYELL

Photo by M. F. Murphy

The pack train arrived during the course of the morning and led the way over the ridge into the McClure fork of the Merced, whither we arrived in the late afternoon.

The trail from Lake Merced to Vogelsang Pass was familiar to me from a former trip. To follow again an old trail whose signs and branches and turnings remain fresh in memory is like clasping the hand of an old friend after an absence of years. Camp was made on the bank of McClure Fork and was no sooner set up than a young fawn tried to jump into the soup. Speaking of soup, that was the first of two evenings when we had old-fashioned clam chowder for supper. What vista of mountain or meadow, what "clear ethered height" can compare with the poetry, the soulfulness, the symmetry of the excellent clam chowder prepared by Alpine Club Cooks?

Around the campfire that night, we were regaled by messages of sage advice written for our benefit by club members who were unable to come on the outing, but felt it their solemn duty to tell us how to behave in the mountains. Of course, if they had come along they would not have acted according to the advice they gave—but then, neither did we.

The early morning of Saturday, July 21st, saw us continuing up the trail toward Vogelsang Pass. Our way led through fine winding meadows, bordered with timber, to the stern, rocky approaches of the pass; then into the long defile, past Fletcher and Evelyn Lakes to a treeless lunching place. Here we lingered long after our meal, enjoying to the utmost our splendid isolation. The descent to the Lyell Fork of the Tuolumne River was accomplished in leisurely fashion. Arriving at the river in the late afternoon we turned to the right and followed it up stream for two miles to the site of our base camp from which the march on Mount Lyell was started early on the morning of—

Sunday, July 22nd

The ascent of Lyell deserves special treatment and no doubt our mighty efforts will be extolled in a more fitting manner elsewhere in Club publications. Suffice it for your humble narrator to recount that thirty-five of us started and twenty-nine attained the peak. Casualties, none. The club register was bolted down in approved and ancient form; lunch and a lot of fine scenery were enjoyed, and several thousand photographs were taken. Finally with reluctant feet we started back to camp, where we found that the stay-at-homes had spent the entire day in the preparation of the evening meal. Every minute of their time had been well employed. There was little lingering around the campfire that night; the day had been a strenuous one and nobody seemed to crave further diversion.

The next morning—

Monday, July 23rd

revealed the fact that the mountain had taken heavy toll of the complexions of our feminine members. Notwithstanding the liberal use of cold creams and burnt cork the combined forces of sun and snow had brought their faces to such a state that for a time romance was at a very low ebb.

The nine-mile walk down the river to Soda Springs was thoroughly enjoyable. A slight downhill grade all the way made the trail an easy one, and the gradually widening meadow seemed ever to beckon us on to new delights.

This was the first day of what might be considered the homeward trip and one of the packhorses was so saddened by the thought of turning back that he up and died. The foresight and cleverness of the Outing Committee were again demonstrated by the fact that the only time chipped beef appeared on our menu had been two days previously.

Soda Springs we found infested with motor cars. After lunching at the spring we turned our backs on these evidences of civilization and hurried on toward Glen Aulin. Camp was made near the White Cascade.

Tuesday, July 24th

was devoted to viewing the Waterwheel Falls, and that part of the canyon of the Tuolumne which lay between—enough of beauty and wonder for any day. A special effort was made by our club impresario to have a rousing outpouring of song and wit around the campfire that night, as the activities of the day had not been fatiguing. One thing only interfered with his plan—the moon was full. When the clarion call was sounded to bring the clan to the communal fire, only the lame, the halt, and the aged appeared. Our ranks were decimated so to speak. The combination of dancing water, mellow moon, and balmy night air was too strong a counter attraction. Long into the night, from our beds we could hear the ripple of merry laughter as the roistering swains and maidens, with lagging steps, returned to camp.

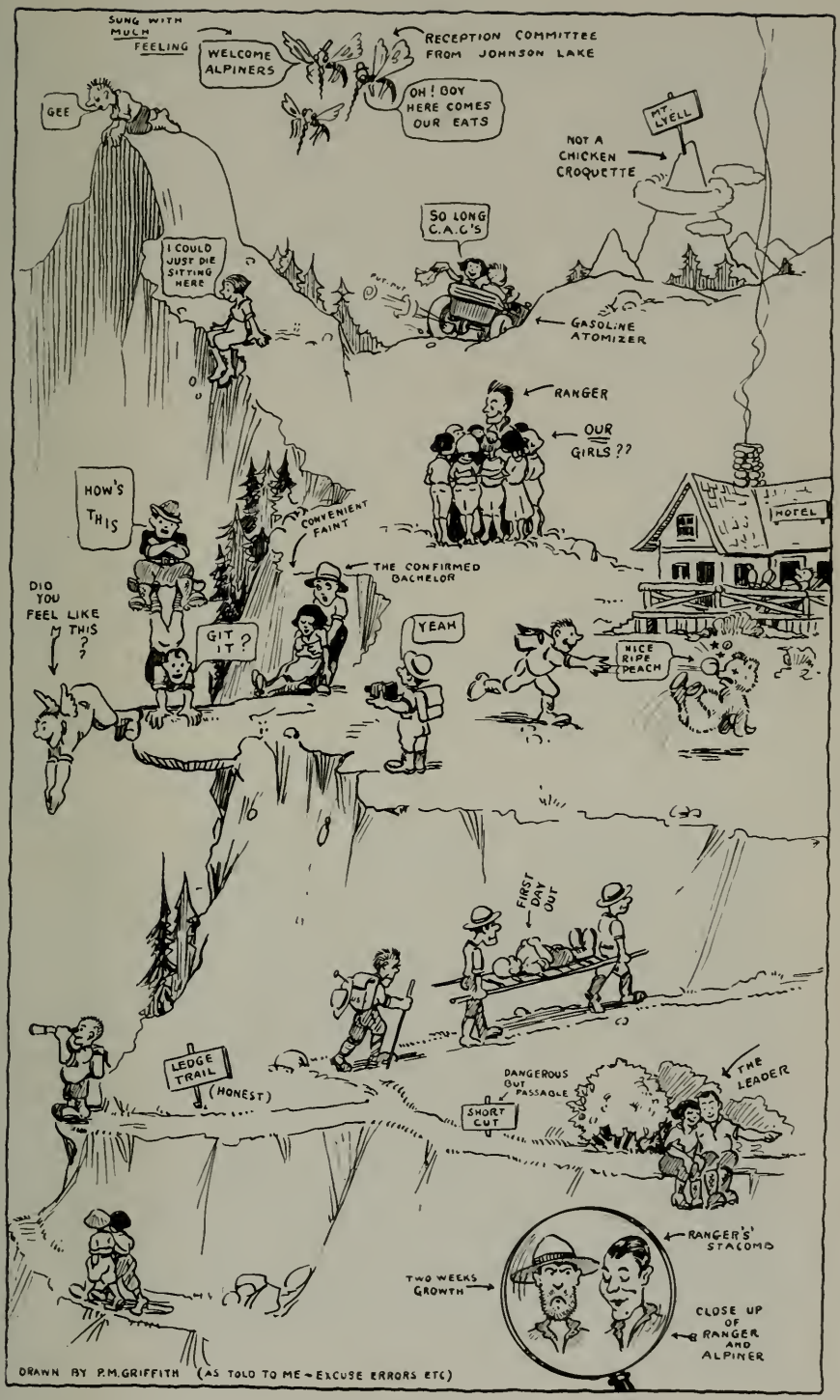
Wednesday, July 25th

We followed the Murphy Creek Trail to Lake Tenaya whither we arrived in time for lunch. Before eating, all members provided with bathing suits went into the water. Some of the most inspiring scenery of the entire trip was encountered right here. Camp was made in a perfect setting at the southern end of the Lake and an early and bountiful supper prepared.

On every mountain trip one or two campfires, only, have the necessary spontaneity and abandon to make them stand apart and distinct from the other nightly gatherings. This was such a one. We were going home; our flawless outing was slipping away from us; the day's walk had been trifling and no one was weary; our bivouac on the shores of the moonlit lake was perfect, ideal.

How our songs and laughter rang out over the placid waters of old Tenaya! Solos were sung by people who had never attempted solos before—and should never be permitted to do so again. We shot Dangerous Dan McGrew, and we cremated Sam McGee. All sense of selfconsciousness seemed banished and everyone, called upon, delivered his very best toward the entertainment of his fellows. That evening will linger through many years in the memories of those fortunate enough to be present.

At Tenaya we had been joined by several club members who were touring the Sierra by motor. They told a wild tale of heroic labors in negotiating the Priest's


SUNG WITH MUCH FEELING
WELCOME ALPINERS
RECEPTION COMMITTEE FROM JOHNSON LAKE
OH! BOY HERE COMES OUR EATS
GEE
MT. LYELL
NOT A CHICKEN CROQUETTE
SO LONG C.A.C.'S
I COULD JUST DIE SITTING HERE
PUT-PUT
GASOLINE ATOMIZER
RANGER
OUR GIRLS ??
HOW'S THIS
CONVENIENT FAINT
MOTEL
THE CONFIRMED BACHELOR
DID YOU FEEL LIKE THIS ??
GIT IT ?
YEAH
NICE RIPE PEACH
FIRST DAY OUT
LEDGE TRAIL
(HONEST)
DANGEROUS OUT PASSAGE
SHORT CUT
THE LEADER
RANGER'S' STACOMB
TWO WEEKS GROWTH
CLOSE UP OF RANGER AND ALPINER
DRAWN BY P.M. GRIFFITH (AS TOLD TO ME - EXCUSE ERRORS ETC)

Hill Grade, but, of course, we listened to the recital of motoring adventures with a rather supercilious air.

The afternoon of—

THURSDAY, JULY 26th

saw us in happy mood, on the broad dome of Cloud's Rest. At our right lay beautiful Yosemite far enough away to still the honk of the motor horns and the putt-putt of muffler cutouts. At our left stretched away the deep chasm of the Merced, clear up to the jewel-like lake of that name. Calm and serene stood up the symmetrical head of Starr King and behind it Lyell—our Lyell. Before us, unseen, but nevertheless present in our consciousness thundered Nevada and Vernal Falls. Behind us lay Tenaya and Tuolumne; Conness and a dozen other friendly spots we knew.

On our way up from Lake Tenaya we had encountered another bear. This chap was on his own ground. No hotel garbage dumps for him. We took no liberties.

The sinking sun warned us to be seeking our resting place in Little Yosemite. Reluctantly we struck the downward trail, saddened a little maybe that now we were bidding farewell to the inspiring heights.

Camp, that night, was made in a beautiful clearing in Little Yosemite on the banks of the Merced. Two park rangers, efficient and upstanding in their natty uniforms were our guests for dinner and thrilled many feminine hearts.

Another good campfire and we lay us down for our last sleep under the stars, away from the haunts of men. Tomorrow night we should be sleeping in Yosemite quite surrounded by barber shops, bathhouses and manicure parlors. And gosh! how we dreaded it.

The program for—

FRIDAY, JULY 27th

called for the ascent of Half Dome and a walk to Yosemite via the Mist Trail. The Half Dome climb is a distinct novelty and advertised as well worth the effort. As your informant did not make the trip and really doesn't know anything about the relative values of the effort and its reward, he can't devote more space to an account of it. Those who didn't go up Half Dome hurried on to the valley, impatient to find out for a certainty whether or not there was any truth in the rumor that had persisted for the fortnight to the effect that there were no bananas.

Again we had visitors for dinner; our friends, the rangers, evidently thought the gentler part of our band worth a closer, longer look. The office of Chaperon-In-Chief having become automatically vacant on our return to the settlements, a pleasant time was had by all. Also, an old man of the mountains partook of our hospitality this evening. In his long unshaven condition he looked almost as primitive as certain of our own *poilu*, but opinion was divided on this point.

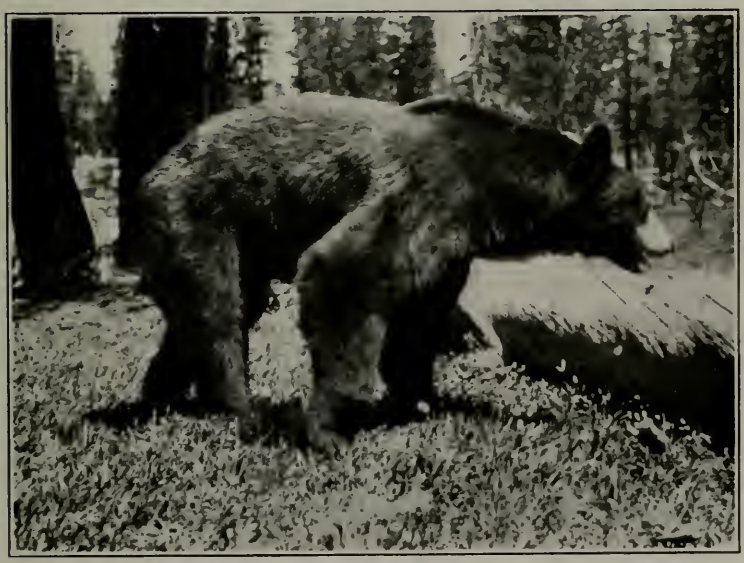
Camping by a stream in Yosemite Valley is very different from camping back in the mountains; for you mustn't go near the water. Washing one's face out of a

tomato can leaves something to be desired after the freedom permitted in less frequented regions.

And so dawned the morning of SATURDAY, JULY 28th, when we must depart from this land of sylvan delights, bid farewell to *dolce far niente* and return to the work-a-day world. But why tell about the trip home? Anybody can ride on motor busses, and in trains. But can everybody get out of a fourteen-day vacation the perfect delight and complete recreation afforded by a fortnight afoot in our friendly Sierra? We'll say they can't!

The Official Statistician and Keeper of the Log submits the following official figures of the trip:

DAYS OF WALKING	13
MILES WALKED	141
HIGHEST POINT REACHED	Mt. Lyell, 13,090 ft.
LOWEST POINT REACHED	Lyell Fork of Merced River when it was learned that curfew would not ring that night.
MEALS EATEN	1,968
MEALS NOT EATEN	0
SONG "MARCHETA" RENDERED	171 times.
ATTENTION CALLED TO THE SHORTAGE OF BANANAS	1,963,458 times.
CASUALTIES	1 horse.



ON THE SUNRISE TRAIL *Photo by Matt Draghicevich*

A MARIN TRAIL *Photo by John C. Ericksen*

Summer's End

tand at the edge of things with me
And look—and look.
"Everything's brown and dry," you say—
But look, oh look!

Where the brown path curves up over the hill
And the heat waves dance
n gossamer green, and rose, and blue—
Don't you feel the lure?

You only look at your feet, my friend,
Where the dead grass droops.
Can't you see the miracle there on the hill
Where the path curves up?

For it's brown that's turned into amethyst—
Each mellowed fold—
And it's mystery hid in violet—
And it's dust turned gold.

—Gertrude H. Loventhal.

Earlier Days in Marin County

by Joseph Mailliard

HALF a century ago when I came to California, the wild life of Marin County and the Tamalpais country was most abundant. The trip from San Rafael to San Francisco at that time required a stage journey to San Quentin and a voyage of an hour and a half on an old tub, the "Contra Costa."

In summer, huge wagons drawn by twelve or fourteen oxen hauled great loads of cord wood over the roads then existing. The depth of the dust created by this heavy traffic grinding up the dry earth was almost unbelievable. This dust bed was a delight to the bands of quail that dotted the roads, where they could be seen in the early morning or toward evening, dusting themselves to their hearts' content. Needless to say, many travelers carried guns and took "pot shots," with the result that crippled birds were always hobbling about trying to keep up with the flocks. The number of cripples increased as the season advanced. But the quail gradually learned to be wary of approaching teams, and to keep posted a sentinel whose alarm note would cause the flock to disappear into the brush in short order.

In the Fall, wood ducks used to be rather common along Lagunitas and Paper Mill Creeks, while a few mallards and green-winged teal occasionally came in for fresh water. Even a fulvous tree-duck was noted from time to time. The bay marshes, of course, were the feeding grounds of large numbers of wild ducks.

When acorns were plentiful, or the crop of madrone berries was good, large flocks of band-tailed pigeons appeared in the Tamalpais region. Many were slaughtered for the markets. The recent protection afforded these birds by a closed season of several years has, fortunately, been successful in greatly increasing their numbers. They will probably return to the old feeding grounds in Marin County as relative food supply may, from time to time, affect their movements.

In 1868 it was no uncommon thing to find bleached horns shed by elk, scattered through the brush on Tamalpais and on the adjacent ranges. Most of these relics of a noble race were more or less disintegrated, or partially eaten by rodents, but occasionally fair specimens were found. The only museum specimen, of which I am aware, is a single antler, in quite a fair state of preservation. This was around our ranch house for a number of years and was finally presented to the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, University of California. Better examples of elk antlers which formerly adorned barn doors and ranch houses of Marin County have disappeared.

While their going was much less rapid than that of the elk, the bear also vanished before the increasing human population. In those early days numbers of bear still existed on the Bolinas Ridge. Tales were told by the vaqueros of the period, about grizzlies being roped for sport. Whether or not these bears were grizzlies will never be known, as no parts essential to their proper identification have been preserved. There is every probability that all the bear in Marin County at that time were of the species now designated as the Northwestern Black Bear (*Ursus americanus altifrontalis, Elliott*). This is the common black, or brown, bear of California, whose color ranges from one extreme to the other with the individual. Some grow to a large size, an adult male in the prime of life attaining a weight of over five hun-

AFTER LUNCH—LOCAL WALKS

Photos by Wm. P. Halliday

Horseshoes

Her First Hike

A Home Run

Mending the Rips

dred pounds. They often have a brown coat of so light a shade that the owner might easily be mistaken for a grizzly.

In 1880 I encountered my last bear in Marin County near the head of Cataract Gulch, but a bear was occasionally reported from the Bolinas Ridge forest for a few years after that time.

Deer were sufficiently numerous in those days to make parts of Marin County good feeding grounds for "mountain lions." The fondness of these large cats for uncooked venison is the cause of sad havoc wrought among deer wherever the "lions" are present. As the deer are now increasing rapidly in the protected areas it is possible that an occasional "mountain lion" may wander into the Tamalpais country, even at this late day. Although there had been none reported for a long time, in 1897 one came into the Rancho San Geronimo and was shot at by one of my men—and missed!

The black-tailed deer at that time were protected by a closed season extending only from January first to July first, and yet a goodly number of them still remained in the county. A few lingered on the hills close to San Rafael as late as the early '70's, for I remember hunting them there at that time.

In the earlier days hundreds of deer were shot in this county and sold in the San Francisco markets. Near the head of Big Carson Creek, at the crossing of the Pine Ridge trail was located a deer hunters' camp of such importance as to have been named on some of the early maps of that region. It has been stated by old settlers that as many as seven hundred deer have been shipped out of this camp in a single season.

Strange to say, it was not until the spring of 1879 that I heard or saw a coyote on our ranch (San Geronimo) or on Tamalpais. About the first of April of that year I was on my way to fish in the recently-completed reservoir known as Lake Lagunitas. I was riding along the top of the ridge on the east side of Carson Valley at evening, and had dismounted to tighten the cinch of the saddle, when a coyote hove in sight only a short distance away. The incident is graven on my memory for, while I was looking at the coyote, something moved at my feet. I brought my heel hard down upon the object. It was a rattlesnake, and my heel crushed its head. Later coyotes became more numerous in the country, and were often heard but seldom seen. Rattlesnakes, however, are becoming scarcer as every man's hand is against them.

"Varmints" such as wildcats, 'coons, and foxes were very plentiful. One winter in the late '70's over fifty of them were treed by our little terrier and thereafter captured. The same species of small birds, squirrels, wood rats and mice, as, existed here half a century ago, still remain, though in diminished numbers.

Of the larger mammals that used to roam old Tamalpais, the Columbian Black-tailed Deer is the only representative. The manner in which this deer is thriving under protection is proof that although game diminishes before increasing human population it need not entirely disappear. The great profusion of former years is gone, but the day is yet distant when those who love to roam the Marin hills will be deprived of the thrill of seeing wild life in its natural habitat.

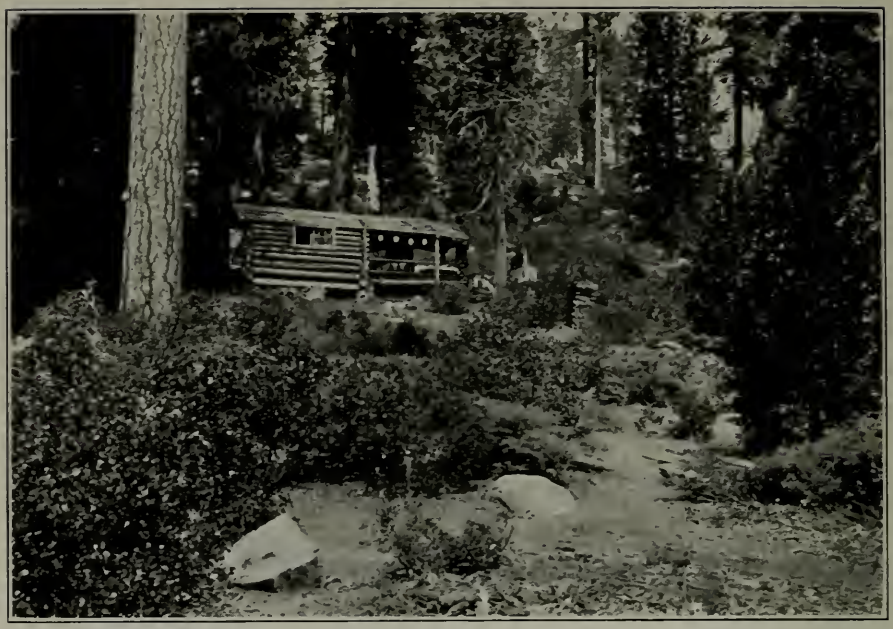


Photo by U. S. Forest Service

Summer Homes on the National Forests

by L. A. Barrett

United States Forest Service

CALIFORNIANS have always been fond of camp life, but in recent years a demand has arisen for permanent summer habitations. The National Forests of California offer unrivaled opportunities for the securing of attractive locations for summer homes amid the best of natural surroundings. It is to supply this demand that the Forest Service has made available numerous attractive sites in all the National Forests. Some hundred and fifty summer home site tracts have already been laid out. These tracts have from six to three hundred lots each, depending on location, topography, and present demand.

The popularity of these mountain locations is shown by the fact that over thirty-five hundred summer home permits are now in effect in California and this number is growing by leaps and bounds. In addition, hundreds of summer homes are located on privately-owned land within the Forests. This is another line of recreation in which California takes the lead, there being more summer homes under permit in the National Forests of this State than in all the other hundred and thirty National Forests.

Ten years ago a few summer homes were scattered in the canyons adjacent to Los Angeles and along the shores of Lake Tahoe. Today, due largely to the automobile, they are found everywhere throughout the mountains. In the Angeles Forest alone twenty-three hundred summer homes are under permit, and new permits are being issued as rapidly as the Forest officers can survey new tracts.

One of the most popular areas is Big Bear Valley on the Angeles Forest. Here are over eighteen hundred summer homes, about fifty resorts, and as many more business concerns depending on recreational travel. Other very popular localities on this Forest, accessible by automobile, are Upper Santa Ana River, Mill Creek, Camp Baldy, and the Arroyo Seco. Santa Anita Canyon on the Angeles Forest is an example of a popular summer colony that is not accessible by automobile. Although this region is to be reached only by a six-mile hike over a mountain trail, it contains some two hundred and twenty-five summer homes and several resorts under permit from the Forest Service, and over 60,000 people visit this canyon every year.

The largest summer home colonies in Northern California are on the shores of Lake Tahoe. While most of this lake front is privately owned, the Forest Service still has available some choice home sites. Vying in popularity are the Laguna Mountains on the Cleveland Forest, Huntington Lake on the Sierra Forest, Strawberry Lake on the Stanislaus Forest, and the Eldorado Forest along the Lincoln Highway between Placerville and Lake Tahoe, while scores of localities throughout the Sierra from Greenhorn Mountain to Mount Shasta offer alluring sites. With the completion of new roads into the California, Trinity, and Klamath Forests, the Sierra will find a rival in this wonderful Coast Range country.

Numerous pleasures go with the possession of a summer home. One is the fun of laying out the grounds and planning the "cabin" to suit the individual purse and taste. Another is the healthful exercise that goes with the clearing of the land and the construction of the improvements. Much enjoyment comes in the actual building of a mountain cabin, especially to those unaccustomed to such work. One man, whose annual income runs high into five figures, employed the better part of a summer grubbing brush and cutting wood on his lot preparatory to building. Another wealthy permittee spent the greater part of three years constructing from logs and stone a wonderful home of rustic design. While engaged in the work he lived in a little shack on a corner of the lot and religiously kept an itemized record of cost of construction including his own time. This "cabin" was the show place of that entire region, and was visited by 60,000 people. The owner rejected cash offers of as much as $10,000.

The Forest Service has no unwarranted building restrictions. As a result the cost of the summer homes on the Forests varies from $100 to $20,000. The improvements must be permanent, neat, attractive, and in keeping with the natural surroundings. In order to keep down the fire hazard, permittees are required to keep their premises free of brush and other inflammable material.

In laying out the sites for these summer colonies, the most attractive locations on streams, lakes, or mountain meadows are selected. Undue crowding between permittees is avoided, and provision is made for those who especially seek isolation and privacy. In the larger tracts, areas are reserved for resorts and stores, and as a rule provision is made for a public camp ground and for a community center. Lots for home sites are usually from a quarter acre to one acre in size, and every lot contains at least one desirable building site. Roads and trails are marked by standard Forest Service signs.

The permittees in the larger colonies are induced to form associations for the purpose of self government, installation of improvements, etc. These organizations take much interest in developing the mountain communities.

One desiring to secure a summer home site should visit the area personally. In many cases it is possible to arrange for the aid of a Forest officer in the selection of a lot. The annual rental charge varies from ten to twenty-five dollars, depending on location, accessibility, and length of season. In this respect Uncle Sam's rates are much lower than those charged by private owners.

The Forest Service welcomes these new forest dwellers, and is striving to accommodate them in every way possible. No red tape is attached to securing a permit of this character. All Forest officers are glad to give by letter or telephone, detailed information as to the means of securing a home of your own in the mountains.

GREAT WESTERN DIVIDE FROM MINER'S PASS

Some Battles of the Sierra

by Francis P. Farquhar

THE phrase "Battles of the Sierra" no doubt brings visions of gun duels between desperadoes and sheriffs, or legal wrangles over water rights; or to the more imaginative it may suggest human or arbored struggles against the elements.

There were, however, other battles fought in the High Sierra, hotly enough contested in their day, now almost forgotten. They were fought by armed troops on the one side—military forces of the United States—and were not infrequently sanguinary. But, lest fearful apprehensions be aroused any further, let it be known that the casualties were entirely confined to *mutton.*

Long before the great discovery was made that the higher regions of the Sierra Nevada were supremely valuable for recreation, education and inspiration, the sheepherder had found in them his own peculiar paradise. It was not an everlasting paradise, however, for at the end of each summer he left increasing desolation behind him. The sheep destroyed all greenery that came within their reach and the herdsmen finished the job by burning the brush, and frequently the forest.

John Muir describes the destruction: "The slant digging and down-raking action of the hoofs on the steeper slopes of moraines has uprooted and buried many of the tender plants from year to year, without allowing them to mature their seeds. The shrubs, too, are badly bitten, especially the various species of ceanothus. Fortunately, neither sheep nor cattle care to feed on the manzanita, spiraea, or adenostoma.—But, on the other hand, a great portion of the woody plants that escape the feet and teeth of the sheep are destroyed by the shepherds by means of running fires, which are set everywhere during the dry autumn for the purpose of burning off the old fallen trunks and underbrush, with a view to improving the pastures, and making more open ways for the flocks."

The sheepherders roamed the mountains with no other restrictions than those they imposed upon themselves in apportioning the range. They had come to regard the territory as their own, although they neither had squatters rights nor did they pay any fees for the grazing privileges. Most of the men were Portuguese or Basques; a few were Frenchmen, Mexicans, and Chileans. Doubtless there were many good fellows among them. Certainly they deserve credit for discovering almost all the passes of the high mountains, where their rude trails have invariably been found by subsequent "discoverers." Yet, notwithstanding their occasional amiable characteristics, and notwithstanding the undeniable excellence of wool and of mutton chops, the presence of sheep in the Sierra was a scourge upon the land, threatening if not indeed permanently impairing the watershed.

By act of Congress, October 1, 1890, there were established the Yosemite, the Sequoia and the General Grant National Parks and the following summer began a new era in the Sierra. But the act of Congress that established the parks gave very little guidance to the officers entrusted with their administration. The lands were to be preserved from injury, and trespassers were to be removed therefrom. But, unfortunately, no penalties were provided other than removal, although the Secretary of the Interior was authorized to "take all such measures as shall be necessary

TUOLUMNE MEADOWS

Photo by John C. Hogan

or proper to fully carry out the objects and purposes of this act." (26 stat., 650). Following the precedent established five years before in the Yellowstone National Park, United States troops were assigned by the War Department upon the request of the Secretary of the Interior to patrol the parks and take general charge during the summer. From 1891 to 1914 this method of administration was maintained.

Of the many problems that faced the army officers who acted as superintendents, none was more baffling than that of keeping the parks free from the trespasses of the sheepmen. In the first place the country was practically unmapped as only the most prominent features appeared on the maps of the Whitney and Wheeler Surveys. The boundaries of the parks were hardly known, and only the most meagre knowledge was available concerning the outlying regions. Moreover there were few trails, and the passes from one watershed to another were known to scarcely anyone excepting the sheepherders. Such handicaps only served to stimulate the young junior officers assigned to the parks and they entered upon this novel warfare with all the zeal of their calling.

The principal figures in the warfare against the sheepherders were Lieutenants Harry C. Benson, N. F. McClure, Smedberg and Milton F. Davis, all of the Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A. In Sequoia and in Yosemite they promptly set about the task of learning the topography and the ways of the country. They explored canyons and passes, built trails, and made maps. Many of the names in the Yosemite region were given by these three officers in recognition of meritorious worth or by their men in honor of their commanders. Of such are Isberg and Fernandez Passes, named for the sergeants who discovered them while trying to find shorter routes to the regions where sheep were suspected to be. Arndt Lake and Miller Lake were also named for troopers. Among the officers who acted as park superintendents and who strove vigorously to preserve the parks from destruction were Captain Alexander Rodgers and Lieutenant Colonel S. B. M. Young, whose names appear on two of Yosemite's lakes. The names of the leading lieutenants also appear on the map in Benson Lake and Pass, McClure Lake, Smedberg Lake, and Davis Mountain.

Prior to 1905 the boundaries of Yosemite National Park included the region of Mount Ritter, the Minarets, and the Devil's Postpile. This was a favorite pasture for sheep. At that time the park headquarters were near Wawona and it was well into the summer before the patrols could get over the mountains into this southeastern corner. Surprise attacks were necessary and these were executed by making wide detours to the south to avoid the mountains, or by making bold attacks over the snowy passes in advance of the ordinary season.

The region north of the Tuolumne was for a while the stronghold of the sheepmen. They could retreat among the intricacies of the canyons and elude capture. But the lieutenants soon learned the lay of the land and escape was then not so easy. Many sheep were brought up Bloody Canyon and grazed in the Dana Fork Meadows where there was good pasture close to the park line and retreat could be made quickly.

The first encounters resulted merely in expulsion with warnings, which was not a very serious matter, as it was easy to come back again when the troops were

gone. Presently, however, the wisdom of Solomon was bestowed upon someone, and a great victory was won by the army. The plan fraught with inspiration that turned the tide of battle was this: when the troopers had captured some sheepherders far in the heart of the north Tuolumne canyons, the sheep were driven out of the park over the northern boundary, while the herders were brought several days' journey in the other direction and ejected across the southern boundary. By the time the herders got back to their scattered flocks the season's profits were gone. A few such disastrous experiences convinced the owners that the park was poor grazing ground. Similar measures were adopted in Sequoia National Park.

Through energetic patrolling and frequent application of the separation scheme the Yosemite National Park was by 1897 practically free from sheep trespassing. The occurrence of the Spanish War in 1898 left the parks in the hands of untrained men, as the sheepmen were quick to find out. Thereafter until 1905, there was a new superintendent each year. Changing policies and lack of familiarity with the situation and with the country produced a laxity that made trespassing easy. But in 1905 there came a rude shock to all trespassers. Benson, by that time a captain of the Fourth Cavalry, returned to Yosemite as acting superintendent. This nemesis of the sheepmen set about restoring order at once. The last chapters of the story are fittingly told in Benson's own words taken from his annual reports:

In 1905 he writes: "This year the policy adopted in 1895, 1896 and 1897, inclusive, has been followed, with the result that trespassing was soon brought to an end. The troops were placed on outpost, three or four men under a non-commissioned officer constituting an outpost, and three or four outposts placed under the charge of an officer. . . The northeast section I put in charge of Second Lieut. W. S. Martin, to whom great credit is due for the efficient and energetic manner in which he performed his duties. He captured a band of sheep containing about 3000 head on July 5th, and then, following another trail which led into a different section, captured a second band. The acting superintendent subsequently went out in person with a considerable detail and the entire country was gone over; it was found that the energetic means taken by Lieutenant Martin to disperse the herds, which in one case caused the loss of more than 400 head to the owners, (the sheep being separated into smaller bands and scattered in every direction beyond the limits of the park, while the herders were sent to be conducted out at the other extreme end,) had resulted in deterring other people from trespassing."

And finally, in 1906, Benson, as Major of the Fourteenth Cavalry, reports: "Due to the fact that last year trespassing was made an unprofitable business no trespassing has been attempted upon the park lands this year. No sheep have crossed the border."

The Camp Fire

Released the soul of the wood leaps up in flame,
    Transmutes itself in spirals of filmy smoke,
And mingles with the atmosphere, once fragranced
    By the pungent odor of its living breath.
Its red heart embers forth a myriad glowing dreams,
    Castles of grandeur surging high to fall
In showers of living sparks—each spark the fire
    Of inspiration for another dream
That flaring, tantalizing, floats away in space.

True spirit of comradeship is here; mingling of hopes
    As bright and high as flame, of memories
Whence time has burned the dross and left the sweet—
    An atmosphere telepathic with love.

Brighter the wood's soul glows as lower burns the flame,
    Swifter translucent spirals upward curl.
One surging breath! then all is memory of fire—
    The living trees long waiting just outside
    The circle of the glare, close in.
Soft soughing, pungent branches fill the night.

—Helen L. Wild.

MT. BREWER, KINGS RIVER CANYON

IN THE HUMBOLDT REDWOODS

Photo by H. C. Tibbitts

Memorials That Live

by J. D. Grant

Chairman Board of Directors, Save the Redwoods League

EVERY age in history has had its own way of commemorating the dead. Egyptian Pharoahs raised huge pyramids of basalt as memorial tombs. Greek architects devoted the skill of builder and sculptor to perpetuate in marble the deeds of their heroes. Roman emperors caused the records of their achievements to be inscribed in granite cliffs. It has been left for the United States, in the twentieth century, to surpass all these by devoting groves of Nature's grandest trees to the commemoration of loved and honored names. No monument that the hand of man could build, no temple however great, could approach the dignity and beauty of the redwood forests of northwestern California. The name, *sequoia sempervirens* (ever-living), aptly signifies the quality of these trees to resist the forces that seek to destroy them. For centuries they have withstood the attacks of storm and wind and fire. Even when hacked and butchered the tree refuses to die, and gives out of its base a ring of shoots to grow up ultimately into a magic circle around the parent stump. The very air of the groves is redolent of immortality.

When Bolling Memorial Grove was dedicated, it was the first time in history that a living memorial to a fallen soldier had been selected from among the natural features of the land for which he gave his life. It was peculiarly fitting that such a memorial should have been selected by Dr. John C. Phillips for his brother-in-law, Raynal C. Bolling. Colonel Bolling was a lover of the out-of-doors; a man who spent much of his time in the open; one from whom the appeal "Save the Redwoods" would have brought an instant response. He was the first American officer of high rank to fall in the World War. The circumstances surrounding his death, the story of how he refused to surrender, and fought against overwhelming odds in the shelter of a shell hole until his pistol was empty, forms one of the stirring chapters of the War. The majestic beauty of Bolling Grove will call to the minds of thousands of travelers each year, the bravery of his death, the noble dignity of his life.

Bolling Grove is situated at the junction of Elk Creek and the south fork of the Eel River, about forty-five miles from Eureka in the heart of one of the most representative redwood areas in Humboldt County. Through its entire length passes the Redwood Highway. Its location, on a bend of the river, commands a striking vista of the surrounding forests. The Grove is now a part of the Humboldt State Redwood Park, established in 1921, and is under the protection and control of the California State Board of Forestry.

The example set by Dr. Phillips has inspired the gift to the State of California of three other memorial groves—the Edward R. Hickey Memorial Grove, the Gould Grove, and the Humboldt Pioneer Memorial Grove. The Edward R. Hickey Memorial Grove of forty acres of redwoods was a gift to the State by a San Francisco lumber firm. It was made in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Standish and Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hickey as a memorial to the son of the latter. This charming spot on the highway in northern Mendocino County is an ideal one for camping. The south fork of the Eel River runs through the property.

IN MUIR WOODS *Photo by John C. Ericksen*

The third memorial grove, like the Bolling Grove, is located within the boundaries of the Humboldt State Redwood Park. It is dedicated, as the simple tablet indicates, to "Frederic Saltonstall Gould, a lover of trees." It was purchased by the Forestry Board with the assistance of Mrs. Clara Hinton Gould, of Santa Barbara, and is an ever-living monument to her husband, himself an ardent naturalist. A feature of the Gould Grove is the wonderful undergrowth of fern and oxalis which carpets the ground. Located directly on the state highway, its beauties will be enjoyed each year by thousands of travelers into the redwood region.

On September second, in the presence of a group of Humboldt County's earliest residents, the latest gift to the people of California was accepted. A wonderful tract of giant redwoods on the state highway near Orick, and about sixty miles north of Eureka, was dedicated as a memorial to Humboldt County's Pioneers. Mrs. Zipporah Russ, the donor of the grove, crossed the plains to California in 1852. At that time the redwood forests stretched in unbroken line for mile after mile.

These giant redwoods stood as they had stood for 1400 years, silent witnesses of the comings and goings of generations of wild life. Mrs. Russ saw what followed inevitably on the arrival of the white man. Each year she witnessed further inroads of the axe and saw. What more fitting memorial could she have chosen for Joseph Russ and for the pioneers with whom he worked to build up the commonwealth, than to secure forever from destruction a grove of these magnificent trees among which they had spent their lives?

Some of the largest trees in the redwood belt are found in this tract of timber. One enormous sequoia particularly, has been discovered, which is believed to be one of the largest in existence. Not only redwood, but also massive fir, hemlock, maple, spruce, oak, and other trees make this an area of unusual beauty. It is still in its primeval state, and many of its acres have probably never been trodden by man. Prairie Creek, its banks overhung with masses of fern, winds its way through the grove.

The Humboldt Pioneer Memorial Grove is deeded to the State to be held forever as a public redwood park, and it is stipulated that the timber thereon shall never be cut or destroyed.

Leaders in the "Save the Redwoods Movement" are convinced that others will follow the splendid example of Mrs. Russ and other donors of memorial groves. Even now they are looking forward to the establishment of five similar groves. The National Lumbermen's fraternity has selected the redwood region as the most fitting location for a "Hoo-Hoo Memorial Grove." The California State Federation of Women's Clubs is enthusiastically raising a fund for the purchase of a tract, and negotiations are being carried on for private individuals who have become interested in the memorial grove idea.

It is the hope of the League that the development of this idea will mean the preservation of an increasing number of beauty spots among the northern redwoods. The League's work however by no means ends here. An essential part of its progress is the establishment of a National Redwood Park, of not less than 20,000 acres, which will be truly representative of the redwoods in their finest maturity. Such a park should be the culmination of a "Highway of the Giants," leading from the "Southern Sentinel" in Monterey County, southernmost redwood in the world, connecting the now isolated groves along its route, and terminating in Humboldt and Del Norte counties where it should travel through a continuous forest of these giant trees.

VENTANA MOUNTAINS

Photo by M. F. Murphy

The Santa Lucia Range

by M. F. Murphy

In establishing their missions during early California days, the Spanish padres were confronted with many serious problems of transportation. The blazing of rude trails in a new land was necessarily their first thought. Most of the fathers rode astride faithful horses, to pave the way for the lumbering vehicles which followed in their wake, with the few necessary supplies without which they could not have built their missions and accomplished their dreams of religious conquest.

The northward progress of these leaders was momentarily halted near what is now the town of San Luis Obispo. A very rugged coastline, growing bolder as far as the eye could discern, prevented the most direct travel to Monterey and its wonderful bay known to the Spanish navigators of earlier times. Blocked in their direct northward march, the padres, following the line of least resistance, detoured northeasterly over the intervening foothills via El Paso de Robles to the Salinas Valley, and the Mission San Miguel was established. The bulwarks that blocked the pathway of the mission fathers along the Monterey coast, causing them to search for less troublesome travel, were the rugged coastwise spurs of the Santa Lucia Range.

From the Carmel Valley on the north to about twenty miles below the hamlet of San Simeon on the south, the Santa Lucia Range stretches its mazed ridges. This total distance would approximate sixty miles. From the Pacific Ocean on the west to the little drowsy village of Jolon on the east, the width of the Range is about thirty miles. These dimensions are not given with a view to accuracy, but merely to give a general idea of the extent of a region in California which at the present time is known only to a few ranchers, sportsmen, and surveyors.

The highest peak in the Santa Lucias is Junipero Serra Peak (formerly Santa Lucia Peak). This mountain is 5844 feet in elevation. The summit is accessible from either the village of Jolon, or Tassajara Hot Springs, the latter being a summer resort on the Arroyo Seco Creek. Other peaks of lesser heights are Cone Peak, 5155 feet, Uncle Sam Mountain, 4781 feet, Mount Carmel, 4430 feet, South Ventana Cone, 4950 feet, Twin Peak, 4850 feet, Black Butte, 4950 feet, and Ventana Cone, 4734 feet. These mountains are not high, but what they lack in grandeur of individual elevation is more than compensated for, in the eyes of the outdoorsman, by the fact that they are the guardians of a virgin mountainland, unique in many respects and unparalleled as a scenic section in California.

The Santa Lucia Range of mountains is a virgin region. Those who would change the mellow-sounding Spanish names for harsh, nondescript titles, have strangely overlooked lower Monterey County, with its mountain fastnesses and glorious coastline. In the Santa Lucias, all points of interest do not bear the Spanish names. Those of non-Spanish origin are mostly descriptive enough, but the mountains and sea coast have never had to bear up under such a violent debasement of their original cognomens, as the fall from the dulcet "Pajaro" to the commonplace "Watsonville Junction." It is a pleasure to wander through a region, where the chief points of interest still hold an atmosphere so reminiscent of huge land grants, fandangos, hospitable hearths, and lazy, happy days.

Favored with clear weather on a journey along the coast from the Big Sur River to Salmon Creek, one may enjoy a combination of mountain and marine scenery that is not found elsewhere in our state. One may leave the coast with its usual fog blanket, where the boom of the breakers is constantly heard and after about two hours of upward travel into the Santa Lucias, reach a semi-torrid clime above the mists. On the seaward side, the fog usually streams up each canyon and gully until dispersed by the heat waves from the higher peaks and ridges. The eastern slopes bear the brunt of continuous sunshine, excepting during periods when the rain and snow storms of winter hold sway.

The most exemplifying indications of this strange dual climate of the Santa Lucia Range are found in the flora of these mountains. From the shade of the moisture-loving redwood, one may gaze across a small gully scarcely a hundred yards away and feast the eyes upon the creamy blossoms of the Spanish bayonet which grows only in semi-arid or even dryer sections. Redwood and sage, black oak and chaparral, grow in close proximity to one another. Tan oak encroaches on the dry territory of scrub growths.

Wherever brush grows, the density of this cover is so great as to be wellnigh impenetrable. The delightfully-scented black oak grows in the smaller upper valleys and on the high ridges. Here and there, the incense cedar mingles sparingly with other trees near the summits of the highest peaks. The tan oak is very abundant in the numerous canyons of the western side, in company with the coast redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*). It is now a well-known fact that the redwood does not occur south of the Santa Lucia Range. In the deep coastward canyons, this tree attains splendid proportions, the shady groves offering friendly camp sites after a day's travel along some hot ridge trail. Yellow pine grows to Sierra proportions in such localities as Big Pines and Pine Valley. Sugar pine is also known to occur in this Range.

The Santa Lucia Fir is remarkable for its restricted habitat. It occurs only in the Santa Lucia Range and a glimpse of its graceful, yet hardy attitude, in a region that has suffered much from continued forest fires will amply repay the traveler who seeks the wilds of Monterey County. One cannot fail to recognize the tree by its strange characteristics. The spirelike top of this very rare fir, bearing the few bristly cones, stamps the tree as a peculiar example of the fir family. The lower trunk is usually hidden by thickly-set lateral branches. The grayish tone of the leaves adds a velvety softness to the foliage. The leaves are sharp pointed and very long like those of the California Nutmeg, while in shape of crown and general size it resembles the mountain hemlock of higher altitudes. It may be found on exposed canyon sides mingling with the various oaks and even scattered about with the scrub growth of warm slopes. Higher, it occurs more abundantly, in company with yellow pine, black oak, and incense cedar.

As may be surmised, several fine streams rise in the Santa Lucias. The Arroyo Seco Creek, the San Antonio, and Nacimiento Rivers drain the eastern side and empty, after many tortuous wanderings, into the Salinas River. The Carmel River rises near the Ventana Divide and flows directly northward to the ocean, its mouth

being located a few miles south of the town of Monterey. The Little and Big Sur Rivers, San Carpaforo, Willow, Big, and Salmon Creeks, rise near the main divide, and after flowing swiftly to the west, empty their waters into the Pacific Ocean. All of these are clear streams, filtered through intermittent gravely bars, toned now and then by the mineral flow from occasional iron or sulphur springs.

In early Spring the melting snows greatly swell the volume of the Santa Lucia streams and the flow is held up during the dry season by countless springs hidden away in the upper and isolated gullies, or on the high ridge slopes where the bunch grass betrays the presence of gurgling fountains. There are no green meadows in the Santa Lucias but abundant range feed is afforded by large expanses of bunch grass or wild oats, in favored localities.

Gray squirrels and mountain quail abound. Wild bees gather the sage nectar and many hollow oak limbs harbor the winter food supplies of these busy insects. Possibly in no other section of California equal in size are deer so abundant. And of course, the many mountain lions never want for the necessary quarry to furnish the ends for their murderous forays. The black or brown bears possibly possess a foothold in the Range, but they are extremely shy and protective cover is very abundant. The California condor, equalling in size his cousin of the Andes, still exists about the headwaters of the Arroyo Seco and the San Antonio. Band-tailed pigeons are often seen in flocks, silently winging their way across hazy canyon depths.

A recent Indian Summer excursion into this Range was inspired by the desire to obtain more accurate data relative to a nearby national forest reservation, wherein one might profitably spend two weeks in search of outdoor recreation. We were not disappointed. Whether climbing or descending, and there was considerable of both, each step disclosed much of interest in this virgin country, the Monterey Division of the Santa Barbara National Forest.

In fine spirits, friend Andrus and the writer departed from Monterey one beautiful moonlight night in October, to camp about six miles below the town of Carmel. Two playful kittens from a nearby ranch romped about our camp until thoroughly tired out, when they curled up at our feet on the blankets, to purr away the dusky hours ere dawn arrived. We arose early, and without breakfast walked southward along the Coast Road to Malpaso Canyon. Here we ate our first meal.

The high surf pounded and roared near by. The strong wind rose as we again proceeded southward. We were treated to an exceptionally spectacular lashing of huge breakers and foaming backwash, as the saline weapons of the Pacific struck out savagely at the staunch shoreline. A fine mist, born of the resistance of the rock-bound coast to the ocean's on-rushing swells, was carried by the wind toward the mountains that boldly rose above the coastline. At Palo Colorado we turned in to the Santa Lucia Range and for about five hours made our way upward toward the higher reaches. The wind ceased. Mrs. Hoffman, co-owner of the delightfully situated Hoffman's Camp presented us with two delectable apples. The fruit staved off our thirst on the Rocky Ridge Trail to upper Turner Creek. Close by an abandoned cabin, near the source of this stream we camped at five-thirty p. m.

Resuming our march at six A. M. the next morning we directed our footsteps toward Big Pines via Devil's Peak. Two fine bucks bounded up the trail before us and many does gazed curiously at us from nearby brushy covers, as we toiled upward. Lunch was partaken of in Big Pines, where we were surrounded by large conifers easily recognized by their characteristic bark markings. The Big Pines section, containing fine specimens of yellow pine, covers an area of about two square miles. Little Pines was shortly reached and from that small grove, we descended along Rattlesnake Creek, via a hunter's trail, to Danish Creek. The latter stream was followed downward to its confluence with the Carmel River. Up the Carmel we then proceeded to the Sulphur Spring, where we spent a very comfortable night on an elevated bed of alder boughs, built by deer hunters. No human crossed our pathway this day.

Upstream the next day we battled our way. The remains of dead deer were encountered every half hour or so. A few had been slain by hunters and not retrieved; many more carcasses bore the unmistakable maulings of mountain lions. A series of deep pools and then a thirty-foot waterfall. A treacherous gorge blocked our progress. Carefully we climbed an almost sheer canyon wall for about five hundred feet. Here a nasty fall would have placed us in a very inconvenient situation. Andrus proved his mettle. His coolness in a pinch was demonstrated time and again. When the going became rough Andrus could always be depended upon for a few humorous "cracks" to relieve the tension.

If trout were numerous below the fall, above they were most abundant. The fish were of good size and congregated in schools in large pools. With little trouble we captured two dozen. So late in the season, we were delighted to note that they seized the deceptive fly with avidity. We feasted on a portion of our catch, firm of flesh and savory of taste, ere we again toiled upward. Water ouzels flitted back and forth over the pools and riffles. Practically a full day was used in traveling the six trailless miles from the hunters' camp to Bear Basin, near the very source of the Carmel.

In Bear Basin we struck the rangers' trail that runs from Chews Ridge and Tassajara Hot Springs to the Big Sur River. We followed this trail to the Pine Ridge camp as the shadows lengthened. Here we gazed out upon the broad Pacific beyond the dark canyon of the Big Sur. A coastwise steamer moved lazily southward on the calm, gold-tinted ocean. We had crossed the Ventana Mountains and Ventana Cone guarded our camp. The full moon rose in ghostly splendor. No human had crossed our pathway this day.

It was a long down trail then next morning to the Big Sur ford. With an early start we used four hours before we caught sight of the clear waters of the river. For an hour we rested and then climbed the side of Logwood Ridge for about eight hundred feet. The trail had not been used for some weeks and slides of loose earth obliterated practically all signs for hundreds of yards.

A long steady march to the village of Big Sur followed. Here we encountered the first human being we had seen in three days of continuous travel. The Big Sur River, as it emerges from its wild gorge into the little valley at its mouth, is a size-

able stream. This river would not suffer much in comparison with some of our Sierra streams where they pour out on the floors of either the Sacramento or San Joaquin Valleys. We commented on the scenic beauty of the Big Sur, as we closely followed its almost level course for about five miles through a valley dotted with redwoods and sycamores.

Following the Coast Road toward Monterey, we bade adieu to the Big Sur River and the travel along a winding ribbon of hardened soil soon proved our undoing for further progress that evening. We camped in a little gully among the redwoods, shortly after dark. The bed was hard but we were nevertheless in a sound slumber almost as soon as we drew the covers over us.

A crack from a high-powered rifle could not have set us so quickly and rudely on our feet as did the playful skunk that fawned upon the raven locks of Andrus, at about two A. M. Andrus was far from speechless and as we chased the daring animal into a pile of debris nearby, a few strange but hardly passable words were newly coined and mentally set aside for future reference in times of stress.

We were again on our way before sunrise the next day and although the ocean fog restricted distant views we were favored with several breaks and intermittent sunshine. Many small streams were crossed, flowing in canyons steep of sides and garnished here and there with alder, redwood, and willow in the deeper recesses. For the balance of the distance along the coast to Monterey, our trip was uneventful.

From the vicinity of the Big Sur River to that of San Simeon, there is at the present time, no road. A rough trail only, exists along the coast. However, work is now progressing on the Coast Road and a wonderful scenic highway will shortly open to the public more than thirty miles of virgin coastline. The seaward spurs of the Santa Lucia Range are destined to provide a grand and extensive playground, where one may enjoy a happy combination of marine and mountain scenery.

The range has recently been mapped by tireless Government surveyors and a glance at the various quadrangles with the enticing cognomens inscribed thereon, should whet the appetite of any outdoorsman having opportunity or intention to visit this wilderness.

At some not-far-distant date a resort will no doubt be established near the mouth of Big Creek. This outpost will then serve as a fine starting point for trips into the very heart of the Santa Lucias. At the present time a traveler into this range is not a mere passerby but an explorer as well.

ON THE MONTEREY COAST *Photo by Wm. P. Halliday*

The Witch Trees at Point Lobos

The witches rode at a furious pace, screaming,
  Athwart the blue in sunset streaks they raced, gleaming.
Splotches of color, splashes of color, madness of color
                Streaming, streaming.

On the rugged point which the clear sea washes,
  Caresses, destroys, and enwraps with soft foam,
Entrapped by soft crooning songs,
  Entranced by strong booming songs,
They alighted and listened till the sun went down,
  And the high wind died, and the deep fog
Folded them fast on the land.
  Naked and white,
    Stripped of the color of their flight,
  Rigid they stretch their arms toward the sky,
    Witches bewitched; by rhythm imprisoned,
              Rooted they lie.

Forever they stand
        On sentinel land,
    Stark naked white band;
      Stretching their arms toward their sisters that fly
        In crimson and mauve, opaline iridescence,
    Splotches of color, splashes of color, madness of color
                Streaking the sky.

—Helen Wild.

Trails and Traditions of the Contra Costa Hills

by Harold French

"SIERRA DE LA CONTRA COSTA," the padres of Mission Dolores called "the mountains of the opposite shore." Looking across the Bay of St. Francis to the domain of Don Peralta, they marked its skyline boundary sequoia-silhouetted, where "Los Palos Colorados" marched in unbroken ranks over the Moraga Rancho beyond. Onward and eastward another eminence, Las Trampas Ridge, named for beartraps set by vaqueros, rose above a smokeless skyline. Over all, the cloven cone of Mount Diablo notched the sunrise horizon.

Southward, a pyramidal peak landmarked a cradle of ever-increasing population, Mission San Jose, founded in 1797 by Padre Lasuen. And still southward and eastward a local Sierra Nevada revealed in winter a snowy range, 4400 feet above the bay, where now the white day star on Hamilton's height locates Lick Observatory.

Just a century has passed since the pioneers Pacheco and Martinez founded the first families of the Contra Costa. After them came the Castros, the Estudillos, and other good neighbors. Trails led to hospitable haciendas. Over these Contra Costa trails many a merry party rode to meriendas and rodeos. Six generations have enjoyed the picnic spots beside "The stream that is a shaded road," the alluring Alameda.

With fitting retrospect the present-day dwellers in Contra Costa County recently celebrated the centennial of the settlement of these hill-girt valleys by holding commemorative ceremonies on the summit of Mount Diablo on Columbus Day. Tradition long caused this peak to be shunned as the haunt of His Infernal Majesty. A scent of sulphur in Pine Canyon, uncanny crags sculptured in the forms of weird profiles, and a legendary combination of vino and a vaquero, gave color to the conviction that this overlord of the Sierra Contra Costa was possessed by El Diablo indeed.

Back in the "Splendid Idle Forties" those who took a ramble over these hills called their stroll a "pasear." Most of us now know its equivalent only as that colloquial banality termed "a hike." For those who would "hike" rather than saunter there are heights and distances among these Eastbay counties to suit the most strenuous stalwarts, and for those who would loiter there are many lovely wild gardens and stately groves of varied genera. Miles of trails and highland highways may be followed by those who accept their invitations to explore.

Some of the objectives that find favor with local mountain climbing clans are reached after an hour's walk from the streetcars. Northernmost of these "jumping-off places" is Grand Canyon Park, east of Richmond, where Wildcat Canyon is to be ascended. The most direct approach to the high places is to be made from the Cragmont line. Back of the University of California, Grizzly Peak rises to an elevation of 1759 feet, surmounted by Baldy, 1930 feet.

Southward and trending eastward, the Skyline Ridge extends past Round Top, 1750 feet, to Redwood Peak, 1608 feet above the bay. Comparable to the panorama viewed from Tamalpais is that seen from the Skyline Trail, with the Golden Gate opposite and Diablo ever filling the eye to the eastward. More direct routes to Redwood Peak converge in Montclair at the junction of the Park Boulevard with

NEAR MT. DIABLO

Photo by Wm. P. Halliday

the Moraga Road, now served by a bus line from Piedmont. From this point trails radiate through pine woods and redwoods, extending from the Boy Scout Camp and Joaquin Miller Park over the skyline to the canyon traversed by the San Francisco and Sacramento Railroad. From Cashion Station on this electric line Las Trampas and Rocky Ridges, 1800 and 2000 feet respectively, are reached after a four-mile climb.

Mount Diablo, advocated as a state park by Eastbay conservationists, is most easily ascended from the Diablo Country Club, the distance being nine miles. The northern slope of the mountain is more popular with alpine parties which prefer to detour by Concord and Clayton up Mitchell Canyon. An ideal overnight trip can be made of this climb to Diablo's summit, 3849 feet above the twin delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers.

Conservation and fire protection movements are working toward preserving the Contra Costa region and toward making its trails more inviting.

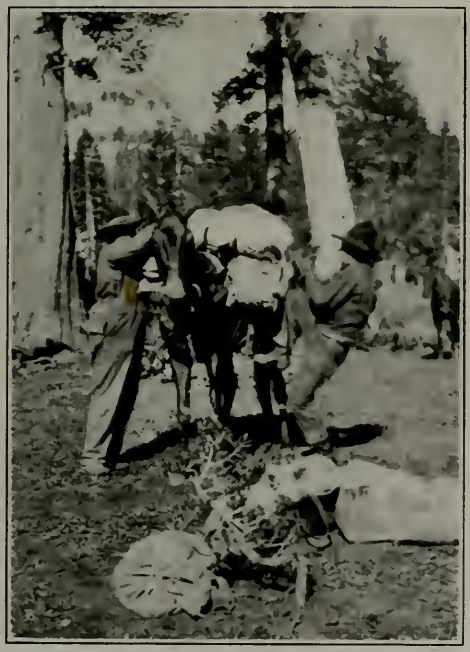


Photo by Walter E. Scott

MOUNT SHASTA FROM SISSON *Photo by John C. Ericksen*

A Three-Day Outing to Mount Shasta

by James Wright

EARLY in September we were among the few arrivals on the train from San Francisco which reaches Sisson at noon. The name of the little town is being changed from Sisson to Mount Shasta, which seems very appropriate, the mountain being by far the most noteworthy feature of the district. In the northeast the majestic bulk of Shasta loomed before us. Intent on climbing it the following morn, we stood scanning its steep slopes for several minutes in an endeavor to locate the accepted route to its summit.

After partaking of one last civilized meal at the hotel, Al proceeded to corner the local food supply, while Louis and I persuaded a jitney driver to take us to the foot of the Shasta trail. Al succeeded so nobly that it was with great difficulty we finally squeezed ourselves, packs, and provisions into the automobile. The three-mile ride was hot, but the dusty road finally ended at the beginning of the five-mile uphill trail to Horse Camp. The driver sympathetically wished us "Good Luck" as he swung around for the return to Sisson.

The heat and the dust of the wagon road was joy compared to that of the trail, as we trudged along with our heavy packs. The country on either side had a parched, baked appearance—so had we. With the exception of one spot north of the trail, there was no water for its whole length. The underbrush at last gave way to trees, whose welcome shade aided us in making better time.

One mile from camp a packer and his party overtook us and kindly offered to carry our packs. We gladly accepted and arrived in camp soon afterward, comparatively fresh. After selecting and preparing a campsite, dinner was soon cooked and eaten. Later we inspected the recently-completed Shasta Alpine Lodge, donated by Mr. Hall McAllister of the Sierra Club, with the aid of that Club and nearby

SUMMIT OF MOUNT SHASTA

Photo by A. Pinther

towns. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Norman Clyde, who recently broke his own record of three hours, seventeen minutes by a new one of two hours, forty-three minutes, for the 6380-foot climb from Horse Camp to the Summit (a remarkable performance for even such an experienced mountaineer as Mr. Clyde). Shortly afterward Senator Fairchild and wife, of New York, arrived after having spent the night on the mountain. They had slept at the hot spring about three hundred feet below the summit, the heat from the gases making this possible. We procured alpenstocks from the genial custodian of the Lodge, lingering until the last rays of the glorious sunset had disappeared before we retired for the night.

The blaze from a neighboring campfire awakened me about three o'clock next morning and at four we were all astir, busily engaged in preparing breakfast. Four-thirty saw us at the foot of the trail, congratulating ourselves on getting an early start; yet we were the last of four parties bound for the summit that morning. A late moon aided us in finding our way up the steep volcanic rock. As daylight appeared we reached the crest of a ridge of pumice which led on to the first snow. We had resolved on a steady pace for the long, tiresome grind—more especially so, as we had just left sea level and altitude counts until one is accustomed to it.

As we started up the steepest part of the climb, we passed one of the earlier parties. The route lead to that well-known landmark, Thumb Rock. The alpenstocks were very useful in our scramble up the loose rock and sand which was hard on wind and shoes. At Thumb Rock we had our first comprehensive view of the summit and of the McCloud Glacier. The latter provided the only element of danger on the trip. There we left terra firma to walk along a few yards of the narrow crest as others had done before us. We afterward found that this could have been avoided. As we climbed "Misery Hill" the latent cone of Shastina was an interesting sight, the steepness of an intervening glacier apparently preserving its splendid isolation. All around us was wild, magnificent desolation as we made our way across the glacier which fills what may possibly have been the crater of Shasta.

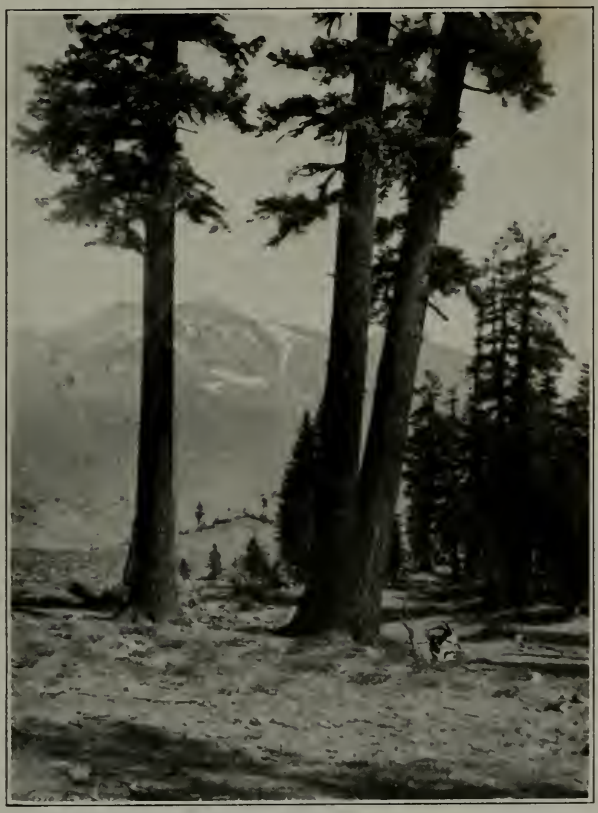
Selecting the peak which appeared to be the highest, a climb of about three hundred feet over loose talus brought us to the summit, and the chilly greeting of a boisterous, icy wind. Wonderful views were to be had in all directions. The isolation of Shasta and its great height above the surrounding country gives practically an aeroplane view, an effect very different from that afforded by the average high Sierra peak where, in every direction, other peaks lift their heads above the tumultuous sea of mountains in perpetual challenge for supremacy. Mount Lassen, Castle Crags, Mount Eddy, the Trinity Mountains, and the Siskiyous are plainly discernible. This elevation also commands a view of Shasta's five glaciers.

Placing the new Alpine register box, which we had brought along, consumed over an hour. Drilling and cementing being at last to our satisfaction, we transferred the Alpine register from the Mazamas' container, and noted that three of the earlier starters had already registered. We followed suit, admitting six hours for the climb.

As we finished lunch preparatory to the descent, we were joined by the party of three whom we had passed in the morning. Our leisurely descent was without incident, enabling us to prepare photographic records of the choicest views. We arrived at Horse Camp at about six P. M., tired and hungry, but with the satisfaction of another mountain to our credit.

Next morning we were able to more thoroughly explore and appreciate the beauty of Horse Camp and to chat with the Lodge caretaker. Starting for Sisson at ten forty-five A. M., we arrived there at one fifteen P. M. We used the time intervening before the departure of the train, for a visit to the State Fish Hatchery.

The next morning as we mingled with the crowd of commuters on the Oakland-San Francisco boat it seemed a far cry to the summit of Shasta which we had so recently left. The trip had taken us from sea level to an altitude of 14,380 feet in three and one-half days (inclusive of two nights on the train) demonstrating the accessibility of Mount Shasta to San Francisco.



SHASTA FROM HORSE CAMP
Photo by Wm. P. Halliday

THE KAWEAH GROUP

Photo by Herman Lindlow

Old Kaweah Trails

by Wm. A. Horsfall

IN 1914 a trip over the Kern-Kaweah Divide into the Kern canyon was something of a pioneering adventure. The government trails which are now recognized as main lines of travel did not then exist. In fact we considered the use of pack animals over such trails as there were, to be impracticable and started out with our commissary on our own backs.

At Lemon Cove, while awaiting the departure of the stage, we became acquainted with two men whose itinerary was identical with ours for the main portion of the trip. They, however, had engaged two burros. We brought out the gloom and went into some detail, explaining our ideas of the rough country ahead. Our new friends began to worry a bit and suggested that we travel together and be mutually helpful. We agreed to stand by.

The next morning found us on our way. Near camp the trails were good and all was going well with our friends. They thought that we had made a mistake in doing our own packing instead of letting burros do the work. We made camp early on the banks of Buck Creek, where we unpacked the burros and carried their loads across, because the water was running fairly high. We began to wonder how the crossing would be at the Marble Fork of the Kaweah River, a much larger and more dangerous stream about three miles farther on.

At daybreak we were on our way. We had gone only a quarter of a mile when we found the trail, which was a good one, entirely blocked as far as burros were concerned. An immense boulder had slid down the mountain side and landed squarely on the trail at a point where it made a hairpin turn in a gully. We could easily have squirmed around the obstruction, but it was plain that the animals could not get by. Another consultation—this time a problem in civil engineering. What could be done to get the burros past? The most feasible solution appeared to be the building of a bridgelike structure across the gully outside the boulder. A nearby tree was felled for a main girder and its branches furnished beams, while the brush cuttings and earth made the flooring. All this was accomplished by means of small camp hatchets, our only tools.

Without further event we came to our objective for that day, the river, and it was going some. The ford was out of the question for us. We skirmished around for ways and means and soon discovered a great snag log which had come down in a freshet and lay squarely across the stream. This made a fine foot bridge, slippery however, from the spray. We widened the top surface with a smaller but substantial stick laid parallel to the big log, and filled the crevice between the two with poles. We constructed a ramp to lead to what we considered a very fine bridge for man or beast.

The burros had been unpacked as soon as we reached the river and the packs had been carried over. Breakfast had been started by one of the party while the others were at work on the bridge. Now that the bridge was finished, nothing remained to be done before breakfast, excepting to lead our charges across. We started with the larger burro which seemed to be the natural leader of the two.

He appeared to have a poor opinion of our fine bridge and was not the least bit anxious to go up the incline we had so laboriously built. He looked suspiciously at the angry torrent that rushed and swirled underneath.

So two of us got behind him, and two in front to lead the way. With enough man power to fairly lift him we boosted and pulled him up the incline as far as the centre of the bridge. At this point the game seemed to be even; he held his ground, so to speak. We took a breathing spell and started again. His hind feet which were set for a backward pull, slipped sideways and over he went. I was working at his head and when he went overboard I was caught in the bight of the halter rope and nearly dragged into the water with him. I managed to save myself by reaching out backward and grasping a small snag branch of the big log. I momentarily held myself and the burro also as the full strain of his pull in the water came upon me. My companion holding the end of the rope that was looped around me, immediately realized the situation and let go the rope. That permitted me to recover my equilibrium and our refractory animal went shooting down the rapids.

We soon lost sight of him, but the cook who was preparing the breakfast had stopped his work to watch the tug of war on the bridge. From his vantage point he could see the course below. He frantically shouted to us the moves of the unfortunate animal as he saw them. When he saw the head go under water, he yelled "He's gone!" When it reappeared, we heard, "He's safe!" This was repeated several times until as the beast went over the brink of the falls a final wailing, "He's gone!" started us downstream to attempt to find him below the falls.

We spied what appeared to be the head of the animal in the pool under the willows below the falls. It was the burro—his forefeet on the bank. With great difficulty we cut a way through the thicket to the water's edge, and rescued our much bedraggled charge. His survival was almost miraculous and fortunately he came out on the side of the river we were trying to reach.

In order to avoid a second exhibition of bridge shyness we tied the two pack ropes together and passed this line across the river at the ford. One of us drove the second burro into the river with the line fast around his neck while four of us pulled him across, swimming. That finished what we had started as a before breakfast chore. So breakfast was served as lunch.

This convinced us that the farther into the back country we went the harder the traveling would be and the more of a liability the beasts would become. It was decided to send the burros back to their owner in the Giant Forest by the first willing person we encountered. At Mineral King we were fortunate in finding a man to take them in charge. We consolidated into one five-man party, each one carrying his own pack.

CROSSING TUOLUMNE PASS

Photo by Oscar R. Cook

The Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park

by John R. White

Superintendent, Sequoia and General Grant National Parks

All out-of-doors people should be interested in any measure for the preservation of the incomparable scenery of California's High Sierra. Incomparable is a strong word and it is no less a litterateur than Dean Church who recommends economy of adjectives in descriptive writing. But the word is used on good authority. An American no less noted for his administrative ability than for his travels over the known globe—Carter H. Harrison, former Mayor of Chicago—has made the following statement:

> "I have crossed the Andes three times, by three different passes. I have been in the Himalayas and have seen Everest from Darjeeling. I have tramped in the Pyrenees and have been in the Alps more times than I can count. And I can tell you that in all the world there is nothing so beautiful as the California High Sierra, from Yosemite to Whitney."

Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, 1913-1918, expressed the policy which must govern any proposed additions to the National Park System or enlargements of existing parks. Secretary Lane set forth in a letter to Director Stephen T. Mather, May 13, 1918—a letter which is a basis for all Park Service policies—the fundamentals which new territory must possess:

"In studying new park projects you should seek to find scenery of supreme and distinctive quality or some natural feature so extraordinary or unique as to be of national interest and importance." Further in the same letter, Secretary Lane said: "The addition to the Sequoia National Park of the Sierra summits and slopes to the north and east will create a reservation unique in the world because of its combination of gigantic trees, extraordinary canyons and mountain masses."

As long ago as 1891, John Muir proposed a great High Sierra National Park to embrace about the area taken in by the Bill that has been before Congress for several sessions and which is commonly known as the "Barbour Bill" because it is sponsored by the Hon. H. E. Barbour, M. C. for the Seventh District of California at Fresno. This Bill has the support of the National Park Service, the Forest Service, the Sierra Club, the California Alpine Club, and scores of societies interested in the preservation of the natural wonders of America.

The Bill failed of passage at the last session of Congress owing to the opposition of one member who voiced the opinion of water power interests. Yet the two largest power companies in California—the Southern California Edison Company and the San Joaquin Light and Power Company, both of whom had extensive filings in the proposed park area—expressed their willingness to withdraw their claims in favor of this addition to a national park. It is understood that the remaining opposition has now been stilled and that there is an excellent chance for the Bill to pass at the 1923-1924 Session of Congress.

During the winter of 1922-1923 opposition to the Barbour Bill developed from an unexpected source; not from those interested in commercializing the resources of

NEAR SAWMILL PASS *Photo by Herman Lindlow*

the Sierra, but from those who felt that the Bill did not go far enough. Mr. Willard F. Van Name, of New York, claimed that there was a "joker" in the Bill and that all the added territory was not equal in scenic or pleasure value to the three southern townships of the present Sequoia National Park which would be excised by the Bill. For some months a controversy raged and misstatements of fact were, doubtless inadvertently, bandied on all sides. As a matter of fact, the park would have gained more than it would have lost; yet the retention of the one hundred and eight square miles of Sequoia groves, upland meadows, and mountain peaks is of great importance as the region is better suited for park purposes than for lumbering or cattle grazing. It now seems probable that in the Bill to be introduced in next Congress the objectionable provision cutting out the three townships will be withdrawn.

The whole question of the use of our mountains, whether as outdoor museums or for economic development, is one which has been vastly changed with the advent of good roads and automobiles. It is in but comparatively recent years that the economic value of unspoiled scenery has become more widely appreciated. We are but beginning to realize the effect of the national parks in moulding national character and in perpetuating American ideals founded on outdoor life and conquest of the wilderness. It is, therefore, not to be wondered that many adjustments of opinion must be made between those interested in purely economic development for the present generation and those who look ahead down the procession of the centuries and realize the almost incalculable value of natural beauty and the outdoor life.

When a region has been limned by the gifted pens of John Muir, Clarence King, and other literary craftsmen of the great outdoors, it would be futile to attempt

within the limits of this article, or for that matter, without limit and with all economy of adjectives, any description of the proposed Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park area. The members of the California Alpine Club know the call of the "violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening air." They know the mingled scent of Bear's Clover and dust which presages entry into that enchanted land "where the trails run out and stop;" where the petty cares of civilization fall behind one on the trail like the delicate needles of the sugar pine and fir. They know that beatified moment when after many weary city days they again stand face to the Sierra, to the High Heavens, and to God. And they well know that of all the wilderness now left to a rapidly developing America, there is no region comparable as a park area with that proposed as the Roosevelt-Sequoia National Park.

ON MIDDLE FORK, KINGS RIVER

The South Fork of the Kings River

by Paul Thelen

THE General Grant National Park lies some sixty miles east of Fresno at an elevation of 6500 feet. It is but two miles square and protects one of California's twenty-six large and distinct groves of *Sequoia Washingtoniana* (Bigtree). The highway is well surfaced and wide, doubtless constituting one of the very best mountain roads in the state. At the park are found a ranger station, postoffice, meat and fruit market, general store, garage, hotel concessions with either hotel and tents, or housekeeping tents. There is also a public camping ground. Several stages make daily trips. The postoffice is in the third zone from the Bay area which allows provisions to be shipped in by parcel post at 2c per pound. The weight limit is seventy pounds per box instead of the fifty pounds which governs for greater distances. Beebe's concession, less than a mile away, will furnish high-grade pack stock consisting of long-legged, high-speed mules.

The entrance to the South Fork of the Kings River from General Grant National Park calls for two or three hiking days among forests and high meadows. One may also enter from the southwest via Giant Forest (Sequoia National Park) or from a little settlement tributary to the latter where the forests are being logged at Hume. The trail from General Grant National Park and the trail from Hume converge at Boulder Creek.

Our party of six went into this country from General Grant National Park last summer. The first two days consumed in reaching Summit Meadow were filled with long grades up and down, with dusty trails winding their way among splendid forests and along small streams decked with azaleas and across huge meadows sheltering herds of cattle. The water at Big Meadow was none too attractive and bathing or swimming was out of the question.

Lookout Point above Summit Meadow yields a wonderful panorama and the view of the South Fork, with its two thousand foot cliffs and five thousand foot walls reminds one of the grand old Yosemite itself. Later on, in the canyon, the analogy is continued by the flat valley bottom, the hot, sandy floor underfoot, the partial granite domes, and incipient arches. Waterfalls of great height there are none. On the other hand one gratefully notes the absence of automobiles carrying radio horns, of dance pavilions and saxophones, of traffic cops and hammocks, two-legged lizards and the latest monthly fashion magazines.

The fourth day out brought us to Paradise Valley and trout in abundance. Formerly the entrance to this beauty spot was due north, up the Copper Creek watershed for a climb of an even 5000 feet, thence east into the South Fork of the Kings for a drop of 3400 feet into the valley. The new trail, which we followed, goes directly up the narrow gorge of the South Fork, past Bubbs Creek Junction, miles of luxuriant ferns, some rattlesnakes, a series of cascades and falls (notably Mist Falls), and up into a wonderful upland valley rank with ferns and not free from mosquitoes. The trail is being repaired but still contains about as many kinds of trouble as the law allows, including bogs, short zigzags, rocky floors, smooth granite, and steep pitches.

GLENN PASS *Photo by Paul Thelen*

After a day's rest in this delightful valley we reluctantly took to the trail again, up Woods Creek past a wonderful meadow and camp site at the junction of its south fork, and on up to an unnamed meadow where Baxter Creek enters. This is an unusual camp site. It puts a long hike behind and leaves only a very short one ahead to Rae Lake and the Fin Dome country. Here mosquitoes were plentiful, but so were the fish. Even the writer was able to produce fifteen vanquished fighters in less than an hour. In this stream we encountered our biggest fish, several being ten to eleven inches long.

The next day was again a rest day, camp being moved only a few miles to the beautiful Rae Lake country, within striking distance of Glenn Pass. In the afternoon we circled Fin Dome and obtained a disappointing transverse view across Sixty Lake Basin. Fin Dome with its sheer and fissured granite walls would make an interesting seven hundred foot climb with tennis shoes or Keds. The easiest way of ascent is from the west. Mountain heather and enormous clusters of "shooting stars" abound in all this region.

Resuming the trail at the outlet of Rae Lake, beware of the submerged ledge trail if you have pack animals and saddle horses. It is difficult to make the stock take this trail because it looks boggy at the stepping-in place, is belly deep, and has no resemblance to a river ford. The danger lies in the deep water beyond the ledge since this platform is only about fifteen feet wide and a hundred yards long and hugs a winding shore line. The natural tendency for animals is to cut across instead of hugging the shore, particularly after the first animals have "riled up" the still water

so that the bottom is no longer visible. The only safe way is to lead one animal across at a time.

Glenn Pass is apt to be a difficult crossing, following as it does close upon the nerve-testing submerged ledge trail. The approach is over a steep talus slope of big rocks. The trail is one of short zigzags, and of largely broken rock bottom, and is very steep. Even the animals become nervous. The pass itself is a knife edge which is traversed at right angles to the general direction. Here care should be taken that each animal holds the straight and narrow path. The trail down to Vidette Meadow is new and in good shape after the first few hundred feet. It follows down the water course toward Charlotte Lake and passes Bullfrog Lake on the left, at a distance of half a mile.

A beautiful side trip from Vidette Meadow can be made by going back past Bullfrog Lake to Kearsarge Pass. The trail winds around the shore line of Bullfrog Lake among the flowered meadows. Perhaps a fisherman is bait fishing off a granite boulder or an improvised log raft. Farther on are miniature forests struggling for air at the high altitude and fighting for life against the terrible snow loads of the long winter. On the right of the trail lies the chain of Kearsarge Lakes, mirroring the jagged skyline of the Kearsarge Pinnacles, than which there are none more picturesque in all the High Sierra.

The summit of the pass affords a most wonderful view into Owens Valley and beyond to the Inyo Mountains in the near distance, with Nevada's mountains in the far distance. In the near foreground nestles icy Pothole Lake. Perhaps a pack-train from the town of Independence winds its picturesque and silent way along the mountain slopes. In the distance lies the Great Western Divide and the beautiful snow-gashed symmetry of Mount Brewer.

From Vidette Meadow, the Kings River Canyon Camp (formerly Kanawyers) can be made in a day's tramp. Welcome hot baths await one here, after a drop of nearly a mile in elevation. The climb out to Summit Meadow makes a short but strenuous half day. The new trail is very up-to-date with its long zigzags and uniform grades. Yet that does not serve to ameliorate the upward pull of three thousand feet. Of course after so many days out, a few pack mules can be converted into ridable units for the ladies and still leave fairly light loads for the other mules. The long afternoon hours can yield reflector oven products, or naps which are both too long and not long enough.

The last two days into General Grant Park reveal an amazing succession of grazing meadows, Big Meadow, Rabbit Meadow, Woodcock Meadow, Quail Flat, Bacon Meadow, and Log Corral Meadow, all averaging from seven to eight thousand feet above the sea. The ranger station at Big Meadow provides a telephone line and the chance to get into touch with the forgotten complexities of civilization.

Etiquette for Hikers

by Raymond R. Lang

THE etiquette of the walking tour has undergone several important changes since the better classes of society have seen fit to adopt this mode of travel. There are many new customs and manners for the wellbred gentleman or lady who would jaunt correctly.

The costume should be the first consideration. A correct costume for walking, either before or after dark, consists of shoes (2), socks (2), undergarments, trousers, shirt, necktie, coat, and hat. A soft shirt is considered good form.

When walking alone, together or in groups one should not talk or laugh in a loud or boisterous manner. Should anyone give imitations of a factory whistle or in haste to pass knock one from the trail, a slight expression of annoyance such as lifting the eyebrow is permissible. But all the time be sweet; remember it takes all sorts of people to make a world.

Cutting capers (e. g.: walking on the rails to West Point, climbing trees, turning handsprings) though quite the rage in certain speedy circles, simply is not done while walking with members of the opposite sex, on the Sabbath. The gait should be well timed, dignified, and calculated to cover the ground rapidly, though gracefully.

The pastime which is really coming into its own is conversation. Conversation should be painstakingly planned in advance. Select some of the best standard works on the great out-of-doors; purchase a text book on botany, and read up on the flora indigenous to the particular region to be traversed. Consult Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" for appropriate verses dealing with the woods and trees and flowers ("this is the forest primeval"). Glance through the "Book of Knowledge" and Dr. Eliot's Five Foot Shelf. This should prepare you for any dialogic emergency.

It will doubtless be observed that some young ladies apparently escorted by young men, carry coats or knapsacks. Doffing the hat politely, accost one of these thus: "Will you not permit me to put your things in my knapsack?" The young gentleman will then say in the quaint colloquial language heard on the trail, "Aw put 'em in mine; there's lots 'a room." After the transfer has been made, go on to the next couple. This procedure will earn for you the undying gratitude of all the young men.

In every large group of people certain men and women become attracted to each other. This sort of thing happened in Napoleon's day and still occurs even in our best social circles. They distinguish themselves in ways which need not be catalogued. It will be noted that the ones in question disappear from time to time. Thereupon inquire repeatedly of everyone, "Have you seen Bob and Jean?" The entire party will then be in a pleasant state of anticipation when the happy lovers reappear. Bob and Jean in all probability will ask you to be best man at the wedding. In any case their first child will be named for you.

The foregoing instances are, however, but mere trifles which may occur at any turn of the road. The true superman or superwoman of the trails must be possessed of that certain divine something, that "*Je ne sais quoi*" ability to rise superior to all

occasions, which distinguishes the truly great of all ages. Certain obstacles are to be overcome by the observer of trail etiquette in order to qualify as one of these. Suppose for instance, an acquaintance asks you to take care of a sweet girl from his home town. She has never hiked before. At the ferry building you are presented to six feet of sweet girl, draped in a brown corduroy riding skirt. She apologizes coyly for her high heeled white kid slippers—"they were the only old shoes she had." You assure her with the usual bits of pleasantry that the costumes on these walks are most informal. You find that her chief interest in life is paleontology, that she just loves flowers, and "never eats." She picks flowers from all the gardens in Mill Valley, and poison oak all the way up Mount Tamalpais, and hands the bouquet to you to carry.

Several of your best friends pass you on the trail. Seizing the arm of one you say, "Dan, I want you to meet"—You will get no farther. Dan will interrupt you with, "Excuse me, Dick. There's a girl up the trail I've just got to see; I'll be right back." He will never come back. After five other so-called friends have given the same response you devote yourself in desperation to the needs of the sweet girl. The trail is steep, and the direct rays of the sun are more than warm enough. After the third mile when the sweet girl complains of thirst you give her an orange from your luncheon, which is eagerly accepted. By the time a few more tidbits have been accepted your luncheon is gone. You can see your finish. You find yourself revolving in mind dark schemes of escape.

Toward the top of the hot and dusty trail is an overhanging rock below which yawns a cavern some three hundred feet deep. You are seized with an almost ungovernable impulse to push the fair paleontologist over the edge, kick her flowers after her and take a short cut to Mill Valley.

But as a superman you realize this as a glorious opportunity. You restrain your rude passions. You turn to the sweet girl a cheerful countenance. You give her first aid for tortured toes; acquire for her additional food begged from friends when luncheon time really comes. You select the longest and easiest trails back to Mill Valley. At the ferry you return the sweet girl to her friend with a countenance gleaming with happiness, as you wring his hand—instead of his neck.

On the Hollow Trails

by Richard Joseph Grace

Trails Club of Oregon

THE great south lava flow of Mount St. Helens, in Cowlitz County, Washington, fills all the south lying valleys of the peak practically from the snow line down to the Lewis River, a distance of eight miles. It varies from one to three miles in width. Creeks disappear beneath its wierdly shapen mass and in the center is the "island," a hill of green timber, left unscathed by the fiery flood.

Mount St. Helens was very active between 1846 and 1853 as attested by Theodore Winthrop, who wrote of it as a "watchful vestal who showed a fire by night, and a pillar of smoke by day." The eruptions at that time covered the country between Vancouver and The Dalles with ashes, as recorded by Jason Lee and others.

Paul Kane, an artist, saw it on a trip through the region and pictured it with a plume of smoke. The south lava flow, now under discussion, was probably even more recent and perhaps the most recent lava flow within the boundaries of the United States proper.

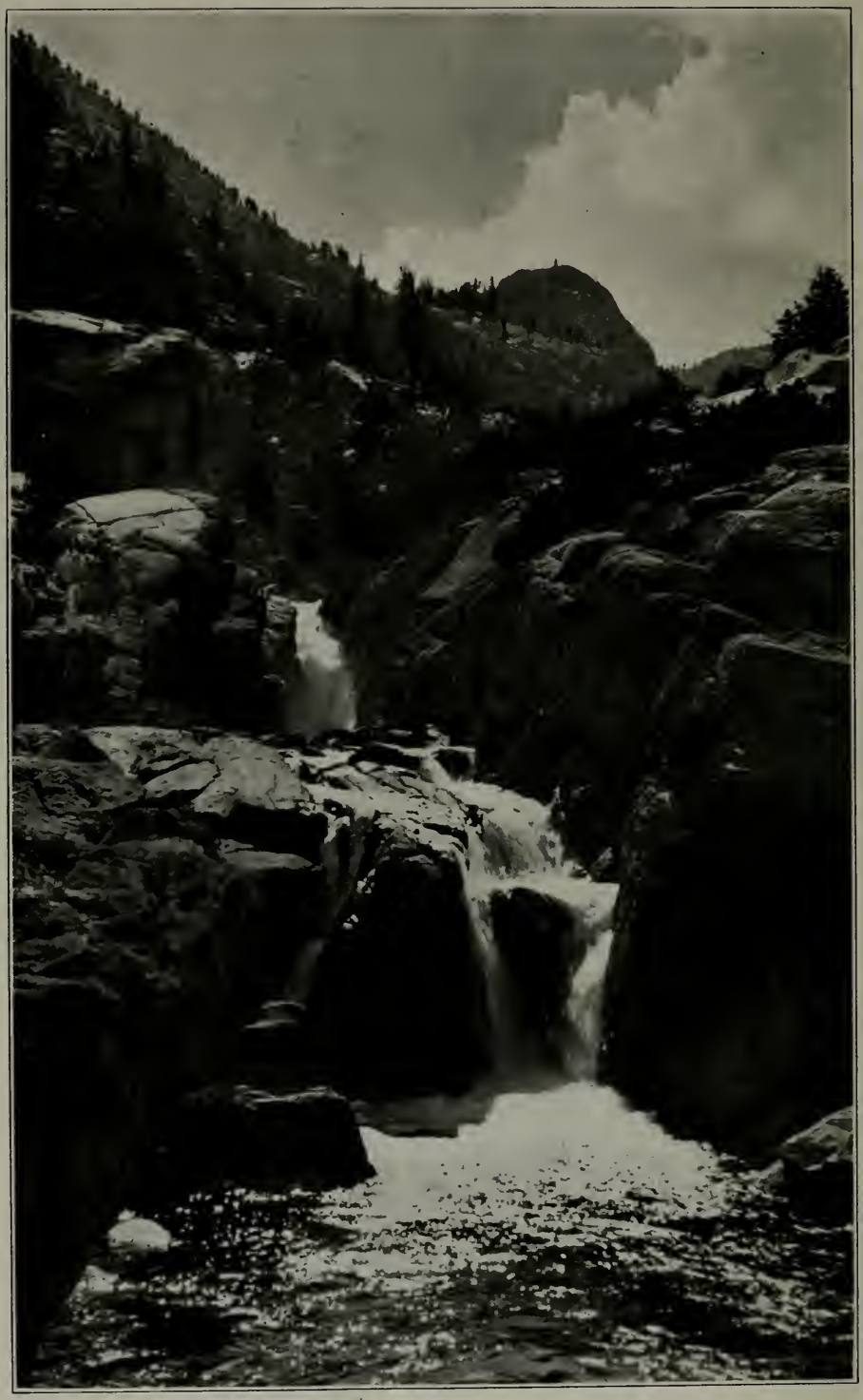
In traversing this country, the wildest and most remote of our northwest peaks with the possible exception of Mount Baker, the traveler notes nervously the hollow-sounding trails, and the fact that large portions of the landscape have collapsed into the lava caves and tunnels which honeycomb what should be terra firma. If one owns his horse he does not take him into this country. Jackpines that have struggled for existence on the bare lava until they have attained a diameter of six inches and a weight too great for the thin lava crust, find themselves precipitated to their deaths

in a lava cave through the collapse of the thin roof. One lava tunnel attains a half mile in length; many others are unexplored. There is a chamber forty feet square and as many high. Fantastic shapes, tree casts, miniature cold volcanoes, and ropy frozen flows keep the glance roving like that of a boy at the circus. The trail drums hollowly underfoot. The absence of bird and animal life is very noticeable. The general impression is uncanny.

The newness and freshness of the flow is remarkable. There is positive proof in the condition of the adjacent heavy forest, the trees on the "island," and the distinct bark moulds, that this flow occurred during the winter when the rains made the forest proof against fire. Hardly a tree over sixty feet from the edge of the flow has been injured. Some that stood nearer fell into the flow and left perfect impressions in the viscous mass. From these, we indentified Western White Pine and Douglas Fir, the same species as in the adjacent forest cover. Circular holes in the surface near the edge of the flow proved to have been moulded by the bases of standing trees. Charred debris of standing and fallen trees and even rotting trunks lying in the gutter-like moulds bore mute witness to the lateness of the flow.

The upper end of the flow covers the sinks of the intermittent streams from the glaciers. Lower Lost Creek and other sizable streams disappear under the lava sheet. The whole area should even at low water produce over seventy-five cubic feet of water per second, but there are no signs on the bank or in the current of the whitish-green Lewis River to show the outflow of the undoubtedly large subterranean stream.

Fiendish roads have made Mount St. Helens almost inaccessible. Each year, however, their baneful mileage grows less and in time the approach will be less difficult. From the point of view of camera work, my two days on the great lava flow last summer were disappointing. During that time we never saw the sun; the clouds rested on the trees over our heads, and although at one camp we were within three miles of the summit, we saw no more of it than a patch of snowfield through a rift in the cloud. Such is mountaineer's luck!



THE KERN KAWEAH RIVER *Photo by Herman Lindlow*

The Annual Outing for 1924

Kern River Watershed, July 12 to 26, 1924

THE Annual Outing Committee has outlined a trip into the Kern River watershed for 1924. In 1919 the outing in this region was a great success, but in order to cover the territory traversed at that time, the party was forced to move on to a new camp every day of the outing, with one exception.

On the proposed excursion of 1924, the Annual Outing Committee desires to provide more rest days. The trip as now outlined assures shorter and less arduous travel between camps, while at the same time the territory to be covered presents all that could possibly be desired from a scenic standpoint.

In only a few places will the participants of the 1924 outing use the paths traversed by those who enjoyed the Kern River outing of 1919. To practically all who may make the trip the trails will lead through territory with which they are unacquainted.

The start will be made from Camp Nelson on the Tule River. Several days will be spent in traveling to Moraine Lake via Belknap, Clicks, Shotgun, and Soda Creeks. The Great Western Divide will be crossed near Silver Lake. Subsequent to the crossing of the Big Arroyo, the central camp will be established on the Chagoopa Plateau near Moraine Lake.

For three days and possibly four, the Moraine Lake Camp will be the central base from which the knapsackers may enjoy excursions to Mount Whitney, the Kaweah Peaks or the Kern River Canyon. Mount Brewer, Mount Williamson, Mount Tyndall, and Table Mountain are all accessible from the central camp. Each of these trips is more or less strenuous and should be undertaken only by those who desire excursions that demand the hardiest of physiques.

The return trip to civilization and workaday tasks will be made via Lost Canyon, over the Great Western Divide, down Cliff Creek, and on to Giant Forest where stages will be waiting to transport the party to the railroad at Lemon Cove.

About the headwaters of the Kern River stand several of the highest mountains in the United States. Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet in elevation, is the loftiest of all. The scenery is unique and sublime. The summer climate is unexcelled. The most inexperienced of anglers may realize his wildest dreams in the waters of the Kern River and its tributaries.

From the Mountain Peak

The night sky is a fruit bowl
Of clustered porcelain stars and moonlight.
The high hills indent the rim
And the tops of the tallest pines
Etch patterns around the sides.

—Raymond R. Lang.

Trees of Mount Tamalpais Region

by Alice Eastwood

California Academy of Sciences

THE trees of the Tamalpais region of Marin County are especially interesting to many who find pleasure in tramping the week-end trails. The varied growth common throughout Marin County, when known on Mount Tamalpais, may be recognized elsewhere, and there is a thrill comparable to meeting an old friend in encountering a well-known tree in strange territory.

The redwoods (Sequoia sempervirens) climb the gulches on both sides of Mount Tamalpais almost to the summit, luxuriating in fogs and moisture along the streams and springs. They bloom during the winter months, their summits golden at first, later bronze with the abundant male flowers. The cones ripen the following October, drop out their brown seeds and persist often for several years. The seeds do not produce new trees unless they fall on a cleared or freshly turned surface. The numerous large stumps indicate the great size of former trees but the largest now living in Marin County are in Muir Woods, that virgin forest donated to our country by William Kent.

The Douglas spruce or fir (Pseudotsuga mucronata) also known to the lumberman as Oregon pine is one of the most valuable timber trees of the Pacific Coast and is extensively planted in Europe because of its rapid growth and valuable wood. The pendant cones ripen in one year, drop their seeds and persist. The leaves are narrowly linear, less than one inch long and grow around the stem. The trees near Rock Spring are low branching, picturesque specimens; but generally the trees grow in dense forest and have tall straight trunks. The flag poles and telegraph poles are trunks of Douglas spruce.

The cypresses (Cupressus sargentii) are found only on the areas of gray-green serpentine rock. There are several groups along the old Bill Williams trail, the road to Bolinas from West Point, and elsewhere. Cypress Ridge is named from the areas of brush covered by this species. On this ridge a most beautiful mistletoe with berries like white pearls infests the trees. The recent fire has utterly destroyed these trees, but the seeds will probably soon produce a large crop of seedlings. I have never seen a seedling of this cypress and believe that it requires a fire to give the seeds a chance to germinate and become trees. There are many trees and shrubs in California that require fire to start new plants. The cones are globular and persist many years; the leaves are scale-shaped and imbricated. The trees are in bloom, golden with the male flowers, soon after the first rain. They are generally low and spreading, picturesque in outline.

The California nutmeg (Torreya californica) has a fruit resembling a green plum and the nut, when cut across, looks like the cross-section of a nutmeg, hence the common name. The fruit ripens in two years. The linear leaves are glossy green, on opposite sides of the stem and with sharp prickly points. On Mount Tamalpais it is generally shrubby, but there is a large tree in a canyon back of Larkspur and another near Camp Taylor alongside the railroad.

The laurel or bay (Umbellularia californica) also has a plum-like fruit, either yellowish or purplish. In the winter months the trees are dotted all over with clusters of small yellow flowers. The leaves are very aromatic. The wood of this laurel is known in Oregon as myrtle and in northern California as pepper-wood. Formerly there were many large trees in the Mount Tamalpais region, but they were cut down for the wood which takes a beautiful polish. The most beautiful group of laurels is along the stream bed at Ross Station.

There are two maples, one known as "the maple" (Acer macrophyllum) or big-leaved maple and the other as the box-elder (Acer negundo californicum). They both have two seeds united and each furnished with a wing. The leaves are quite different. The big-leaved maple sometimes has leaves more than a foot in diameter, beautifully lobed and becoming bright yellow in the fall before they drop.

The box-elder has pinnately compound leaves and each leaflet is lobed. The male trees in the spring before the leaves appear are covered as with a pink veil of fringe-like flowers; the female trees in the fall have pendant panicles of two-winged seeds. The best specimens of box-elder are along the creek, opposite Ross Station. They are worth a visit when in bloom.

The ash (Fraxinus oregana) has inconspicuous flowers and pinnately compound leaves. The female trees bear panicles of seeds each with a single wing. At Ross Station and along the road to Phoenix Lake there are several trees; but this is not a common tree around Mount Tamalpais.

The alder (Alnus oregana) loves the streams and is found only near water. The leaves have toothed margins; the fruit consists of a cluster of tiny cones that turn brown and persist after the seeds have fallen. After the leaves disappear, the male catkins spread a mist of green over the woods, later when in bloom becoming brown.

The oaks with lobed leaves are all deciduous. The valley oak (Quercus lobata) is found only in the open valleys at the foot of Mount Tamalpais. The meadow near Lake Lagunitas has some beautiful trees. The finest one that I know is at Ross Valley in private grounds near the school. A splendid tree is at Larkspur near the station. There are also some on Kent's place. The trees are large with spreading branches often drooping to the ground; the lobes of the leaves are blunt and the surface rather dull. Some trees of this species bear acorns more than two inches in length.

Kellogg's oak or black oak (Quercus Kelloggii) has glossy green leaves with the lobes ending in a sharp prickle. They are a beautiful rose-color when they come out in the spring and often turn dark red in the fall, but more frequently brown.

The garry oak is the least known of all the oaks because it looks so much like a small valley oak. It prefers the hills to the valleys; has a leaf lobed like a valley oak but more glossy and thicker; the acorn is short and stout and the buds always covered with white down, while the buds of the valley oak are smooth. The trees are found only on the north side of the mountain and are most common on the slopes west of Fairfax.

Another oak (Quercus morehus) more often shrubby than tree-like, is related to this. The leaves are narrower, less lobed, but the lobes prickle-tipped and they often persist until spring. The largest tree on Mount Tamalpais is near the entrance to the Potrero on the trail from Rock Spring. It is a tree not a foot in diameter and about twenty feet high. Some botanists claim this oak to be a hybrid having the black oak as one parent.

There are two evergreen oaks so alike that they were for a long time considered the same; but they are different in several important characteristics. Our common live oak, everywhere prevalent (Quercus agrifolia) ripens its acorns in one year and the hairs found on the lower surface of the leaves at the intersection of the veins are tiny and star-shaped. The other oak (Quercus wislizeni) is the common scrub oak, rarely becoming a tree on Mount Tamalpais. It requires two years to ripen its acorns and whatever hairs are to be found on the leaves are straight and single. Scarcely two bushes of this species have acorns alike.

The golden oak (Quercus chrysolepis) has leaves on young growth as prickly edged as holly, and on old growth perfectly smooth. The leaves are pale green on the lower surface, bright green above. The under side of the young leaves and also the acorn cups are golden; hence the common name. This oak loves the canyons. However, the largest trees are on Bolinas Ridge, on an isolated knoll not far from Rock Spring. Here are two enormous golden oaks with a great spread of low branches.

The tan-bark or chestnut oak (Quercus densiflora) is the most distinctive of all the oaks. It is between an oak and a chestnut and is called Pasania instead of Quercus by many botanists. My preference is for Quercus, since the fruit is distinctly that of an oak. Its blooming is like that of a chestnut and the leaves are of the same general shape. The flowers come in summer, filling the air with a sickening odor and the acorns ripen the fall of the following year. The young growth which appears in summer is pale gray often tinged with pink and as lovely as a flower. The largest trees of this species are on the knoll back of Rock Spring and I believe they are not surpassed in the state.

The chinquapin (Castanopsis chrysophylla) becomes a tree further north, but is generally shrubby on Mount Tamalpais. The fruit of this is a prickly bur. The leaves are like willow leaves in shape, but dark green above and golden below.

The Queen of all is the beautiful madrone (Arbutus menziesii) with its evergreen, magnolia-like leaves, its panicles of white flowers like lilies-of-the-valley, its clusters of beautiful red berries and its lovely smooth dark-red stems. The outer layer of the stems peels off in summer, leaving a delicate green surface. There is a grove of small trees near Rock Spring and one large tree along the trail, but the largest trees are near Lake Lagunitas. The flowers generally appear in March and the berries are ripe in October. The name madrone was given by the Spanish fathers who recognized the affinity of this tree with the madroño in Spain (Arbutus canariensis) a native of the Canary Islands.

The blue-berried elder (Sambucus caerulea) is a small tree with pinnately compound leaves. The tiny white flowers are in large flat clusters and are succeeded

by the blue-black berries. It is more common on the north side of Mount Tamalpais, often near streams. The red-berried elder (Sambucus callicarpa) is very common at Inverness, but on Mount Tamalpais I know it only at the foot of Steep Ravine. It grows also in some of the gulches near Sausalito. The tiny white flowers are in pyramidal clusters succeeded by the small red berries.

The buckeye (Aesculus californica) is a low spreading tree, one of the first to become green in the spring and brown in the summer. Its large clusters of pink-tinged flowers are succeeded by very few fruits. Each pod is so large and heavy that, if every flower produced a pod the branches could not sustain the weight. Most of the flowers in the clusters are male and but few of the female flowers appear to become pollinated. The large palmate leaves appear from the opening buds in spring like outstretched fingers of the hand and are a most luscious green. The seeds begin to germinate during the rainy season. They contain a poisonous principle which the Indians destroy and they then form an important part of their winters' store of provisions.

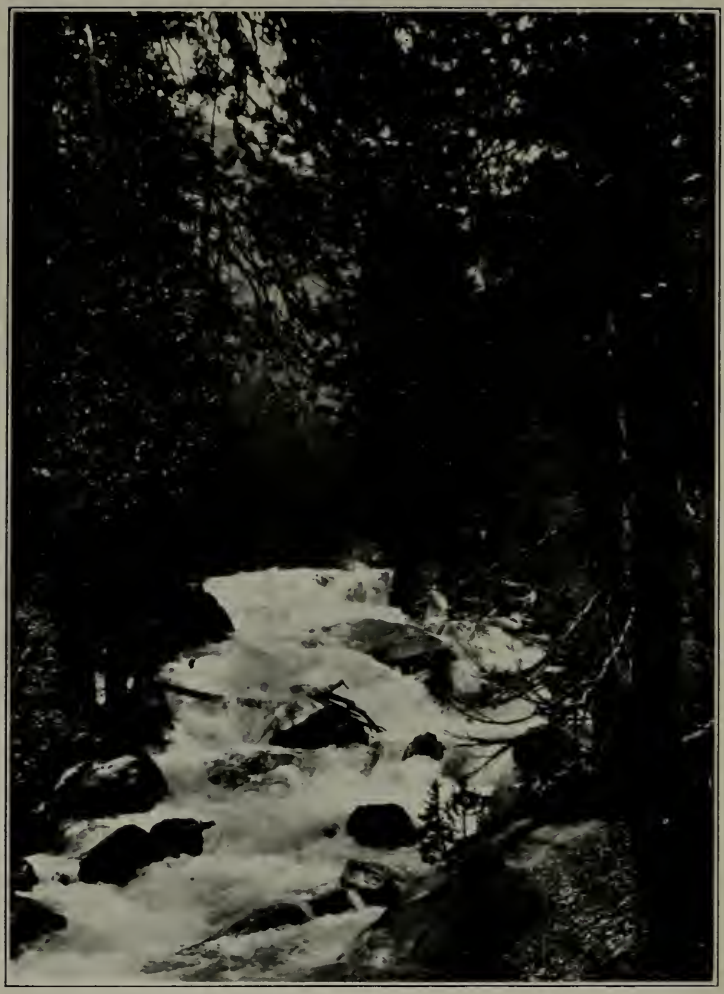
The willows are difficult to distinguish and are more shrubby than tree-like around Mount Tamalpais. Three have leaves broad at top, and two narrowed at top. Salix lasiolepis is the commonest of all and forms dense thickets along the railroad to Mill Valley. It has leaves broad near the top. Salix sitchensis is rare in Blithedale and is very silvery silky on the lower leaf-surface. Salix scouleriana, is the first to bloom. The leaves are downy on the lower surface and the twigs when broken, have a strong, disagreeable odor.

In these three the catkins precede the leaves. The two following have the catkins appearing with the young leaves and the leaves tapering to a point. Salix lasiandra has glands on the stems of the leaves and Salix laevigata is without glands. There are, of course, other differences but these are the easiest to observe and remember.

The wax myrtle grows only near water. The leaves are willow-like, glossy green on both sides, serrate along the edges. The fruit which ripens in the fall, consists of small, rough blue-black berries closely clustered along the leafy stems. It never becomes a large tree and is often only a shrub.

Our one dogwood tree (Cornus nuttallii) is the especial pride of all lovers of Mount Tamalpais. It grows alongside the stream not far from Laurel Dell and in the spring is decked with glorious white blossoms. The real flowers are in the center and the white rays are purely decorative designed to attract the insects to the inconspicuous flowers. The seeds do not ripen unless the insects carry on an exchange of pollen. When they do ripen they form a cluster of red berries decorating the crimson-leaved branches in the fall.

Some of the California lilacs become trees, especially the species with panicles of azure flowers and occasionally a manzanita takes on a tree form. The only difference between a shrub and tree is that the former does not develop a single trunk while the latter does.



PALISADE CREEK

"Shooting" the Sierra

by H. W. Thompson

SO that all the world may know the beauties of the California mountains, motion pictures were taken in the high reaches of the Sierra this summer. They will be circulated by Californians, Inc., and shown in motion picture theaters throughout the United States and later in Europe. Even if the pictures accomplish nothing more than to acquaint Californians themselves with the marvels close at hand but seldom visited, the hard trip necessary to obtain the pictures will not have been in vain. Within easy reach of any California city are mountain peaks which rival those of the Swiss Alps. Yet more Californians have crossed the world

to view the famous scenery of Europe than have traveled comparatively few miles to wonder at the majestic beauty of the mountains in their own state.

Dr. B. M. Rastall, Manager of Californians, Inc., headed the party of six who delved into the deepest mysteries of the mountains to bare their beauties on the screen. Owing to the necessity of transporting not only supplies of food but equipment for the films, a packtrain of thirty horses was used. The party spent twenty days in traversing three hundred miles of mountain trail, much of it above timberline and in the snow country. They were "on location" in the most inaccessible of California's mountain country.

The picture seekers left Bass Lake on July sixteenth, visited Beasore, Big Jackass and 77 Corral Meadows and the Devil's Postpile (a national monument). They journeyed to Rainbow Falls and the Minarets, photographing Shadow, Thousand Island and Garnet Lakes. Theirs was the first party to reach Garnet Lake this season, because of the snow.

From Garnet Lake they proceeded to Fish Valley and Cascade Valley; thence over Silver Pass into Vermilion Valley and to Blaney Meadows. They continued over Piute Pass into Owens Valley and the Bishop Creek country. Returning by Bishop Pass to the Middle Fork of the Kings River, they reached Simpson Meadows. They crossed Granite Pass to the South Fork of the Kings River and went on to Kanawyers. They came out of the High Sierra at Hume.

Photo by Walter E. Scott

Editorials

The publication of a California Alpine Club Annual in 1920 was in the nature of blazing a new trail. The trail led into what was for most of us a strange land—that of recording our impressions in words for the enjoyment of others. Now, in our fourth year, we pause for a moment at a turn of the trail and look backward for a moment before tightening the pack and moving on. Much brush has been cleared away, many high and lonely passes traversed, many zigzags negotiated toward the attainment of the goal. Each year finds the trail a little better worn, the angles less abrupt, the grades a little easier. Each year of progress discloses new heights to be scaled, gives wistful glimpses of alluring vistas just beyond. . . .And so "Trails" for 1923 presents itself to you.

ANNUAL CAMP CRAFT SHOW

No matter how strong the interest shown in any annual event, the introduction of additional competition engenders a keener zest. This was proven in the Annual Camp Craft Show held at Rock Spring on June 3, 1923.

The Contra Costa Hills, Sierra, Tamalpais Conservation and California Alpine Clubs all produced their star performers.

Jesse K. Brown tells the story: "A fowl was swathed in clay and baked in the coals. Diamond and other hitches were thrown. Fir bough beds were laid, and blankets neatly rolled. Model camps were established, and flap jacks juggled. Beef was roasted on a revolving spit, and a bandanna display covered the green, like a coat of many colors. Interesting information concerning bird life was given by members of the Sierra Club. The relative merits of rain-proof hammocks and sleeping bags were brought into contrast by two exhibits within the area of the gaily decorated booths. Excellent speed was made in the water boiling contest held under strict rules; but no one was ready to take advantage of a fine shower bath duly demonstrated. A self-feeding fire aroused much hope but many skeptical comments on the part of spectators who had been separated from their beds in the chilly nights of high altitudes."

The wisdom of the decision to transfer the 1923 show from Rattlesnake Camp to the large meadow at Rock Spring was confirmed by the throngs which crowded before the various displays, absorbing information and free samples until the sun was set.

A PUBLIC SPIRITED GENTLEMAN AND A SUGGESTION

To earlier travelers in the High Sierra, Glenn Pass was known as a treacherous passageway. Few attempted its crossing with pack animals. From either side the Pass was rocky and steep. The very crest was a knife-edge, where one misstep might prove fatal to an animal. To reach Rae Lake in safety from the south, a long detour via Paradise Valley was considered advisable. Sheepmen and adventurous travelers had crossed Glenn Pass, but quite often the count of stock at the end of a day's journey disclosed one or more missing beasts and always many battered, bleeding limbs.

Now all is changed. Glenn Pass no longer threatens dire calamity to those who mount its steep approaches. A splendid trail zigzags back and forth, higher and higher toward the summit. The ease with which the crest is now attained from either side permits the traveler to pay less attention to his animals, more to the sublime scenery. Cautious progress is necessary in few places.

The man who is responsible for the good work performed on the Glenn Pass Trail is Mr. Philip Knapp of Santa Barbara, California. No personal funds have ever been spent to better, permanent advantage. From Bullfrog to Rae Lake, a trail

has been made that should bear the name of the man who paid for and superintended its construction. One of the unnamed tarns or peaks in the vicinity should be so christened with due ceremony. Surely no greater compliment could be tendered to this citizen than to perpetuate his memory for the splendid work he has planned and financed, in the mountains he so deeply loves.

STATE BOARD OF FORESTRY

A new State Board of Forestry has recently been appointed. Among its duties which include fire prevention and protection of the forests as they are, is the development of state-wide policies which, added to existing ones, will be most beneficial to the people of the state, through continually increasing forest production. Their most important immediate activity will be toward co-operation with the owners of forests and with lumbermen in general to secure a much greater measure of reforestation.

Reforestation involves first, elimination of lands deemed more suitable for agriculture. The remainder of the cut-over forest land should be completely covered with seedlings within a few years after cutting. This must be done by inexpensive methods. Nature does the greater part of it by the aid of few seed trees left standing. The State Board of Forestry can be of immeasurable aid to owners in the process of completing a new forest cover.

The owner is confronted with many unanswered problems. What sort of stand should he encourage on his forest land? Should he have mixed stands all to be harvested at one operation? What minimum number of years must be allowed for the growth of each stand? How shall he classify his lands so as to give a probable harvest date for each tract?

Taxation threatens any policy which may be adopted. Cut-over forests tend to go into the hands of new owners at a time when land is cheap and taxation low. As time passes the trees acquire a given stumpage value per acre on the books of the assessor. The taxes increase as the trees grow; the owner gets no income from them. Often he is compelled to cut a forest in its most productive stage of growth to secure money for taxes.

The cure suggested is a light tax on the acreage of the forest as bare land, the tax to be laid and collected to yield a dependable income to forest counties. A further tax known as yield or harvest tax is proposed to be levied and paid at the time the mature crop is cut. Such a system would meet the revenue requirements of any county and at the same time would take away the threat of death to half-grown forests.

All conservationists are awaiting with interest an advance along the line of reforestation by the State Board of Forestry. Some criteria for forest management should be established, and a policy of forest land taxation developed which will tend to secure the maximum continuous production from lands of the state devoted to forest growth.

MUNICIPAL CAMP PROJECT

The opening of a municipal summer camp for San Franciscans is now an established fact. Citizens who penetrate into the Hetch Hetchy country next summer may be taken care of at "Margaret Maryland." Three hundred sixty acres at Mather, nine miles from the Hetch Hetchy Dam, will be converted into a mountain playground, especially calculated to accommodate families, and children whose parents find it impossible to accompany them. The realization of this project will afford unparalleled opportunity for the development of that hardiness in youth which builds for the future, mountaineers, and good citizens as well.

JAZZ AND YOSEMITE The mountaineer's often expressed disgust at the raucous noises, the smell of gasoline, the fashions and follies of Yosemite Valley may be somewhat mitigated by reports from the Chief Naturalist of the Park, of constantly increasing interest in the geological formation of the valley and its higher reaches. Mr. F. E. Matthes of the U. S. Geological Survey has put the fascinating story into words, and the Park Guide Service is busy repeating it daily to thousands of marvelling hearers. A nine-foot model of the Valley, prepared in detailed accuracy by A. F. Hall, the Chief Naturalist, is constantly surrounded during the summer season.

This interest is but a passing one on the part of some. But no one can listen to that tale of thrilling wonder and remain entirely unaffected. Undoubtedly the wailing strains of the saxophone and the boom of the drum furnish to many, the necessary antidote of puny bravado for the overpowering realization of age-old grandeur which the valley yields. For of such cloth are many made.

Sunrise from Tamalpais

The dawn's soft fingers play a melody
across the wide expanse of morning.
Swiftly it runs in windswept trills of light
upon night's melancholy, dull gray monotone,
Echoing against the tumbled mass of misty vapors
that enshrouds the sea;
Rising and falling, painting in liquid notes
of gold, the motif of the day.
From the tarnished, windswept steeps
of Tamalpais, every blade of grass
Bows its obeisance in the freshening breeze,
as to the east in full crescendo
Appears the radiant glory of the Sun.—Helen Wild.

Local Walks and Leaders, 1923

Date	Destination	Leaders	Distances Miles
Jan. 1	Annual Reunion, Kentfield	Entertainment Committee	
Jan. 7	Rock Spring	Esther and Florence Brown	12
Jan. 14	San Anselmo Creek Cascades	Al and Norma Pinther	10
Jan. 21	Redwood Canyon	Watson and William Howden	14
Jan. 27-28	West Point Inn	Mr. and Mrs. H. P. West	16
Feb. 4	Little Carson Falls	Art Mauerhan and Maurice Lustig	12
Feb. 10-11-12	Mt. St. Helena	Alan H. Critcher and Wm. Horsfall	46
Feb. 11	Local Trip, Sawyers Camp	Mr. and Mrs. Chris Halliday	10
Feb. 18	Cataract Gulch	Ben Buck and C. E. Cassidy	17
Feb. 22	Arroyo San Jose	Jesse K. Brown and Chas. B. Carillon	14
Feb. 25	San Pablo Valley	Chas. A. Cavanaugh and J. A. Nielson	16
Mar. 4	California Point	Marie Goldschmidt and Elsa Besthorn	12-15
Mar. 11	Potrero Meadows	H. Hackman and Matt Davis	16
Mar. 18	Blossom Trip	Wm. MacKay and Matt Draghicevich	15
Mar. 25	Kent Ravine	Clare Schirmer and Clara Holroyd	12
Apr. 1	Liberty Camp	Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cook	10
Apr. 8	San Geronimo and Warm Spring	Wm. McKeon and Fred Roehm	12
Apr. 15	Niles Canyon and Stony Brook	Wm. P. Halliday and Jules Sigrist	15
Apr. 22	Point Bonita	Harry A. Hayes and Irving Brown	12
Apr. 28-29	Mt. Diablo	Accommodations Committee	12
May 6	Bootjack Camp	Alma Wilkens and Estella M rtensen	10
May 13	Camp Tucker	Ben Buck and Charles Delves	12
May 20	Mountain Play	Elise Schmidt and Eva Peterson	12
May 26-27	Stevens Creek and Castle Rock	Wm. MacKay and Al Tunzi	14
May 30	Bierce's Spring	Arthur Flint and Geo. Howden	9
June 3	Cooking and Campcraft Show, Rock Springs	Mrs. M. Lovegrove and Helen Wild	12
June 9-10	Hood Mountain	Earl F. Briggs and Chas. B. Carillon	14
June 17	Six Forty-five Special	Mr. and Mrs. H. Lindlow	16
June 24	Lake Lagunitas	J. Louis Callaghan and Edward Patterson	14
July 1	Midsummer Reunion, East Shore Park	Entertainment Committee	
July 4	Lake Pilarcitos	George Randolph and R. E. Throne	12
July 7-8	Potrero Meadows	Walter E. Scott and Daniel Genther	14
July 15	Tennessee Cove and Big Lagoon	E. B. Sharman and W. T. Plevin	12
July 22	Lake Orinda	Wm. Howden and Wm. Russo	10
July 29	Lilly Lake and Dutchman's Rock	B. H. Boehmer and F. M. Cornell	14
Aug. 4-5	Laurel Dell	A. Richter and J. C. Hogan	14
Aug. 12	Devil's Gulch	Mr. and Mrs. H. Henry	9
Aug. 19	Colier Spring	Margaret Grotyohn & Myron Grotyohn	12
Aug. 26	Mussel Rock	Alma Schirmer and Ruth Bolei	10
Sept. 1-2-3	Big Basin	Wm. P. Halliday and O. R. Cook	26
Sept. 8-9-10	Olema and Five Brooks	H. A. Hertenstein and R. F. O'Rourke	
Sept. 16	Construction Camp	H. Hackman and Marcus Davis	14
Sept. 23	Launch Ride, San Rafael Ridge	H. W. Lidley and Leroy Wilkie	8
Sept. 30	Old Timers' Hike, Rattlesnake Camp	Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Deal	14
Oct. 7	Sawyers Camp	Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Halliday	10
Oct. 14	Alhambra Valley	Harry Hayes and A. Nielson	10
Oct. 21	Barth's Retreat	Frances Matthews and Amanda Barker	14
Oct. 28	Trail Clearing Day	Walks and Trails Committee	10
Nov. 4	Pirates Cove	Harry Hayes and E. C. Peckham	12
Nov 11	Potrero Meadows	B. H. Boehmer and John Ross	14
Nov. 18	Purisima Creek	H. A. Hertenstein and H. W. Hansen	16
Nov. 24-25	Willow Camp	Mr. and Mrs. Howard Henry	17
Nov. 29	Informal Thanksgiving Dinner and Walk	Mr. and Mrs. Herman Lindlow	
Dec. 2	Bolinas Ridge	James Wright and Jesse K. Brown	20
Dec. 9	Mt. Davidson, Sutro Forest (San Francisco Trip)	Walter E. Scott and Ruth Carolus	7
Dec. 16	Carson Ridge	Matt Davis and William Evans	14
Dec. 23	Lagunitas Meadow	Dorothy Bernard and Alice Repp	12
Dec. 30	California Point	Clare Schirmer and Beatrice Moldrup	12

California Alpine Club

Our Aims: "To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out into the open, and to the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid, in every way possible, the preservation of the woods, streams, game, and natural features of the country."

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES FOR THE YEAR 1923-1924

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(October-April) ..... Timothy E. Murphy
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Helen Wild — Beatrice L. Moldrup
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REGISTERS PLACED UNDER DIRECTION of CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

	Elevation Feet	Register Placed
Mt. Diablo, East Peak	3,563	June 11, 1916
Mt. Whitney	14,502	July 15, 1916
Loma Prieta	3,790	June 10, 1917
Lassen Peak	10,437	June 21, 1917
Mt. St. Helena	4,343	July 1, 1917
Mt. Shasta	14,380	Sept. 2, 1917
Mt. Tamalpais, West Peak	2,604	Jan. 13, 1918
Pico Blanco	3,650	Sept. 9, 1918
Pine Mountain (Big Basin)	2,214	Sept. 9, 1918
Mt. Keddie	6,600	Sept. 9, 1919
Mt. Wilson	5,200	June 20, 1920
Kearsarge Pass	11,823	July 16, 1920
North Palisade	14,254	July 25, 1921
Muir Pass	12,059	July 25, 1921
Mt. Ritter	13,156	July 24, 1922
Mt. San Antonio	10,080	Sept. 8, 1922
Mt. Lyell	13,090	July 22, 1923
Half Dome (Yosemite)	8,927	July 27, 1923

TREASURER'S STATEMENT

OF

Receipts and Disbursements for the Year Ending April 1, 1923

RECEIPTS

BALANCE ON HAND BEGINNING OF PERIOD.		
Cash Commercial Account, Union Trust Co.	$10.71	
Savings Account 61052, Union Trust Co.	620.96	$631.67
Club Pins and Buttons		25.75
War Savings Stamps		22.50
Midsummer Reunion, advance, 1922		25.00
Trails No. 2 Balance due		133.50
Liberty Bonds		100.00
Trails No. 1 copies on hand		71.15
Membership Dues received		572.00
Initiation Fees received		108.00
Interest on Savings Account 61052, Union Trust Co.	18.82	
Interest on Liberty Bonds and War Stamps	7.00	25.82
Profit from Midsummer Jinks, 1922		41.80
Sale of Post Cards		35.35
Sale of Envelopes		2.00
Sale of Mail Box		3.00
Profit from sale of Club Pins and Buttons		10.20
		$1772.74

DISBURSEMENTS

Office Rent		$250.00
Muir Woods Patrol		50.00
Printing		131.00
Personal Property Tax, 1922-1923		.69
Stationery		33.70
Envelopes and Postage		125.08
Office Equipment		113.00
Miscellaneous Equipment Account Committees		48.29
Proportion of State Compensation Insurance Premium		5.00
Telephone		23.63
Dues 1923 Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs		15.00
Dues 1923 Save the Redwoods League		2.00
Purchase of 50 copies of Trails No. 1 at .75		37.50
Miscellaneous		12.50
BALANCE ON HAND APRIL 1, 1923.		
Cash Commercial Account, Union Trust Co.	$81.25	
Savings Account 61052, Union Trust Co.	439.31	520.56
Club Pins and Buttons		35.75
Midsummer Reunion, advance account, 1923		25.00
New Year's Jinks, advance account, 1923		5.00
Liberty Bonds		100.00
Trails No. 1 (copies on hand)		29.90
Trails No. 2 due in settlement		4.27
Trails No. 3 due in settlement		204.87
		$1772.74

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Wright, Arthur M.
Wright, James

Young, Sentell G.

Zachrison, Oscar
Zwerlein, Emil

A Memory

Vistas of pavement and blank gray walls
  And my heart cries out for the hill lands.
Stench of crowded streets and halls
  And my heart weeps aloud for the wide lands.

A memory of a sky of blue,
  Wide and free and lonely,
Of redwood trees which always knew
  Silence, tranquillity only.

The easeless rush of the city street
  Stifling the heart of me;
But all the dashing hurry and noise
  Cannot crush the memory

Of murmuring breeze and sunny nook,
  Redwoods of deepest hue,
Flickering shadows and flowing brook,
  And a wide expanse of blue.

—Helen Wild

Main
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6
8